

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

15c

April 22, 1961



A young Canadian adventurer's

## AFRICAN DIARY

### PART 1: Nomad in the SAHARA

BY PETER  
STOLLERY

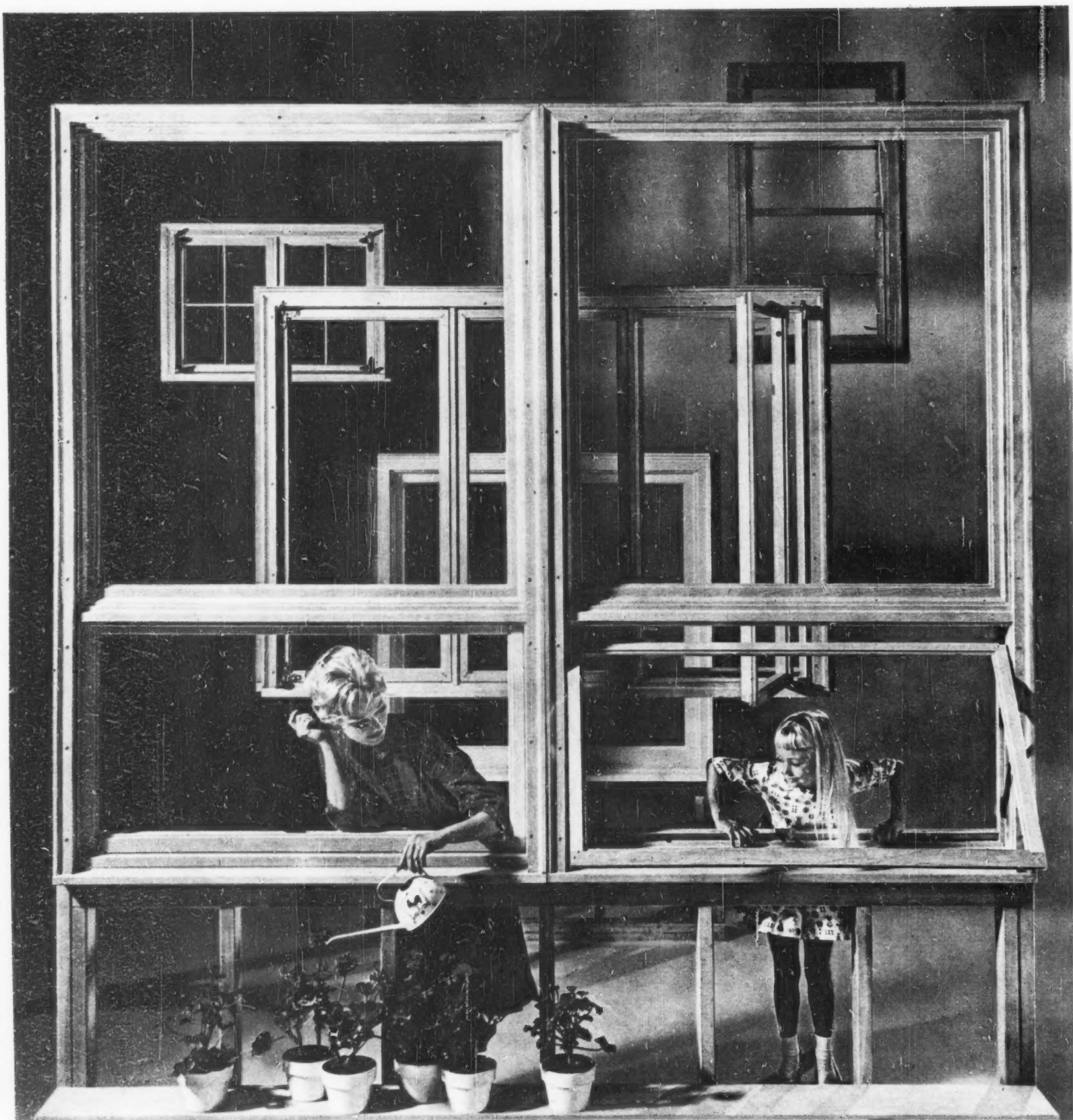
**What TV  
does to children**

---

**I worked for  
Adolf Eichmann**

---

**Montreal:  
The last bohemia**



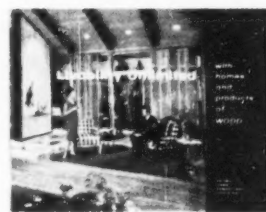
Herbert Matter

*For windows that wed beauty to duty*  
**there's nothing in the world like WOOD**

*Window* is a lovely word, defined in light and air. Without windows, their glass agleam with sun or awash with rain, our homes would be dungeons. Without *wood* . . . to picture-frame each view of the world outside . . . our homes would be far less attractive to look at, less comfortable to live in.

Only wood sash and window frames have natural insulating qualities, to cut heat loss and condensation. Only wood fits any decorative scheme, any architecture. Brighten *your* outlook . . . with wood!

CANADIAN WOOD DEVELOPMENT COUNCIL



FREE BOOKLET 120 color pages on "Livability Unlimited." Write CWDC, 27 Goulbourn Avenue, Ottawa 2, Ontario. Ask your architect, builder, or lumber dealer for more data on wood.



## Fight ahead over U.S. farmers invading our prairies

### Newest "Saskatchewan" farmers are Americans who commute

Agitation for laws to stop Americans from controlling large parcels of Canadian farmland is almost sure to break out later this month, but some Canadians will be arguing in favor of the Yankee invasion.

Concern over ownership and leasing of Saskatchewan land has been growing for the past year. Soon two surveys—one by a federal MP, the other by the provincial department of agriculture—will show for the first time how much acreage is controlled by two types of absentee American farmers:

- Those who, under the U.S. Soil Bank program, are being paid *not* to produce crops on their U.S. farms. These farmers live on their own land in North Dakota and Montana, mostly near the Saskatchewan border. To keep their farm machinery busy, they lease Saskatchewan land—sometimes paying the rent with their Soil Bank money—and haul their equipment north just long enough to work the land and harvest the crops. They seldom spend more than a few days at a time in Canada; some live close enough to do a day's work in Saskatchewan and return home across the border every night.

- Corporate farmers who run big farms like big businesses. Most of these are

North Dakotans who are being compelled by new state legislation to break up their big holdings within 10 years. Many of them are buying Saskatchewan land because it's considerably cheaper than land in neighboring Montana.

Saskatchewan farmers are generally pleased about the trend. The Americans aren't adding significantly to Canadian wheat surpluses, for many grow seed that they sell in the U.S. And meanwhile they have bid up land prices and signed leases that are quite profitable for Canadian landowners. Municipal authorities, too, are pleased; land on which taxes were often in arrears is now producing regular municipal revenue, and the Americans demand few muni-



R. R. SOUTHAM, MP

How many Yankees are coming?

cipal services in return. (Some farms they have leased have no houses on them and hence need no household utilities.)

But three groups, at least, oppose the invasion:

**The Saskatchewan Farmers' Union**, through its president, Alf Gleave, protests that the Americans are threatening

the union's primary objective: preservation of the family farm.

**Chambers of commerce** deplore the over-all drop in purchasing power in the border area, owing to the fact that the Americans do most of their buying south of the border, and their large-scale operations mean fewer families on the land.

**The Extension Department** of the University of Saskatchewan complains through its director, Prof. Rupert Ramsay, that the influx threatens the area's long-term development. Ramsay contends the trend will reduce the livestock population, retard diversification of agriculture and hamper development of community life.

Just how large the Americans' holdings are is something the provincial agriculture department will find out before the end of this month, from acreage figures being gathered now by its representatives in the border area. Meanwhile R. R. Southam, Progressive Conservative MP for Moose Mountain, conducting a separate survey at the request of businessmen and municipalities, estimates that his riding alone con-

tains 300 quarter sections—or 75 square miles — of land owned or leased by American farmers living in the U.S.

When the surveys are finished, there's likely to be widespread agitation for:

- ✓ a supertax on corporate farms larger than, say, 5,000 acres. (One drawback: this would hit far more Canadians than Americans.)

- ✓ legislation similar to that which is breaking up big farms in North Dakota. (Again, more Canadians than Americans would be affected.)

- ✓ laws prohibiting or taxing the movement of farm machinery across the border. (But nobody is sure how far this measure would go in discouraging U.S. control of the land.)

- ✓ laws prohibiting non-residents from holding Canadian Wheat Board permits. (But this wouldn't affect Americans who grow other crops.)

Those who object to the invasion concede that none of these measures—or even all of them combined—would be the perfect solution. But at the very least, they have an uneasy feeling that it's time *something* was done.

—JIM STRUTHERS

## Job-hunting getting tougher for students

**Job-hunting** university graduates will run into stiff competition this spring. There will be 1,500 jobs, for instance, for an estimated 2,000 graduating engineers. But the recession hasn't hurt starting salaries; they're 3% higher than last year.

For an undergraduate's chances of finding a summer job, Maclean's reporters checked these cities:

**Montreal:** Marcel Cloutier, placement director for the University of Montreal, says jobs have dwindled because of automation, increases in seasonal shut-downs and general cutbacks in summer hiring. This year, only 20 companies are looking for U of M students, and Cloutier is afraid the number of students who drop out for lack of money—about 1% last year—may rise to 5% next fall. McGill University expects summer jobs to be 10% to 25% fewer this year. Some pulp-and-paper companies—usually mainstays for Quebec undergraduates—have cancelled *all* student hiring for this summer. At Sir George Williams University, students who once turned down jobs paying less than \$80 a week are now taking anything they can get, say placement officers.

**Toronto:** About 80% of students looking for summer work will find jobs, says J. K. Bradford, director of the University of Toronto's placement service. But "there just aren't any pick-and-shovel jobs." Northern Ontario mines will be taking some engineering students, and insurance companies will again sign up arts, commerce and mathematics students for summer training.

**Winnipeg:** The National Employment Service has registered 1,700 University of Manitoba undergraduates and expects to place most of them. But a cold damp spring could mean a late start for students going to work in summer resorts and construction camps. Factory jobs are increasing but unskilled students have to compete for them with the province's growing number of unemployed farm workers.

**Vancouver:** Mining and forestry students will have little trouble but University of British Columbia placement officers are still worried about finding jobs even for

the 2,000 students who registered early for summer work. Most UBC undergrads who can't find jobs prefer classes to idleness; last year they swelled summer-school enrollment by 24%.

## New status symbol: an unlisted phone

**Telephone subscribers** across Canada are annoying the telephone companies by subscribing to a growing fad: unlisted telephones.

So far, it's a free "service" for anybody who tall's a reluctant phone company into keeping a number unlisted (whereas 400,000 New Yorkers each pay 50 cents a month to stay out of the phone directory). And the fad's growing. In the Vancouver-New Westminster area there are 7,500 unlisted phones; in Toronto and Montreal, Bell Telephone won't even guess how many there are (partly for fear of publicizing the fad) but spokesmen admit the number is increasing.

Until recently, applicants for unlisted phones were either:

- ✓ celebrities—or people who thought they were.
- ✓ people wanting to remain inaccessible to estranged spouses, creditors or cranks.

But now some telephone subscribers are asking for unlisted numbers to avoid salesmen (and women) who work by phone and who are growing in number and sharpening their techniques. (Some salesmen now have a manual that suggests the best times to catch doctors, lawyers and businessmen at home.)

Two kinds of unlisted numbers are available: the non-listed, which is left out of the directory but can be obtained from Information; and the non-published, which is given out to no one—not even the subscriber who has forgotten his own number and wants to phone home.

But in Toronto anybody who asks for either kind gets a lecture on the disadvantages of not being in the phone book; and in Montreal, subscribers have to put the request in writing.

—CONSTANCE MUNGALL

## WATCH FOR

**SHOPPING CARTS** propelled by battery-driven motors. A Calgary supermarket is already trying them out. The motor is housed in a compartment below the basket, and a shopper starts and stops the machine by pressing and releasing a handlebar. To keep kids from racing the carts, the motors are equipped with locks; a clerk hands a key to each customer.

**A PAINKILLER** that's made from morphine but isn't habit-forming. That's how British doctors describe a mixture they've devised from morphine and a drug called tetrahydro-aminacrine. With this additive, they say, morphine doesn't cause addiction or such common side effects as vomiting, drowsiness, depressed breathing or severe constipation.

**WHISKY-FLAVORED** candy bars now being imported from Ireland. Made with Irish whisky, they're labelled "Chocolate for adults" and in Ontario, at least, they've been cleared by the Liquor Control Board.

**A NEW DRUG** that may soon be helping doctors combat certain types of cancerous tumors. Researchers at the University of Western Ontario and at a laboratory in Indianapolis are working jointly on development of Velban, an alkaloid made from the periwinkle plant. So far, it has shown encouraging results in tests on women patients suffering from choriocarcinoma, a type of cancerous ovarian tumor, and on others with

Hodgkin's disease, an affliction of the lymph glands. More tests will be conducted before the doctors are ready to say how useful the drug might be.

## WATCH OUT FOR

**BRASSIÈRES**—or anything else—labeled with something called the National Consumers Service Seal of Approval. It's a gimmick promoted from Montreal by George Korey-Krzeczowski, who offers to test any manufacturer's product. If the NCS lab rates the product first or second in its field, the manufacturer can display the NCS Seal of Approval—by paying Korey-Krzeczowski \$1,500 a year. If the product flunks the tests, the manufacturer pays nothing. First item to win the seal: a line of girdles and brassières.

**SUMMER SMOKEOUTS:** Patio chefs who aren't content with just burning their steaks on their barbecues may now buy a new oven that smokes the meat while imparting (says the manufacturer's press agent) "the flavors created exactly in pioneer smokehouses."

**"MOON FURNITURE"** designed by earthlings trying to cash in on the craze for space travel. At a trade fair in Chicago, a furniture dealer set up a model "moon hotel" that he named a "moontel" (actually just a hotel with a far-out decor) equipped with an "invisible" chair (actually just clear plastic) and a "genuine astronaut" (actually just an earth-bound chimpanzee).

# COMMENT

## EDITORIAL: We can refuse nuclear arms and also keep faith with NATO

IN THE ARGUMENT about nuclear weapons for Canadian troops, the hardest thing for a Canadian to remember is also the most important: Canada has no power of initiative in nuclear war.

We can do nothing to start one, and we can do nothing directly to prevent one. Whether Canada accepts or refuses nuclear warheads, the United States and the Soviet Union will still have them. Only these two super-powers, with the qualified addition of Britain and France, can decide to launch the kind of war that might blow us all to bits, or blight our posterity.

Canada can do no more than exert whatever influence she can muster upon one or other or all of the great nuclear powers. Therefore the question for Canadians is not whether we want nuclear war (nobody does) or even whether we want nuclear weapons; it is how we can exert the most effective influence for peace and eventual disarmament.

The easier course, the line of least resistance, is to accept the nuclear warheads that come to Canada as a member of NATO and NORAD, while continuing to seize every opportunity to press for disarmament. That way, Canada would retain full and active membership in the Western military club. Canada's views would continue to be heard in the inner councils of the alliance. Until the NATO council meeting last December there was some ground for hope that a determined stand by Canada against nuclear armament might win some support from other members of NATO, but that hope is now a memory. Unquestionably, if Canada refuses to accept nuclear arms she will stand alone, and there will be no place for Canada's brigade

in the Western "shield" force. In effect, a decision against nuclear arms will be a decision for isolation — a grave decision indeed.

But a decision in favor of nuclear arms would have implications equally grave. It would mean, or seem to mean, that this country joins in the numb fatalism, the apathetic acceptance of catastrophe, which is probably the greatest single threat to world peace today. This would be the impression conveyed not only abroad, but at home — a victory for Pentagon thinking, a defeat for those who believe that the suicidal horrors of nuclear war should alter the conventional appraisals of national interest.

Is there any escape from this dilemma? No easy one, that's certain. There are serious and valid objections to every conceivable course of action. But the safest compromise, it seems to us, would be something like this:

Canada would offer to *increase* its contribution to the common burden of defense. If the NATO shield force has any role at all for troops without nuclear arms, let's offer to replace our nuclear brigade with a non-nuclear division. If that's not acceptable, let Canada volunteer for more hard duty somewhere else, at Canada's own expense. Let's take every possible step to prove that we are not using the issue of nuclear weapons as an excuse to save money or shirk service. Let's also use every means to show that our rejection of nuclear arms is not anti-Americanism, or neutralism, or even old-fashioned pacifism. But having done all this, let us then exercise the rights of sovereignty as far as we can, to prevent any further deployment of the arms that could exterminate the human race.

## MAILBAG: Even 100 books won't make anyone the wiser / A "creative" policy toward war

As a librarian, I agree with Robert Fulford (Entertainment). The case against Library Week, March 25, right down the line. People who don't read don't want to be told they should read. I respect their feeling in the matter, to have anything else than respect is downright offensive and stupid. Can



anyone prove they will be wiser or "better" people for borrowing 100 books a year from the nearest public library?—ROBERT FULFORD, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

### If Lenin had only known

Whenever peaceful coexistence is mentioned (Mailbag, Mr. Dan Adams, March 25), someone is sure to quote what Lenin said in 1919. But when Lenin said peaceful coexistence was not possible for very long, the atom bomb had not been invented.—M. SEYMOUR, VANCOUVER.

On February 25, 1956, at the Twentieth Party Congress of the USSR, Khrushchov announced the new "creative" interpretation of Lenin's doctrine of the inevitability of capital-

istic wars. This new interpretation meant exactly the opposite of Lenin's teaching. Four years later, at the third conference of the Romanian Workers Party in Bucharest in the summer of 1960, Khrushchov upheld the decision of 1956. "Closely associated with the policy of peaceful coexistence is the thesis, announced at the Twenty-first and Twentieth Party Congress, that in our time war is not inevitable." —ROS-WITHA FOCKEN, MONTREAL.

### The trouble with students

My English is far from perfect, but I was enraged and even shocked to find that our university students cannot write a sentence that is intelligible. (Our colleges have too few students, not too many, March 25.) I am only in grade ten, and as yet cannot see how these people made it out of high school without knowing something about proper written English.—DAVID J. HALLAM, LONDON, ONT.

Mr. Cunningham is right. We need more students of a better kind. The only question is where are they to come from?—MISS M. L. JOLLOU, BRANTON, MAN.

### What would the RCMP do?

Since when have the corridors of a city hall in the U.S. (Preview, Quiet not the coming protest against McCarthyism, March 11) or, for that matter, in Canada, become places for students to engage in riots to the extent that various courts had to be ad-

journed? It is my impression that had the rumpus occurred in Canada, the RCMP would have been a lot less lenient than was the case in San Francisco.—L. R. HOLCOMBE, NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

### Reading without gymnastics

In reference to the article Bouncing on a trampoline can teach a child to read (March 25), I was wondering why they don't go back to the old way of teaching reading before sight-reading was adopted. Children were taught



their letters, the different sounds they made and the sounds obtained by putting two or more letters together. I had an excellent primary teacher. It was fun learning letters, their sounds, and how to put them together to make words, and we were all eager to learn, as the teacher made a game of it. Before the end of the school year we were reading interesting little stories, and no one needed a course in gymnastics to help them tell saw from was.—MRS. W. A. WOOD, BRIDAL, SASK.

Your article was extremely well received by all of us students and staff. But there is one point I would like to add. The article stated that optome-

trists approach the problem by working almost exclusively with the eyes and eye muscles. This was true, and still is in some cases. However, many optometrists have become very interested in a more total approach to these problems and have become skilled in working with them.—DR. M. SAM RABINOVITCH, DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY AND LEARNING CLINIC, MONTREAL CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

### Hypocrisy in Maclean's

In The deadly mystery of teenage smoking (March 11) you speak of this habit as though it were a thing to be deplored. I heartily agree, but on opening your magazine, the first thing that met my eye was the statement that "There's something special about du Maurier" cigarettes. As long as your magazine publishes cigarette ads, it would seem that you are quite happy to encourage cigarette addiction for the money you get out of it. In that case, it seems like hypocrisy to pretend to be concerned about the effects of smoking on old or young.—CHARLES S. OKI, NORFOLK, MAN.

### Youth comes to grips

Peter Gzowski's article (The stifling spine of a soft generation, March 25) is both accurate and significant. I know, because I have personally come to grips with several of the issues he raises.—JOHN R. ATKINS, ST. JEAN, QUE.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 10



**FEED GRASS NOW** with a diet  
that matches the feeding habits of grass



A LAWN IS TO LIVE ON

**NEW GO-FARTHER FORMULA**  
**GOLDEN VIGORO**  
COMPLETE LAWN FOOD  
**MAKES YOUR MONEY GO FARTHER, TOO**



Sturdy roots are the start of a beautiful lawn. And grass roots are making their best growth right now—before the soil warms up.

A full feeding of Golden Vigoro will give your grass the complete meal it needs to grow on: balanced right to match the feeding habits of the whole grass plant—roots as well as the blades... balanced to promote full, healthy, even development of a thick, springy, rich-green turf.

Easy-to-use—it never burns tender spring growth. It's guaranteed burn-free. And it's packed in a new easy-to-carry bag with a handle that pours like a pitcher.

You pay slightly more, but you get more actual grass nutrients in every bag than with ordinary lawn foods.

Available wherever garden supplies are sold.



*My, how things grow with*

**VIG...VIG...VIGORO**

Vigoro is the trademark of Swift Canadian Co., Limited

Champion Spark Plug Company

# Win your own airliner ...plus \$5,000.00



**All yours for 2 weeks.** Private, luxurious airliner plane and crew, ready to fly you anywhere in North America. *You name it!*



**Plan your own route.** Go anywhere in North America. The sky is the limit.



**You can visit exciting cities** like New York, Quebec, Mexico City, Las Vegas.



**See natural wonders** at Grand Canyon, Alaska, Niagara Falls, Banff, Smokies.



**Fish at Yellowstone,** camp in the Rockies, water ski in Florida, relax at Acapulco.



offers you the Trip of a Lifetime!

# and crew for 2 weeks spending money!

Plan your own trip—go anywhere in North America! Take along your family and friends—  
up to 12 people in all! Plane and crew expenses paid . . . plus spending allowance of  
\$5,000! Nothing to buy! Enter at your favorite service  
station, car dealer or garage!

Here's your chance to travel wherever you want in North America  
in your own private airliner!

Visit Mexico, Alaska or any of the thousands of fascinating  
places in between. California, Calgary, New England, the Rockies,  
New York . . . you name it! For 14 glorious days this luxury plane  
and crew are at your command. You can fly from place to place  
whenever you like!

Your whole family can go along with you—friends, too, if you  
like. You're allowed 11 guests . . . up to 12 people in all. And you'll  
live in style while you see the sights of a lifetime, because you'll  
have plenty of money—\$5,000.00!

## IT'S EASY! ANYBODY CAN WIN!

You don't have to buy *anything*! Just go to your favorite service  
station, car dealer or garage. Get a *free* spark plug check and a  
Champion entry blank. (You just answer a simple question in 25  
words or less—and there are plenty of hints to help you!) Simple  
as that!

The contest closes on May 31. Winners will be notified about  
July 15. They can take the trip any time during the following 12  
months. So don't delay. Drive in and ask for your free spark plug  
check and entry blank *today*!



Less than 3 Minutes for Free Spark Plug  
Check! Fastest method of checking is  
Champion's new electronic Plug-Scope.  
Or your dealer can check your plugs with  
a Champion Cleaner-Tester or a visual  
1-plug check.



MADE  
IN CANADA  
SINCE 1919

**CHAMPION**

Check your spark plugs  
every 5,000 miles . . . change  
them every 10,000 miles.

## OR WIN ANY OF 1,159 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES



COMET 2-DOOR SEDAN  
with heater, whitewall tires



FALCON TUDOR SEDAN  
with heater, whitewall tires



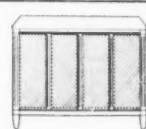
LARK 2-DOOR SEDAN  
with heater, whitewall tires



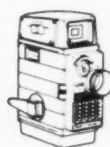
RAMBLER AMERICAN  
2-DOOR SEDAN  
with heater, whitewall tires



2 LONE STAR 15-FT.  
RUNABOUTS  
with trailer, up to 40 HP  
outboard motor



12 STROMBERG-CARLSON  
CONSOLES  
with stereo hi-fi phono,  
AM-FM radio



35 BELL & HOWELL  
MOVIE CAMERAS  
8 mm with automatic electric eye



156 BICYCLES  
Your choice of boy's  
and girl's styles



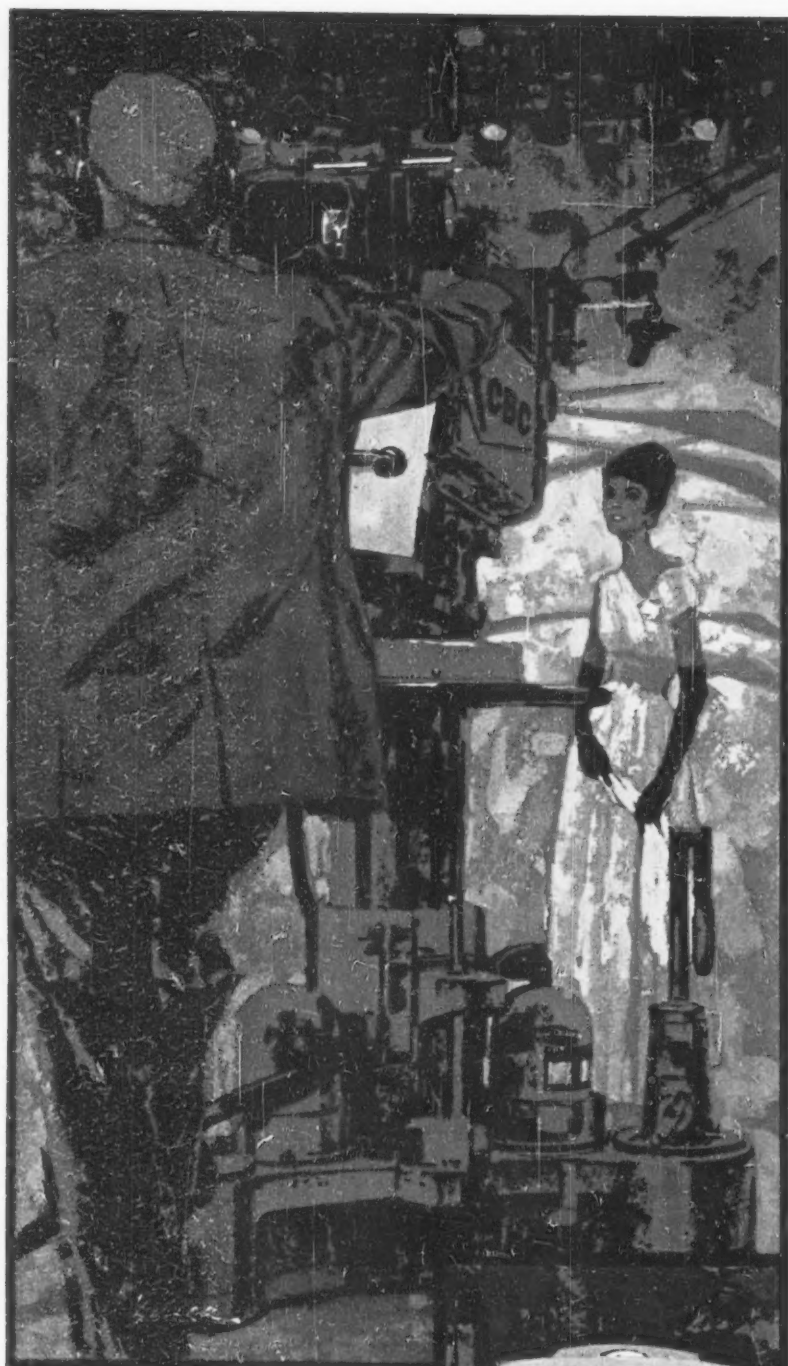
250 COLEMAN CAMP STOVES  
Lightweight, clean burning,  
durable



700 COLEMAN PICNIC COOLERS  
Lightweight, well insulated

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

APRIL 22, 1961



from television  
to telephones

# COPPER

makes it better.

Copper is vital to modern communication systems, like television and the telephone. Indeed, copper and its alloys are everywhere around you, in countless manufactured products, plumbing and heating installations . . . electrical control equipment. No other metal adapts so readily, or so satisfactorily, to so many different uses. That's because copper is rustproof, corrosion-resistant, durable.

If you're planning a new home remember the many places where copper can protect you. Write for our free booklet, "How to Buy, Build or Modernize your Home" to Dept MM3 Anaconda American Brass Limited, New Toronto (Toronto 14), Ontario. Sales Offices: Quebec City, Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver.

C-6117

# ANACONDA

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

## MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 74 April 22, 1961 NUMBER 8

### CONTENTS

#### A YOUNG CANADIAN ADVENTURER'S AFRICAN DIARY

*This is Africa as only the natives usually see it, brought to life in the travel log of a modern Halliburton who went from Algiers to Zanzibar by thumb*

Part 1: Nomad in the Sahara

Peter Stollery 17

#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, QUEBEC 1961

Peter C. Newman 20

*Premier Jean Lesage, described by Maclean's Ottawa editor as a "reluctant reformer," is leading a major reformation of Quebec political life that may change the entire French-Canadian people*

#### THE MAN WHO WAS TOO NATIVE FOR THE NATIVE SONS

Shirley Mair 22

*Bernard Glaum, the last of the red-hot Canada-firsters, isn't a Native Son any more. He's starting his own outfit to show the country some real Canadianism*

#### A LIVELIER LIFE FOR THE AGED

Samuel R. Laycock, Ph.D. 23

*Old people have a right to go wrong in their own way, insists a retired but lively professor*

#### THE LAST BOHEMIA

Photographed by John Max 24

*Montreal, says this gifted photographer, is truly the last bohemia. He shows what he means in an unusual photo story*

#### THE UNSINKABLE CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Ralph Allen 28

*The ebullient mayor of Ottawa keeps bouncing back, in spite of the opposition of almost everybody. Here's how she does it*

#### MY FIRST NEGRO

Peter Gzowski 30

*At first the writer wasn't sure the boy sitting next to him in school was a Negro. As it turned out, it was a good thing for the Negro that he was*

#### WHAT TELEVISION DOES TO CHILDREN

Sidney Katz 31

*The first major study of its kind answers the questions most parents ask about television's effects on the young*

#### LADY WITH A MISSION

Wilmon B. Menard 32

*For twenty-two years, a Canadian medical missionary named Ethel Groce has ministered to the intriguing boat people of Hong Kong*

#### I WORKED FOR ADOLF EICHMANN

Valerie White as told to Marika Robert 34

*A Czech Jew who now lives in Canada tells of her forced job in Eichmann's office, where the paperwork recorded extinction*

#### A DOCTOR'S CASE FOR PRIVATE MEDICINE

Harold Chaffin, M.D. 35

*This physician has practised under both state and private medicine. He tells what's wrong, in his view, with government-operated health plans*

### DEPARTMENTS

#### FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

Dennis Braithwaite 14

*Let's stop coddling the drinking driver*

#### CANADIANECDOTE 84

#### JASPER

40

#### COVER ARTIST

87

#### PREVIEW

1

#### BACKGROUND

91

#### U.S. REPORT

93

#### COMMENT

2

#### BACKSTAGE

92

#### ENTERTAINMENT

94

Editor, BLAIR FRASER; Contributing Editor, RALPH ALLEN; Managing Editor, KEN LEFOLIE; Associate Editor, SYDNEY KATZ; Articles Editor, ERIC HUTTON; Ottawa Editor, PETER C. NEWMAN; Overseas Editor, LESLIE F. HANNON; Washington Editor, IAN SCLANDERS; Art Director, GENE ALIMAN; Photo Editor, DON NEWLANDS; Art Assistant, KENNETH ELLIOTT; Copy Editor, MARTIN LYNCH; Production Editor, N. O. BONISTELL; Preview Editors, PETER GZOWSKI, DAVID LEWIS STEIN; Staff Writers, BARBARA MOON, MCKENZIE PORTER; Editorial Assistants, LOIS HARRISON, SHIRLEY MAIR, ELIZABETH PARR, JOAN WEATHERSEED, BARBARA WEST; Publisher, F. G. BRANDER; Advertising Sales Manager, R. K. STEWART; Circulation Manager, GORDON RUMGAY; Advertising Production Manager, ROY F. MACKENZIE; Vice-president, Magazines Division, CYRIL J. LAURIN.

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 14, Don Newlands / 17-19, Peter Stollery / 20, 21, Don Newlands / 22, Federal Newsphotos, Toronto Star, Toronto Telegram / 23, Jack V. Long / 24-27, John Max / 28, Capital Press / 31, Don Newlands / 32, 33, Wilmon B. Menard / 35, Pixfeatures.

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board, Floyd S. Chambers, President, Donald F. Hunter, Vice-President and Managing Director, Toronto 2, Canada, 181 University Ave., Montreal Office, 1212 Peel Street, Vancouver Office, 1100 West Georgia St., U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 241 Madison Ave., New York 17, Great Britain: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 30 Old Burlington St., London W.1. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$5.00, 2 years \$9.00, 3 years \$12.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright 1961 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without written permission. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient return postage. While the publishers will take all reasonable care they will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

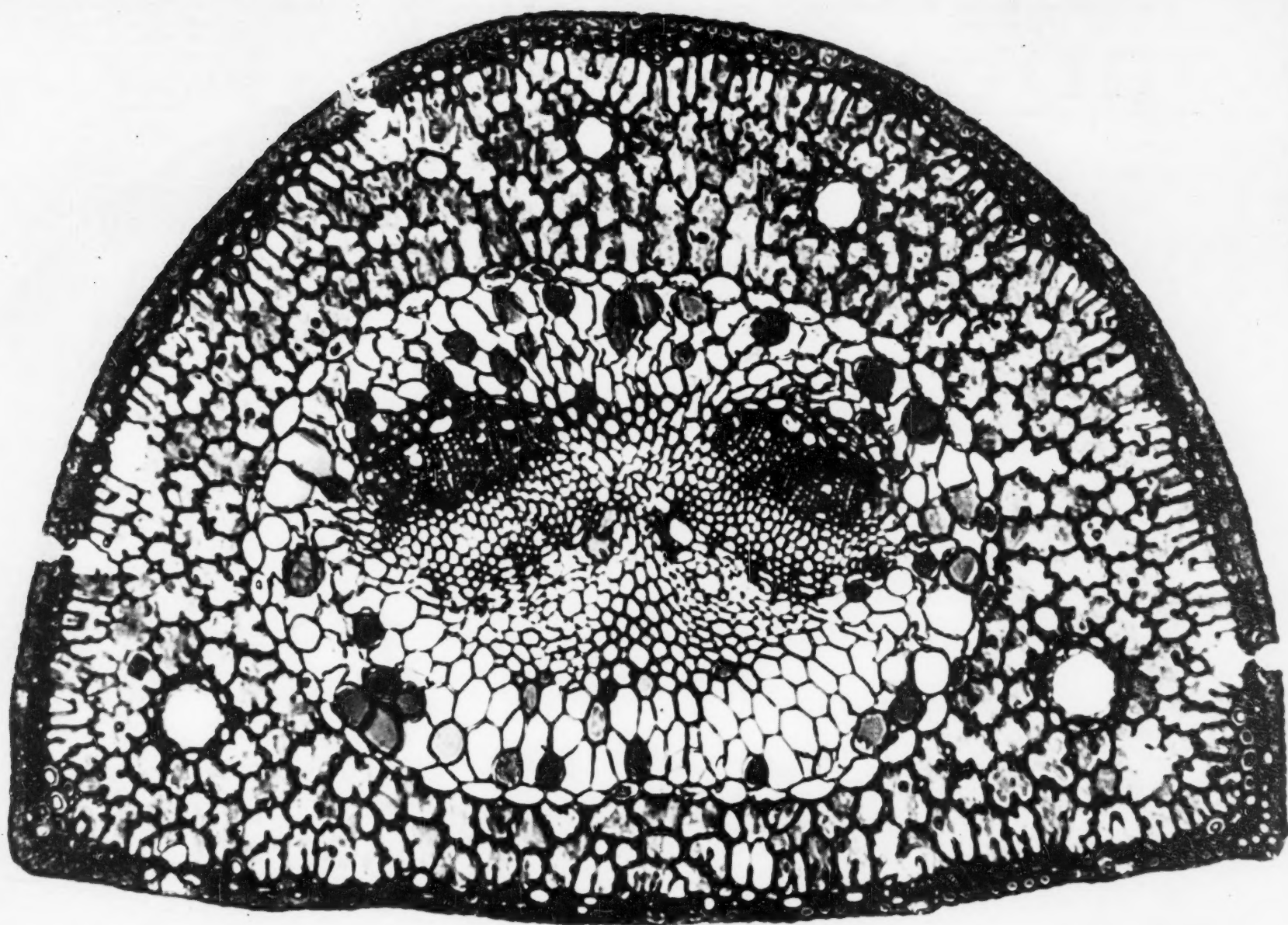
To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address at least six weeks before you move, to

Subscription Dept.,  
Maclean's Magazine,  
481 University Ave.,  
Toronto 2, Ont.

giving us both your old and new addresses and — if possible — an address label from one of your copies.

MACLEAN'S





*Magnified cross-section of a pine needle by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.*

## A more useful forest harvest

Microscopic studies of tree life and growth form only one part of the fundamental research program of the pulp and paper companies. This Canadian work, with an international reputation, helps to maintain this industry as a leader in world trade. It also contributes to the wise use of the world's forest resources. In the universities, in the mills, and in the woodlands, scientists strive continuously

to increase the forest crop and to expand its uses. Today, many new tree species are being used as pulpwood and more paper can be made from a cord of wood. Through research, the pulp and paper companies are increasing the value of the woodlands, thereby providing greater benefits and greater prosperity for Canadians everywhere.

THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA

There's  
more  
of a future  
in your  
**FORD-BUILT  
CAR**



*1961 Meteor Montealm Four-Door Sedan — one of Ford of Canada's fine cars, built in Canada*



## ...and **HERE'S WHY**

Every Ford-built car is styled, designed, engineered and manufactured with three primary goals in mind: (1) *finest quality*; (2) *greatest durability*; (3) *most reliable operation*. And that is the reason why your Ford of Canada Dealer can offer you the new 12,000 mile/12 month warranty.

□ As an owner, you'll be proud of trend-setting styling. You'll appreciate riding comfort and handling ease every mile you drive. You'll enjoy peace of mind with famous safety features. Along with these things, you'll get significant savings, because the '61 Ford-built cars pioneer new ways to reduce the cost of owning, operating and maintaining a car.

□ Example: every Ford, Meteor, Mercury and Monarch lets you drive up to 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications. Then a quick, inexpensive lubrication from your Ford of Canada Dealer sets your car up for another 30,000 miles.

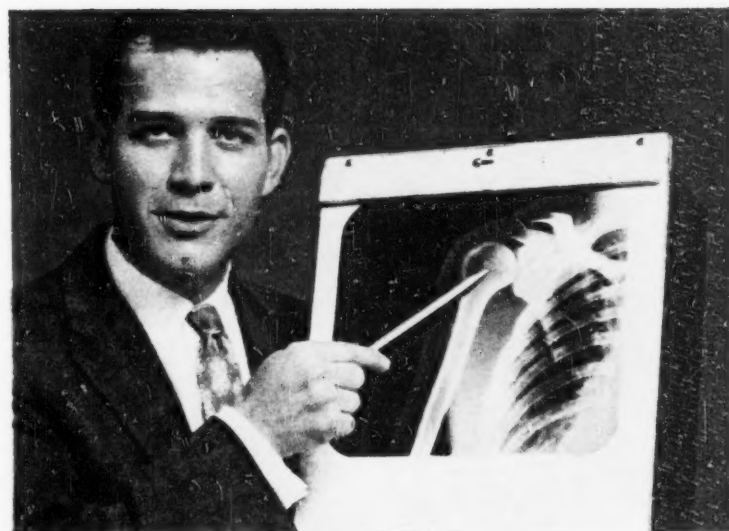
□ In every Ford-built car you'll find similar easy-care features. Like the new super-enamels that eliminate waxing. Like the oil filter that lets you drive up to 4,000 miles between oil changes. Like the mufflers that last three times as long as ordinary mufflers. These, and many more money-saving features, are standard equipment. Your Dealer will be happy to demonstrate them in the Ford-built car of your choice.

□ You'll enjoy your new Ford-built car... and you'll appreciate the quality, durability and convenience that have been built into it to save you money now, and in the future.

**FORD-BUILT IS WELL-BUILT**

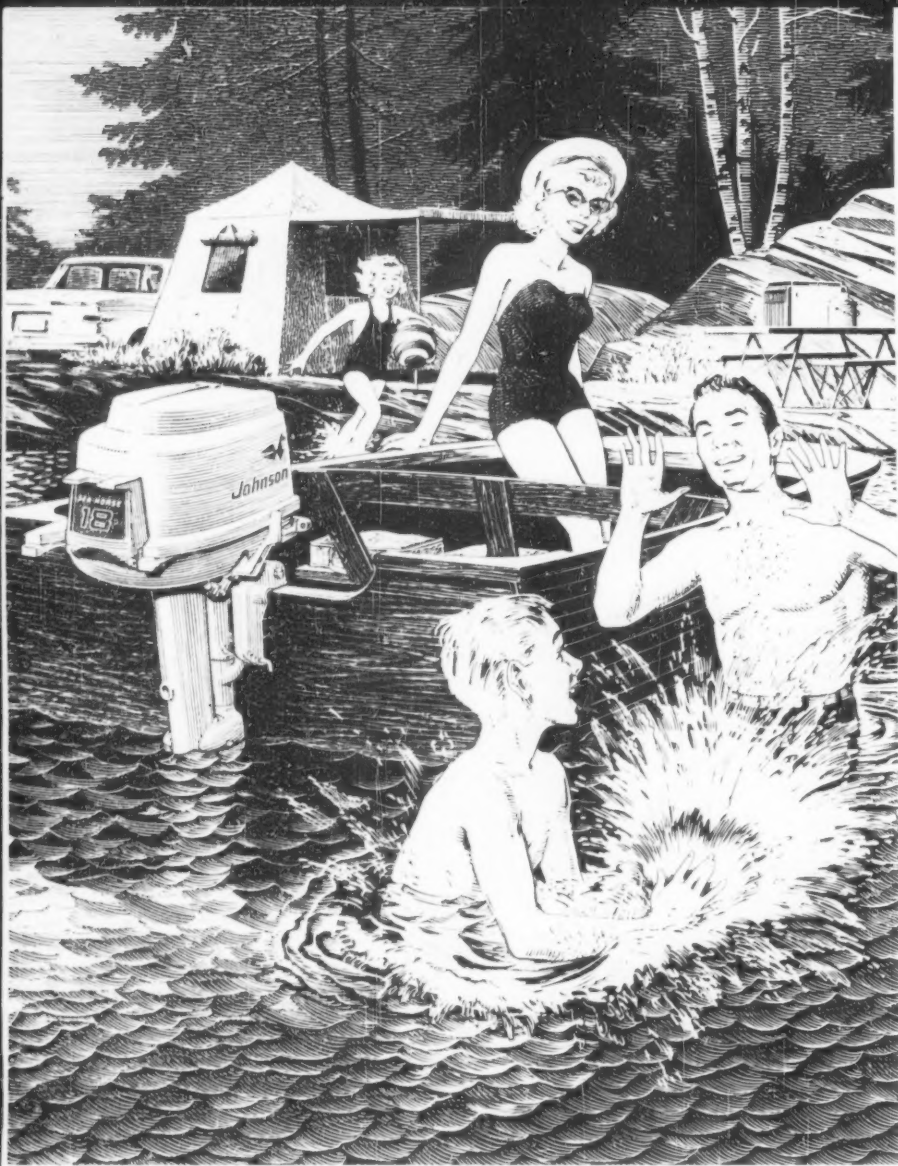
# FORD OF CANADA

**NORTH AMERICA'S FINE CARS:** Ford • Falcon • Meteor • Comet • Mercury • Monarch • Thunderbird • Lincoln Continental **BRITISH FORD LINE:** Anglia • 105E • Prefect • Consul • Zephyr • Zodiac **FOR INDUSTRY AND AGRICULTURE:** Ford Trucks • Mercury Trucks • Thames Vans and Buses • Ford Tractors • Fordson Tractors • Ford and Fordson Industrial Engines • Farm Implements • Industrial Equipment **TO REPLACE QUALITY WITH QUALITY:** Genuine Ford Parts



**UP TO 30,000 MILES BETWEEN LUBRICATIONS!** Above, you see an X-ray of a human shoulder joint. The reason it works so well and so dependably is that nature provides what is, in effect, sealed-in, lifetime lubrication. Ford took a tip from nature to give you an important easy-care feature—the front suspension ball-joint, shown below. Like the shoulder joint, it has sealed-in lubrication. Special molybdenum disulfide grease forms a molecular *bond* with the metal. A polyurethane ring seals in this tougher lubricant so you can drive up to 30,000 miles between lubrications.





J-9378

Enjoy the quiet  
excellence of a

**Johnson**  
CANADA'S FAVOURITE OUTBOARD MOTOR

Happy holiday . . . cool shaded campsite by a sun-drenched beach . . . young shouts of glee at a family frolic in the water . . . and a portable Johnson motor ready to take you fishing, cruising, exploring . . . wherever there's water to float a boat. This is Johnson enjoyment. No other outboards are so quiet . . . so easy to operate . . . so solidly dependable.

For a pleasantly low cost you can put a portable Johnson Sea-horse in your car trunk this summer and add the wonderful new dimension of boating to your camping, cottage and picnic fun. See Canada's favourite portable outboards in the great new '61 Sea-horse line at your Johnson dealer's today.

3, 5½, 10, 18, 40, 75 H.P. ALL H.P. O.B.C. RATED • CONVENIENT  
TERMS • SALES AND EXPERT SERVICE EVERYWHERE • SEE YOUR PHONE BOOK  
YELLOW PAGES • WRITE FOR COLOURFUL FREE CATALOGUE



Made in Canada by  
**Johnson MOTORS**  
PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada Ltd.

CANADA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

## MAILBAG continued from page 2

### Classrooms can't replace wards for training nurses

#### The South's biggest need: Education for the whites

I have no doubt the new system of training nurses (Background, March 11) as illustrated by the Nightingale School of Nursing in Toronto will spread, because it would appear nowadays that a girl takes up nursing for the professional status she will enjoy and not because she has a genuine desire to minister to the needs of the sick. One has to learn how to nurse—how to make a sick person as comfortable and as free from anxiety as his condition allows, and to carry out doctors' orders efficiently and intelligently. This can only be learned by the patient's side and not behind a desk in the ward or in a classroom.

I am not in favor of returning to the bad old days of long hours and drudgery, but let us retain the duties of nursing for nurses—menial though they may be.  
—MRS. ELEANOR MEILR, RN, OTTAWA.

gospel whatever the West has to offer instead.—CORA GREENAWAY, BEDFORD, N.S.

#### Jack Adams knew the tricks

Your interesting and enjoyable articles on hockey by Trent Frayne and Jack Adams (Jan. 7 and Jan. 28) were certainly true to life. I disagree with Mr. Adams when he says only Morenz and Shore could play present-day hockey. I think they all could have. The best player I ever saw was Nighbor, and the best team the Ottawa Senators. Jack speaks of the roughness of Coutu, Cleghorn and Hall. They were rough but not dirty. The "dirtiest" player I ever saw was Ken Randal and who do you think was next? Jolly Jack himself. He could spear your ribs loose and grin all the time. To his credit, he

#### Southern discomfort

I, too, am a Southerner living in Toronto and I commend you for publishing Aileen Smith's article (A Southerner in Canada makes a frightening journey home, March 11). The Negro's lot has been a hard one and still is in the South, but the whites have had to buck a few odds too—a primitive culture, a senseless war, and little compassion for their problems from without.—MARGARET STEINBRECKER, REXDALE, ONT.

✓ Mrs. Smith is guilty of generalizing from isolated examples and of unfair criticism. The Southern Negroes deserve more credit than she is prepared to offer.—S. L. ABRAHAM, MONTREAL.

✓ The main "educational" need in Brownsville (Mrs. Smith's home town) and other Southern towns is not to be found among the Negroes. It is to train the well-placed whites in that most elementary mark of the cultured man—respect and support for the rights and dignity of all. Pending this "education," these rights must be enforced by law, with the federal authorities doing what state officials won't.—GRACE LORCH, EDMONTON.

✓ Aileen Smith aptly and ably expressed our situation.—MRS. HARVEY SIMMONS, STANTON, TENN.

#### A blow for communism

I have been trying to impress upon my sixth-graders the importance of warding off communism and maintaining our liberties. I'm sure my efforts and the efforts of others like me are more than thwarted by a story like The cheerful children of Red China's communes (March 11). I'm sure that Dr. Lazure tried to give an accurate picture but must we hasten our own destruction by publishing accounts which make people wonder if communism is such an evil after all?—HENRY J. ENNS, THREE HILLS, ALTA.

#### Marika Robert was right

I sent two articles by Marika Robert (I went back behind the Iron Curtain, Dec. 3, and The Communists are hard at play, Dec. 17) to a Hungarian friend now living in Switzerland, who left Budapest last May. He found her observations shrewd and humorous and complimented her for stating quite clearly that much as Russian domination is disliked in the satellite countries, they do not accept as



could also take it. I have been watching pro hockey for 45 years and the fastest man up to now was Morenz and the hardest and most accurate shot was Babe Dye.—BILL O'BRIEN, HAMILTON, ONT.

#### Render unto Caesar

In The hidden failure of our churches (Feb. 25) a statement is made in support of an alleged broadmindedness in the Roman Catholic church to the university situation. The statement as attributed to Father Frank Stone of the Catholic Information Centre is, "The Catholic universities of Assumption and Laurentian have invited Protestant colleges into membership." According to its charter, Laurentian University is a non-denominational university, and only on that ground is it supported by the provincial government and the public at large. Its component elements are not colleges but equally chartered universities, Roman Catholic, United Church and Anglican. The motive that prompted the Roman Catholic participation is said to be broadmindedness. I am in a position to know that another word for it might be finance.—J. W. E. NEWBURY, PRINCIPAL, HUNTINGTON UNIVERSITY, IN THE LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY OF SUDBURY, SUDBURY, ONT.

In printing Ralph Allen's The hidden failure of our churches you have continued Maclean's long record of service to Canada. To me, the validating feature of the article is that such trenchant criticism and concern comes from within the church and from the leaders. What now remains is that concerned laymen come forward to work with the clergy to deal realistically with the situation you have revealed.—AIR MARSHAL W. A. CURTIS, CHAIRMAN, RELIGION IN CANADIAN LIFE, TORONTO. ★



Wait 'til you see this...

**NEW HI-SPEED**

**APĒCO COPYMAKER**

**—It Has Everything!**

**VERSATILITY:**

COPIES EVERYTHING...EVERY COLOUR



The new Apeco Uni-Matic Auto-Stat is an all-purpose copymaker without limitations. It copies everything—any paper, printed on one or both sides—any colour—any ink.

**SPEED:**

1-STEP AUTOMATIC OPERATION



Hand any original to this amazing electric copymaker—it hands it right back and out rolls a copy. Anyone can make perfect copies every time.

**QUALITY:**

SHARP, CLEAR BLACK-ON-WHITE COPIES



Apeco copies are easy to read—clean, black-on-white, exact. Copies are complete—legally acceptable and error-proof.

**LOW COST:**

SAVES TIME—CUTS WASTED MATERIAL



1-step Apeco copying is fast and sure. This simple hi-speed operation assures a good copy, every copy. Saves both time and money.

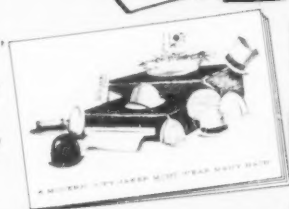


EVERY PHOTO  
EVERYTHING WRITTEN  
EVERYTHING DRAWN  
EVERY BLUEPRINT  
EVERYTHING STAMPED  
EVERY PENCIL NOTATION  
EVERY PAPER  
EVERY INK  
Everything Minus...

**Have You Read this NEW FREE BOOK?**

**"How Many Hats Should Your Copymaker Wear?"**

Here is a quick-to-read IDEA BOOK packed with profitable uses for copying in every business. Regardless of whether you have a copymaker now or are just "thinking" of looking into copying you'll find this book really helpful. It reveals the many uses for a copier BESIDES copying... how copiers can be used as a billing system, a visual aid, a communications tool, etc.



MAIL THIS POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY! ➔

the future in your office today  
**APĒCO** OF CANADA, LTD.  
30 Dorchester Ave., Toronto 18, Ont., Canada

**FREE OFFER!**

**RUSH MY COPY of new Free Book, "How Many Hats Should Your Copymaker Wear?"**

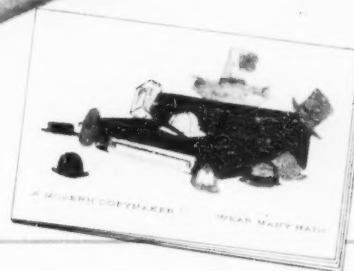
Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_  
Individual \_\_\_\_\_

**NO OBLIGATION!**

Find out about this Apeco Copymaker... and This New Free Book!

today

18, Ont.



\*Apeco, Uni-Matic and Apeco Auto-Stat are registered trade marks of the American Photocopy Equipment Co.



Enjoy the quiet  
excellence of a

**Johnson**  
CANADA'S FAVOURITE OUTBOARD MOTOR

Happy holiday . . . cool shaded campsite by a sun-drenched lake . . . young shouts of glee at a family frolic in the water . . . and a Johnson motor ready to take you fishing, cruising, exploring wherever there's water to float a boat. This is Johnson excellence. No other outboards are so quiet . . . so easy to operate . . . so dependable.

For a pleasantly low cost you can put a portable Johnson motor in your car trunk this summer and add the wonderful new dimension of boating to your camping, cottage and picnic fun. See your favourite portable outboards in the great new '61 Sea-hors brochure at your Johnson dealer's today.

3, 5½, 10, 18, 40, 75 H.P. ALL H.P. O.B.C. RATED • CONVENIENT  
TERMS • SALES AND EXPERT SERVICE EVERYWHERE • SEE YOUR PHONE  
YELLOW PAGES • WRITE FOR COLOURFUL FREE CATALOGUE



Made in Canada by  
**Johnson MOTORS**  
PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada Ltd.  
CANADA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

## MAILBAG continued from page 2

### Classrooms can't replace wards for training nurses

#### The South's biggest need: Education for the whites

I have no doubt the new system of training nurses (Background, March 11) as illustrated by the Nightingale School of Nursing in Toronto will spread, because it would appear nowadays that a girl takes up nursing for the professional status she will enjoy and not because she has a genuine desire to minister to the needs of the sick. One has to learn *how* to nurse—how to make a sick person as comfortable and as free from anxiety as his condition allows, and to carry out doctors' orders efficiently and intelligently. This can only be learned by the patient's side and not behind a desk in the ward or in a classroom.

I am not in favor of returning to the bad old days of long hours and drudgery, but let us retain the duties of nursing for nurses—menial though they may be. —MRS. ELEANOR MEIER, RN, OTTAWA.

gospel whatever the West has to offer instead. —CORA GREENAWAY, BEDFORD, N.S.

#### Jack Adams knew the tricks

Your interesting and enjoyable articles on hockey by Trent Frayne and Jack Adams (Jan. 7 and Jan. 28) were certainly true to life. I disagree with Mr. Adams when he says only Morenz and Shore could play present-day hockey. I think they all could have. The best player I ever saw was Nighbor, and the best team the Ottawa Senators. Jack speaks of the roughness of Coutu, Cleghorn and Hall. They were rough but not dirty. The "dirtiest" player I ever saw was Ken Randal and who do you think was next? Jolly Jack himself. He could spear your ribs loose and grin all the time. To his credit, he

#### Southern discomfort

I, too, am a Southerner living in Toronto and I commend you for publishing Aileen Smith's article (A Southerner in Canada makes a frightening journey home, March 11). The Negro's lot has been a hard one and still is in the South, but the whites have had to buck a few odds too—a primitive culture, a senseless war, and little compassion for their problems from without. —MARGARET STEINBRECKER, REXDALE, ONT.

✓ Mrs. Smith is guilty of generalizing from isolated examples and of unfair criticism. The Southern Negroes deserve more credit than she is prepared to offer. —S. L. ABRAHAM, MONTREAL.

✓ The main "educational" need in Brownsville (Mrs. Smith's home town) and other Southern towns is not to be found among the Negroes. It is to train the well-placed whites in that most elementary mark of the cultured man—respect and support for the rights and dignity of all. Pending this "education," these rights must be enforced by law, with the federal authorities doing what state officials won't. —GRACE LORCH, EDMONTON.



could also take it. I have been watching pro hockey for 45 years and the fastest man up to now was Morenz and the hardest and most accurate shot was Babe Dye. —BILL O'BRIEN, HAMILTON, ONT.

#### Render unto Caesar

In The hidden failure of our churches (Feb. 25) a statement is made in support of an alleged broadmindedness in the Roman Catholic church to the university situation. The statement

**MAIL THIS CARD NOW  
FOR NEW  
FREE BOOK**

#### Find out...

the many use-tested, profit-boosting ideas that can save you money immediately.

how every department can use photocopying to speed paperwork with no procedure change.

the many uses for photocopying besides routine copy work.



Every idea proven profitable by actual office use in top-rated, nationally-known business organizations.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD  
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in Canada  
5c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY  
APECO OF CANADA, LTD.  
30 DORCHESTER AVE.  
TORONTO 18, ONT.  
CANADA





Wait 'til you see this...

**NEW HI-SPEED**

**APĒCO COPYMAKER**

*—It Has Everything!*

**VERSATILITY:**

*COPIES EVERYTHING...EVERY COLOUR*



The new Apeco Uni-Matic Auto-Stat is an all-purpose copymaker without limitations. It copies everything—any paper, printed on one or both sides—any colour—any ink.

**SPEED:**

*1-STEP AUTOMATIC OPERATION*



Hand any original to this amazing electric copymaker—it hands it right back and out rolls a copy. Anyone can make perfect copies every time.

**QUALITY:**

*SHARP, CLEAR BLACK-ON-WHITE COPIES*



Apeco copies are easy to read—clean, black-on-white, exact. Copies are complete—legally acceptable and error-proof.

**LOW COST:**

*SAVES TIME—CUTS WASTED MATERIAL*



1-step Apeco copying is fast and sure. This simple hi-speed operation assures a good copy, every copy. Saves both time and money.

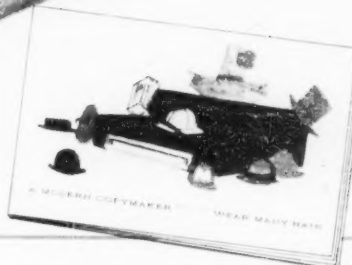


EVERY PHOTO  
Everything Written  
EVERYTHING DRAWN  
Everything Printed  
EVERY BLUEPRINT  
EVERYTHING STAMPED  
Every pencil notation  
EVERY PAPER  
EVERY INK  
Everything Mime-

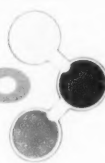


AIR MAIL  
REPLY CARD  
WILL RUSH YOUR  
BOOK TO YOU!

Find out about this  
new Apeco Copymaker...  
Read This New Free Book!



**\* APĒCO**



*the future in your office today*

**APECO OF CANADA, LTD.**

30 Dorchester Ave., Toronto 18, Ont.

\*Apeco, Uni-Matic and Apeco Auto-Stat are registered trade marks of the American Photocopy Equipment Co.

## SKILL AND 'KNOW-HOW'



Izaak Walton in his "Compleat Angler" recommended as good bait black beetles kept in a mixture of earth and honey. Quaint as it seems we like to remind ourselves that he proved his recipes in practice. To the rather different business of estate planning TGT also brings time-tested practical experience and thoroughness. Why not have a talk with our officers about your estate. You'll get conscientious guidance without charge or obligation. Just telephone or write our nearest office.

## TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

TORONTO  
MONTREAL  
OTTAWA  
WINDSOR  
WINNIPEG



REGINA  
SASKATOON  
CALGARY  
EDMONTON  
VANCOUVER

First Established Trust Company in Canada

Dennis Braithwaite is a newspaperman who has fought his way through Toronto traffic for many years.



## FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

DENNIS BRAITHWAITE SAYS

### Let's stop coddling the drinking drivers

TWO DRINKS, or at most three, each containing an ounce and a half of liquor, are enough to impair the average person's ability to drive a car safely.

Three such drinks, taken within an hour of driving, can produce .05 percent alcohol in the bloodstream. Tests made of Metropolitan Toronto drivers by Dr. H. Ward Smith, director of Ontario's crime laboratory, showed that at .05 percent responsibility for accidents began to rise sharply. A Swedish study found danger signs appearing at an even lower blood alcohol count, .03 to .04 percent.

The American Medical Association accepts the .05 percent figure as the key one, and agrees that impairment begins even earlier. A report of the association's committee on the medical aspects of automotive injuries and deaths emphasizes that the kind of liquor consumed, how quickly it is consumed, whether food is taken, and whether the driver is experienced have no important bearing on the matter.

The committee's report adds flatly: "One drink may be tolerated, two drinks put one on the level of impairment for about two hours — three drinks are too many."

Yet, people continue to drink and drive. There are no statistics on the number that get away with it, because so many never come to the attention of the police. Alcohol is never judged the sole cause of an accident, and to become a statistic in liquor-accident files one has to be charged with drunk or impaired driving.

#### Prime menace: the average man

Even drivers apparently impaired enough to cause police to lay a charge often escape conviction. In 1960, close to 25 percent of all the cases of drunk driving prosecuted by the Ontario Provincial Police were dismissed or withdrawn for lack of sufficient evidence. In the Toronto area the figure was even higher, close to 30 percent.

The drinking driver, the average man with two or three drinks under his belt, is the prime menace. What are enforcement agencies doing to get him off the road?

Regrettably, little or nothing. But don't blame the police and the courts. Canadian law, with few exceptions, is actually weighted in favor of the drinking driver. Drunk and seriously impaired drivers are dealt with severely enough, when convicted, but the much greater number of ordinary citizens who heedlessly drive after having a few drinks are seldom detected, let alone prosecuted.

Incalculable numbers of such hidden offenders mangle along our city streets, expressways and suburban roads during the hours after dusk. They come

from bars, taverns, private clubs, cocktail parties or, if it's late at night, from jolly gatherings at the homes of friends. Though "sober" by some standards, principally their own, they are to a greater or lesser degree drugged by alcohol. Medical science knows their condition as that in which "the removal of restraints gives rise to a secondary stimulation." In short, they're a little stoned.

Are they lawbreakers? No. It's perfectly legal to drive after having a drink, or two, or three — the number is left pretty well to the individual. And even if he gets into an accident, the odds are that the drinking driver will escape punishment for a drinking offense. In Canada there is no legal limit to the amount of alcohol a person may have in his system and still drive a car. Even if he is picked up on suspicion, he cannot be compelled to submit to a breath test, blood test, urinalysis or any other chemical test to determine how much he has had to drink in order to support a charge of drunk or impaired driving. Section 224(4) of the Criminal Code is explicit on this point and further stipulates that "evidence that a person refused to give such a sample (of breath, blood, etc.) or that such a sample was not taken is not admissible nor shall such refusal or the fact that a sample was not taken be the subject of comment by any person in the proceedings."

Let's say our drinking driver gets involved in an accident — strikes a pedestrian at a crosswalk or goes through a red light and collides with another car. Superficially, it may seem that he is in big trouble, but it isn't necessarily so. When the police arrive, he may play it cool. There may be little in his appearance or manner to suggest that he is under the influence of liquor. His face may be flushed, but there are twenty pathological conditions known to cause this, ranging from lactation in a female to diabetes or simple blushing from emotion. His walk may be steady and his speech reasonably clear. If the police smell liquor on his breath, he may admit to having the traditional "couple of beers." After that, all he has to do is refuse to take a breath test (the refusal can't be used against him, mind) and stick to his story. Since accidents and encounters with the police have a notoriously sobering effect, it is often easy to give a convincing portrayal of sobriety.

If the case comes to court, the arresting constable can provide no evidence to support a charge of either drunk or impaired driving. The best he can do is testify that the accused had liquor on his breath and admitted having a couple of drinks. There is no law against that. CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



# World Book ENCYCLOPEDIA

*and Childcraft go together to provide the finest preparation for your children!*



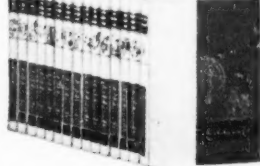
## The New "Unified Plan"

Not until now could parents do so much to help assure their children's success in their world of the future! Childcraft stands alone in its ability to help guide the interests of younger children. World Book is the acknowledged leader in the entire encyclopedia field. Throughout, each set is scientifically created for the proper age and grade level...like the related articles on Space Travel shown.

World Book and Childcraft help bring out the best in any child—talent and ability you might not be

aware of even as a proud and loving parent. You will never have to guess if you've given the best. The cost is actually just a few cents a day...the results *beyond measure!*

**Save \$59! Order the enlarged 1961 Childcraft**



with the  
**1961  
World Book  
ENCYCLOPEDIA**

Total value \$328—Your price \$269  
Just \$10 down—\$10 a month

WORLD BOOK-CHILDCRAFT OF CANADA, LTD.

**Greater than Ever!**

**1961 World Book Encyclopedia**  
first in sales...quality...leadership

New Aristocrat Binding  
24K gold stamping and top edge gilding


20 Volumes...\$199 (Other bindings lower)  
\$10 down...\$7 a month

FREE! Send for valuable booklet today!

World Book-Childcraft of Canada, Ltd.  
321 Bloor St., East, Toronto 5, Ont.

Please see that I receive a free copy of your new booklet, "Your Child's Success," which will help me to understand my children's problems and how to fill their needs.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

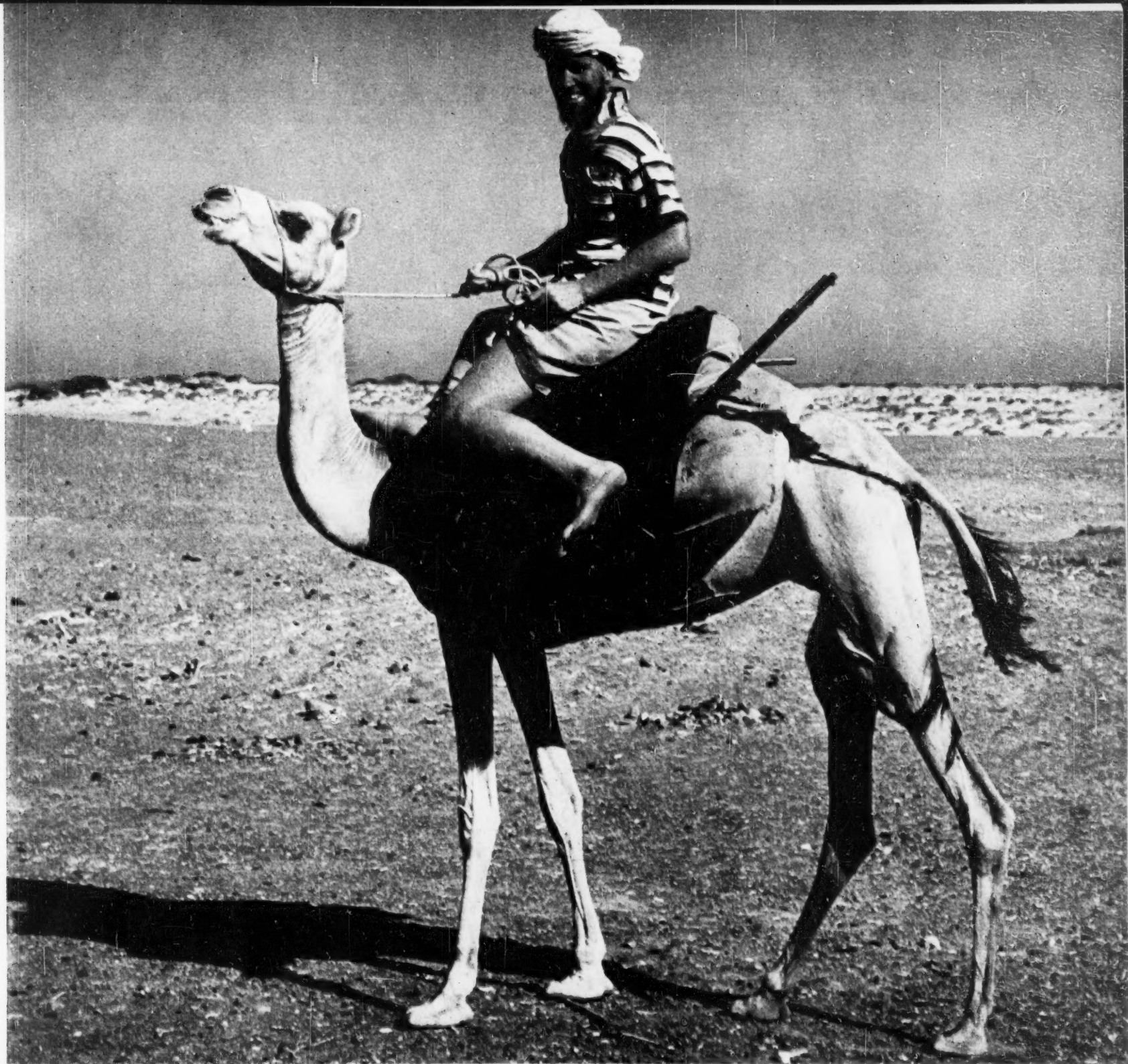


now  
it's  
Pepsi  
for those  
who  
think  
young

Today people of all ages are going all out for activity. Today we're putting more life in our lives. This is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. In stores and at fountains, think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"







## A young Canadian adventurer's African diary

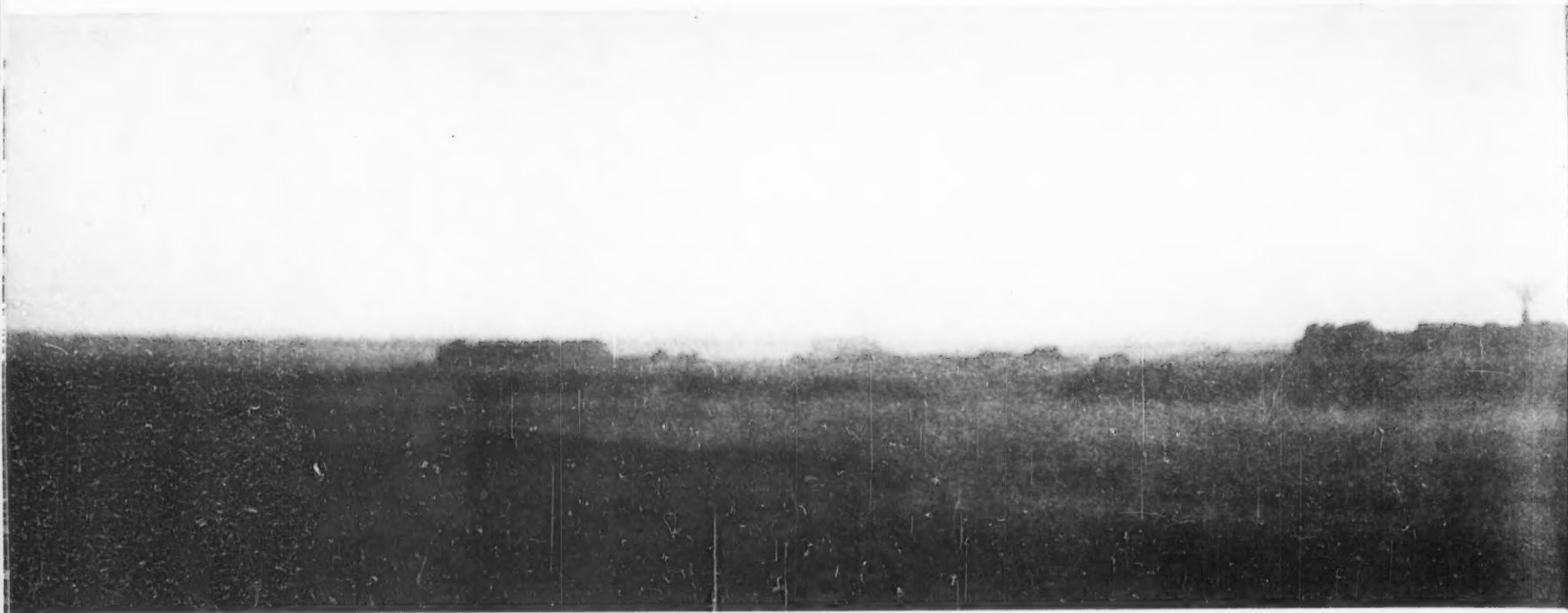
*Peter Stollery traveled like a native through Africa. He rode with Arab convoys through the Sahara, walked the jungle track on the Guinea coast, thumbed through the Congo. Here he begins his account of Africa at ground level — an Africa few white men have ever stooped to see*

### PART 1: NOMAD IN THE SAHARA

*Map shows Stollery's desert route. His story starts overleaf ▶*



APRIL 22, 1961



*A sandstorm in mid-Sahara: Peter Stollery couldn't walk a hundred yards through this storm at In Salah. He sat it out, muffled in yards of cheesecloth.*

## Part 1: Nomad in the Sahara

AS I DROVE UP THE HILL past the Casbah, the damp spots on the streets of Algiers were drying under the morning sun. When I reached that traffic circle high up from the harbor and looked back on the sea, I couldn't help wondering how long it would be before I'd see something wet again. It was the first of July and I was heading overland by car for the Niger River. Before getting there, I had to cross the hottest part of the Sahara in the summer.

Back in Sidi-bel-Abbès, where I had been living for a while, everyone had told me it was impossible to cross the Sahara in July. When the director of the Touring Club of France in Oran heard my plans, he said I was crazy. It's not very difficult for a private individual to cross the desert by car in the winter, providing he puts up a \$200 bond with the Touring Club of France (I had the princely sum of \$110 in my pocket at the time). The club will look for him if something goes wrong. However, between

May 25 and the middle of September, the Sahara is closed. Nobody will look for you—at least that's what the director of the club told me in Oran. I was going to try it anyway.

The land between the desert and the Mediterranean is a fertile coastal belt about seventy-five miles wide. The Atlas mountains are the dividing line between desert and vineyards. My first objective, heading out of Algiers in my little four-horsepower Renault, was the gorge of the Chiffa River—actually a series of gorges where the Chiffa comes tumbling down out of the mountains. Because of French operations against the Algerian rebels, you are not allowed to stop your car in the twisting ten or fifteen miles that the road follows the river up into the mountains. Two nights before I left, the army had a running gun battle with terrorists near the road. Several people were killed. At the entrance to the gorges is an army checkpoint for all vehicles going south. I was to find it the first of many. A pleasant young French soldier looked over my authorization to enter the Sahara. He asked where I was going. When I said Ni-

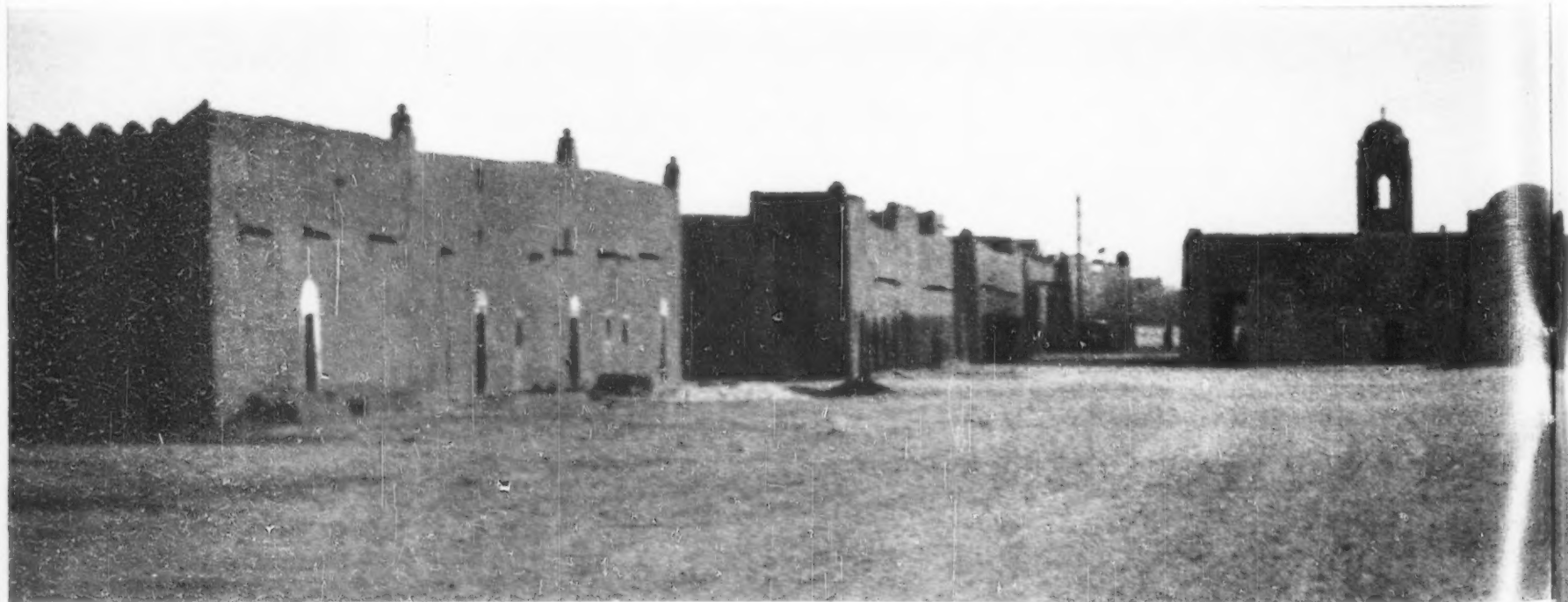
geria, he shrugged his shoulders and answered: "OK, Nigeria, why not?" and marked it down.

Several miles into the gorges, I made one unauthorized stop to take photographs. It was a quick one and I nervously eyed the towering cliffs on each side of me. After all my preparations, it wouldn't have looked good if that was as far as I got. I didn't stop again until I reached the next checkpoint at the exit of the gorges.

Leaving the gorges behind me, I climbed the first range, the Tellien Atlas, to the High Plateau. Boghari, the first town on the plateau, is 136 kilometres south of the coast. The scenery changes quickly, from the lovely green fields near Algiers to the thick forests of the coastal face of the mountains, on to the steppe country. At Boghari, everything has a burnt look.

Leaving Boghari, I saw my first camels. Several ragged Arabs were driving the herd along beside the road. The Arabs wore white turbans called shishes and the striped woolen cloaks known as djelebas that are used by mountain Arabs to keep warm during the cold nights. Along the side of the road were crooked-look-

*The blazing square of a Saharan town; Stollery waited ten days in Adrar for a lift. Facing page, Adrar men talk shop with a camel trader (dark turban).*







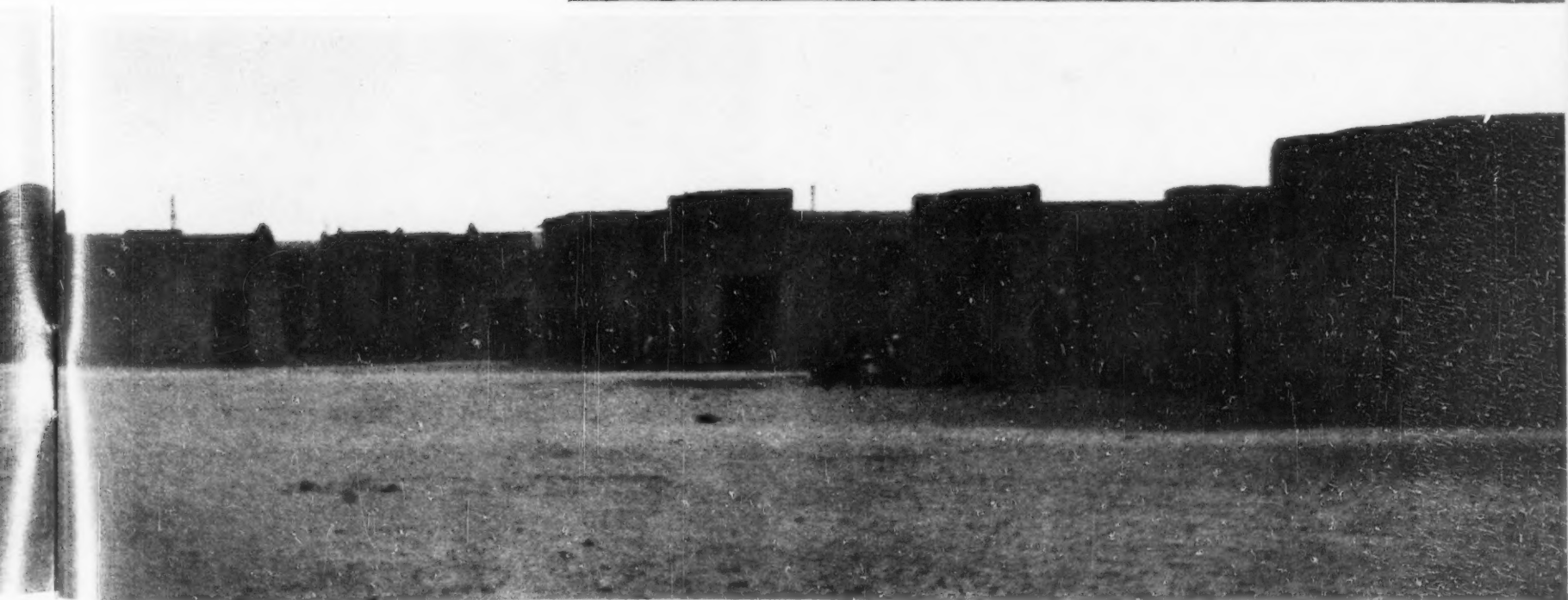
ing mud huts with the ends of poles sticking out of the flat roofs. The road was dead straight, but beyond Boghari there were ten miles of detour. In places I sank two feet in the dust.

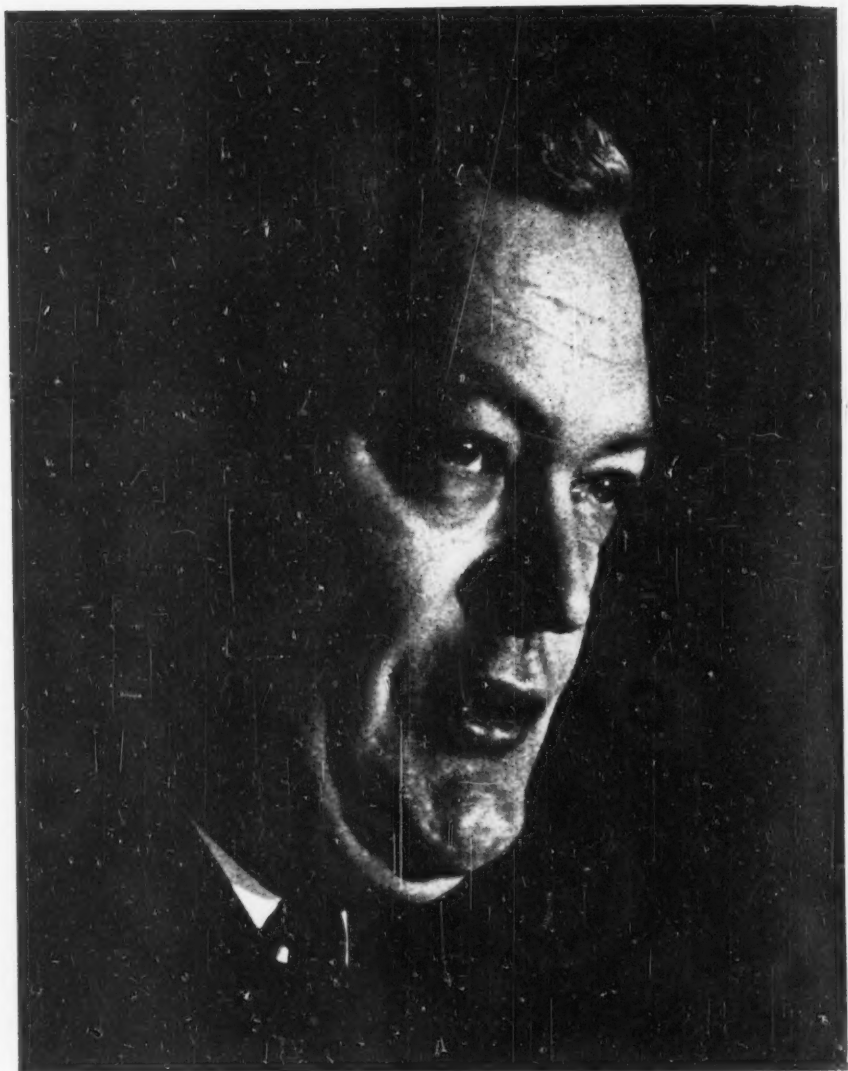
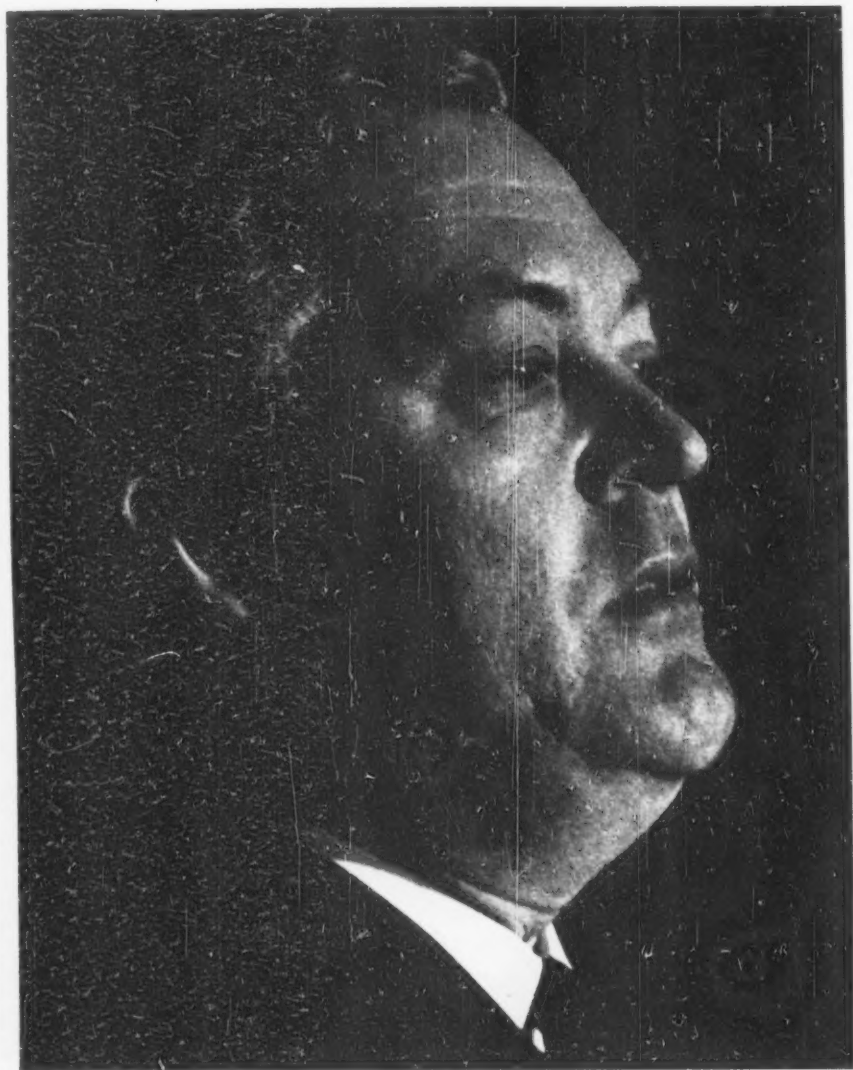
At Djelfa the French Foreign Legion mans the two control posts. A German sergeant scanned my papers. He looked a little suspicious but told me that the road to Laghouat should be safe. He said that most of the rebel mines were put in the soft shoulders off the pavement. The pavement is only a single lane. When two big petrol tankers meet, they have to drive with one side on the shoulders. Whoomph! They get it.

About halfway between Djelfa and Laghouat, I got out of the car to check the engine. Just as I was about to get back in, I noticed a thin black wire across the road between my front and rear wheels. My front wheels had already crossed it. It was a mine wire. As I had to go one way or the other, I fled toward Laghouat. My car had been too light to set it off.

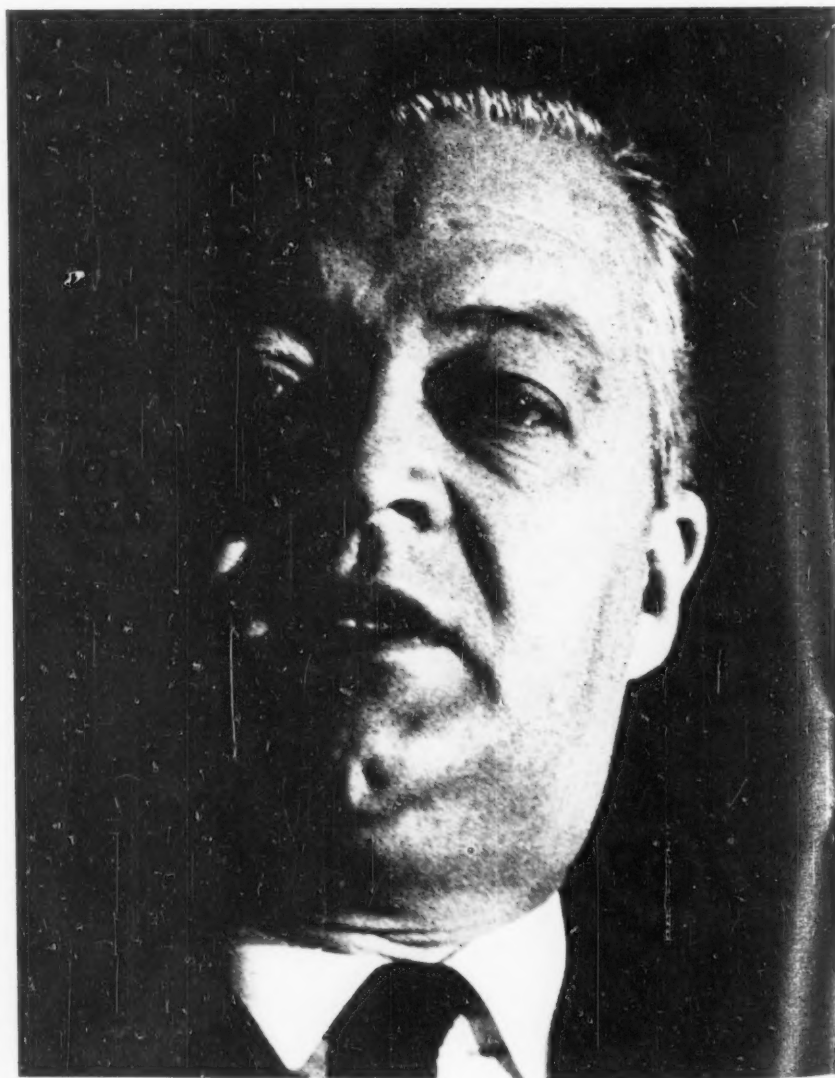
The French Sahara is divided into two districts; Laghouat is the capital of the eastern district. I saw

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59





*A reluctant revolutionary, the suave, forty-eight-year-old premier of Quebec, **JEAN LESAGE**, stepped out of the federal House in 1958 to lead the province's Liberals.*





# The French Revolution, QUEBEC 1961

*Premier Jean Lesage and the Young Turks of his Liberal cabinet are breaking up the two-century-old cartel of church and state that ruled Quebec until 1960*

**BY PETER C. NEWMAN**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

WHEN JEAN LESAGE, a dapper Quebec City lawyer who became a reluctant reformer at the age of forty-eight, was elected premier of his province last summer, he set off a political revolution that promises to alter severely the two-century-old pattern of French-English relations in this country.

Although most people outside French Canada have not yet become aware of it, Lesage has already been responsible for some of the most dramatic changes in the lives of Quebec citizens since the dream of a French empire in North America was crushed on the Plains of Abraham.

After two centuries of uninterrupted partnership between church and state in Quebec, Lesage and the young men he has named to his cabinet have indicated that the clergy should confine their work to spiritual things, while the government takes over the Roman Catholic church's traditional control of educational, health and welfare institutions throughout the province.

The Catholic hierarchy is, of course, fighting back, and fighting hard, but its stand is considerably weakened by the close association it enjoyed with the autocratic regime of Maurice Duplessis, whose Union Nationale imperiously ruled Quebec for sixteen years. The intimacy of this relationship is only now being fully revealed. Msgr. J. A. Desmarais, the bishop of Amos, for instance, was carried on the books of the Duplessis government, with a \$9,350 annual payment from the department of youth and social welfare.

"The fact that the church tolerated and in some cases encouraged the politicians has done us irreparable harm," one priest told me during a recent tour of Quebec. "We were too silent too long; our bishops were not proud enough."

After decades of shrugging off political immorality as an inevitable result of the system of government imposed on them by the British, Quebecers have awakened to a feeling of revulsion against the methods employed by Duplessis and most of his predecessors. The list of the Union

Nationale's finagling, being lengthened with each investigation, is a documentation of the most corrupt provincial regime in Canadian history. When the Liberals installed Josaphat Brunet, a former assistant commissioner of the RCMP, as head of the Quebec Provincial Police—a force that the Union Nationale used as its private army—he discovered that a fifth of his men had criminal records.

Of most significance to the rest of the country has been Lesage's firm stand against much of the narrow Quebec nationalism that has been such a burden on the effectiveness of the Canadian confederation. The new premier is just as determined to safeguard the rights and powers given his province under the British North America Act, but he is exploiting them in a very different way. He has already signed nearly all the contracts for federal aid that had been turned down by Duplessis, and he has made many suggestions for improving dominion-provincial relations generally.

"The time when we wondered only about our survival is over," he says. "We want to use our autonomy as a sign not of weakness and obstruction, but of strength and action."

This is no longer racial anger; it is nothing less than an earnest challenge to this country's English-speaking citizens to compete, or be satisfied with a secondary position.

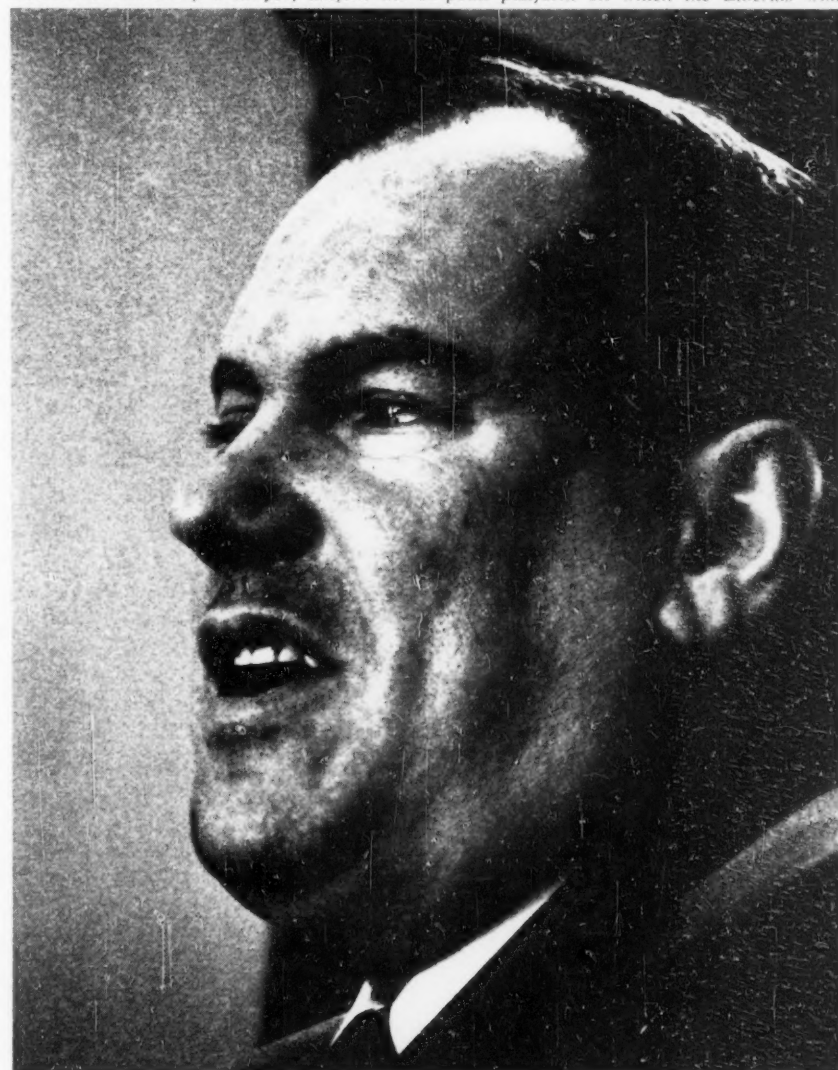
With this new spirit of freedom has come a wave of popular protest against old-line Quebec politicians for failing to lead the province into the twentieth century. "It was a waste of time for our politicians to teach us to spit on the English," says Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the backer of *Cité Libre*, a Montreal journal whose burgeoning following closely reflects the new mood of Quebec. "It's not the fault of the English that we're a backward province. We're responsible for our own mess. But from now on, we'll contribute more than inhibitions to the Canadian confederation."

By manipulating the folk memory of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83



**RENÉ LÉVESQUE**, a former television star, is cleaning the political-patronage stables. **MAURICE SAUVÉ**, a lawyer, drafted the 53-point platform on which the Liberals won.





*Bernard Glaum was a Native Son of Canada. He boosted Canadian flags. He disliked royal tours.*



*He paid admissions so he could sit down when the Queen was played.*

*But he went too far. Now, he is*

## The man who was too native for the Native Sons

By Shirley Mair

BERNARD GLAUM joined the Native Sons of Canada in 1957 when he was forty-one. The Sons were twenty-six and at the nadir of their fortunes. Their membership had shrunk from a peak of 150,000, which it had reached in the mid-1930s, to around 1,100 (a more accurate estimate is unavailable, since the Sons don't give out figures now), and they were seldom heard from by the public. For nearly four years Glaum, who is a fourth-class stationary engineer by profession and a first-class wangler of free publicity by instinct, worked to change both those conditions. He had remarkable success. The scrapbook he kept to record his progress shows roughly a hundred and fifty mentions of the Native Sons by the newspapers of Toronto, his home town, and the majority of them also carry the name of Bernard Glaum. At one point, the editor of the Sons' irregular house organ, the *Native Son*, told his readers that "the name of Bernard Glaum has become a household word in Toronto"—a theory that a lot of Toronto householders might wish to qualify, but which was nevertheless a heartfelt compliment from an organization that had spent more than two decades out of the limelight. Moreover, when a particularly adroit Glaum announcement hit front pages across the country, the *Native Sons'* national secretary-treasurer, L. E. Gendron, wired from his Winnipeg headquarters that "we have had more enquiries for membership in recent

months than for the past ten years," and he added a sincere "good work."

But such mutual enchantment was not to be permanent. One of Glaum's favorite devices for wangling publicity—perhaps his *most* favorite—had been the outspoken criticism of public figures. As publicity chairman of the Toronto assembly, he had lashed out at everyone from Ellen Fairclough to Conn Smythe. Soon he found himself going further than the Sons' national council. Glaum criticized it—publicly. At first the Toronto assembly stuck by him. Then he blasted it in a statement to the Toronto papers. In January of this year, the Sons expelled him.

Expulsion slowed Glaum down barely a step. "They're a bunch of old men," he said, "a sewing circle." He announced plans to form a group called the Canadian Citizens' Society, an organization that presumably would be to the Native Sons what Simpson's is to Eaton's.

Where Glaum's expulsion left the Sons is more difficult to assess.

The Native Sons were founded in 1921 by a retired court stenographer, Albert M. Jones, in—of all places—Victoria, B.C. The purpose of the fledgling organization was, generally, to shake off the British domination of Canada. Specifically, its founding fathers urged such measures as abolition of appeals

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



# A LIVELIER LIFE FOR THE AGED

*The elderly have a right to work, play and go wrong in their own way — that's what keeps them young, says a busy man of seventy*

**By Samuel R. Laycock, Ph.D.**

EIGHT YEARS AGO, at sixty-two, I retired from my position as dean of the faculty of education at the University of Saskatchewan and since then I've kept almost as busy as I've ever been.

In those eight years I've written five books, given many talks over the CBC, lectured at three university summer schools, held down a part-time job at the University of British Columbia, made two trips to Europe, lived a full and satisfying social life, and pursued my hobby of color photography. I've also found time to have—and overcome—a heart attack.

All this I recount not to advertise my accomplishments, but simply to establish my right to say this:

We need to develop a new approach, a new attitude toward the aged and a new concept of how life should be lived after retirement. The young people who, given time, will one day be old themselves need a new approach and attitude—and so do the old people themselves.

We must stop segregating the old. We must stop shutting them out of life. Most of all, we have to stop depriving them of the right to work and to be paid for their work.

In 1951, when the last complete census was taken, there were 1,086,000 Canadians over sixty-five. That is, one of every thirteen Canadians was over the age we usually associate with retirement.

In the years ahead, this proportion will increase in step with the rise in our life expectancy.

Since 1900, the life expectancy of the Canadian male has risen from forty-eight to sixty-eight years, and of the female from fifty-one to seventy-two years. This trend is going to continue; already medical science is predicting that within the near future many will live to be a hundred.

This is one reason why the kind of life we provide for our old people—and they provide for themselves—is becoming more important all the time.

Our neglect of the aged is barbaric. I don't say this because of the inadequacy of their pensions or their housing. That's another story. I'm speaking of the neglect that lets them—often forces them—to live stunted, aimless, and frustrating lives.

Many of the aged have intellectual resources, knowledge, and experience that would allow them to live rich and satisfying lives if we only wouldn't write them off as finished at sixty-five.

In some cases, the old themselves are to blame for their isolation. The dictionary meaning of "to retire" is "to withdraw" and too many of our older people do withdraw from life when they could still participate in it.

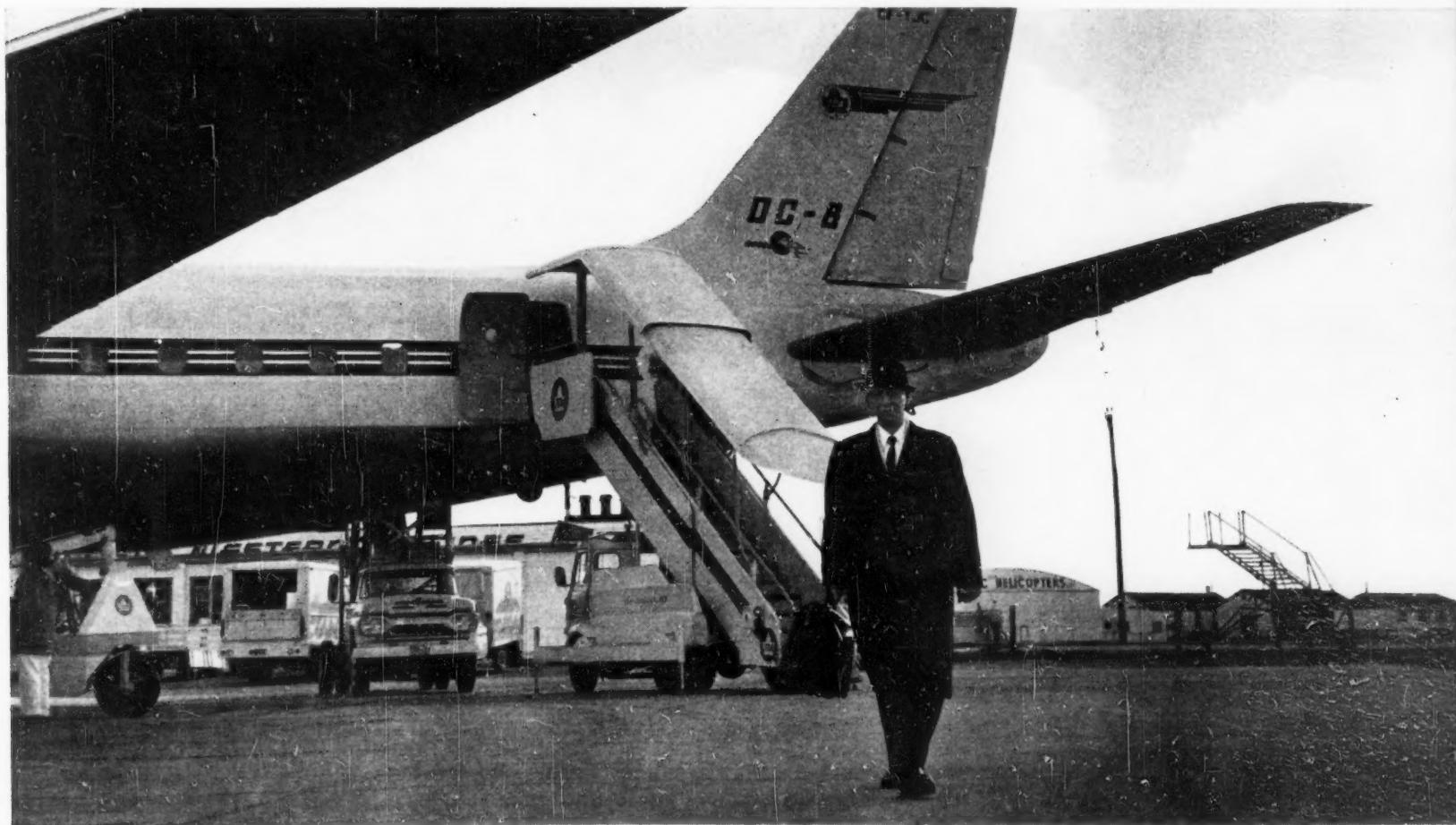
From the summit of seventy, which I reached on March 7, here are some observations I wish to make:

■ We place far too much emphasis on age itself, using it as a too rigid standard for measuring a man's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Laycock, retired eight years, lectures at night classes (top), shows travel slides, talks on CBC.



When he sets out from Vancouver for speaking engagements, Laycock hops aboard a jet — a time-saver that gives him more hours for his other activities.



## THE LAST BOHEMIA

*is in Montreal. It is a world outsiders never see. Here's a look from inside, in photographs by John Max, who has lived there for six years*

THE LAST BOHEMIA is not a place on a map, as were such earlier bohémias as Montparnasse or Greenwich Village. This one is a state of mind, enjoyed (or at least held) by a few hundred young people in Montreal. What makes them bohémians, they maintain somewhat loftily, is that they are creative artists: poets or painters or sculptors or writers, Beatniks.

*Max visited a painter friend one day and found him exhausted by a night's work. "I didn't wake him," Max says. "It was only 3 p.m."*





on the other hand, are bums and poseurs who have taken over the rest of the world's bohemia and are creeping in on the fringes of the last one. There are even *week-end* beatniks. To be a Montreal bohemian, you must live and work exactly as you please. One eminent and shaggy painter owns a 1960 Alfa-Romeo automobile, but most of the bohemians eke out shaky livings by taking occasional odd jobs or selling occasional poems or paintings. One of them is John Max, a 24-year-old photographer who has lived and worked in the last bohemia for six years. Max took these pictures of his friends and the way they choose to live.

*There is no language barrier in bohemia, and the folksongs at an evening beer-and-wine party are in French and English and both.*

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

*This is the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Paul Martino at St. Marc-sur-Richelieu. Both are writers and Mrs. Martino (Michèle Drouin) paints.*





*Suzanne Meloche (left) is a painter. But Max was so struck by the beauty of her face that he asked her to pose for him in front of this half-finished abstract.*

*Sculptor Robert Rousil does not always look as pensive as he does above. Last summer, he and a friend went to Paris with only a bongo drum full of underwear for their luggage.*

## THE LAST BOHEMIA continued

*Material needs are not the most vital thing in bohemia — and a crock of wine doesn't need a fancy label any more than a guitar player needs a fancy shirt.*

*Godfrey Stephens (right; his full name is on the mural) likes to decorate his friends' pads. Photographer Max put the paint on the child. Why? "I thought he'd look good with it," Max says.*











# The unsinkable Charlotte Whitton

*has popped to the surface in Ottawa politics again — with the opposition of everyone in town but just enough of the voters. Here Ralph Allen discovers how*

OF ALL THE MYSTERIES of recent Canadian history, none since the disappearance of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic in July 1845 has caused more bafflement than the reappearance of Charlotte Whitton as mayor of Ottawa in December 1960.

Dr. Whitton, a 65-year-old spinster with an astonishing talent for arousing rage in all walks of life, is now embarked on her fourth term as head of the capital's municipal government. After six memorable and embattled years in the mayor's chair—and twenty years before that as an internationally known feminist and social worker — she retired in 1956. When she emerged from her deceptive calm to run for office again last winter, all three of the Ottawa daily newspapers — for one of which she had been writing a widely read column — urged their readers to vote against her. Her chief opponent, a respected and well-heeled lawyer, was so confident of beating her that he sold his practice. Although she is a well-known Conservative and a former Conservative candidate in federal politics, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker made no visible attempt to dispel the widespread rumor that he considers her a liability. During her campaign her most influential supporter was a local radio station and Dr. Whitton's adversaries were able to point out, accurately, that the station belonged to her brother-in-law.

No one ever figured to lose an election more easily. But when the votes were counted on the night of December 5, Dr. Whitton was discovered to be leading her nearest opponent, Controller Sam Berger, by some 35,000 votes to 33,000. As she swept back into City Hall, five feet one inch and 132 pounds of civic virtue and wrong atoned, she had clearly reaffirmed her standing as the most unsinkable female since Molly Brown. She also remained one of the most constantly debated. It was in the hope of finding out why this tiny, innocent-looking little lady is so much esteemed, decried and elected that I was assigned not long ago to go to her city and record the public pulse.

## AN AIR OF FURY AND INTRIGUE

With or without its present mayor, civic affairs in Ottawa would always have an air of fury and intrigue unmatched anywhere else in Canada. Most of its inhabitants depend on the federal government, in one way or another, for their livelihood and hence are deterred by ordinary prudence from stumping openly for any of the national parties. Their concern for politics must be sublimated at the local level. On two recent winter days the ten provincial premiers, the House of Commons, the Senate, the Canadian Welfare Council and the Canadian Federation of Agriculture were all meeting on and around Parliament Hill. The Ottawa daily newspapers gave a suitable amount of attention to all of them but also devoted column after column to the daily tornado of argument over domestic matters. Their headlines included (in the Citizen) Traffic Probe, Sanitarium "Row," TV Tower, Mall Verdict, New Garbage Deal, and Air Pollution Search; and (in the Journal) Pay Boost at Ottawa Boys' Club, McAuley Won't Apologize to Traffic Director, Mayor Wants Probe Broadened, Should Ottawa Water be Fluoridated?, and Demands Gallery Put Kilt on Nude; and (in le Droit) 18 Candidatures au Poste de Chef de Pompiers and Confusion Créée par des Noms de Rues à Eastview.

Mayor Whitton was either in the middle of or on the outskirts of all these debates and happenings. In few of them was she undecided or neutral, nor was anyone undecided or neutral about her. In a week of

reading about her, talking about her and interviewing her friends and enemies I heard her compared, always with violent feeling, to Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth I, Joan of Arc, Oliver Cromwell, Genghis Khan, Fidel Castro, Susan B. Anthony, Barbara Ann Scott, Czar Nicholas II, Becky Sharp, the Russian negotiating team at Panmunjon, Martha Raye and Willie Keeler. (The last coined the immortal baseball phrase: "Hit 'em where they ain't.")

Mayor Whitton herself could not talk to me while I was preparing my story. (She was too busy working on the city's budget.) In the preliminary stages of my research I fell back, therefore, on the old journalist's dodge of talking to taxi drivers. "You're damn right I voted for Charlotte!" the first cab driver shouted, narrowly missing the war memorial as we careered through Confederation Square. "That girl's got courage! That girl's got honesty."

## STRAW VOTE: TWO AGAINST

The second cab driver spoke with even greater feeling. "Whitton?" he cried. "You want to know what I think about Whitton? I'll tell you, mister. If you were Charlotte Whitton and I had a revolver in this glove compartment I would take it out and shoot you right between the eyes."

The next driver was in a more explanatory mood. No, he hadn't voted for Whitton and if he had to do it over again he still wouldn't vote for Whitton. Why?

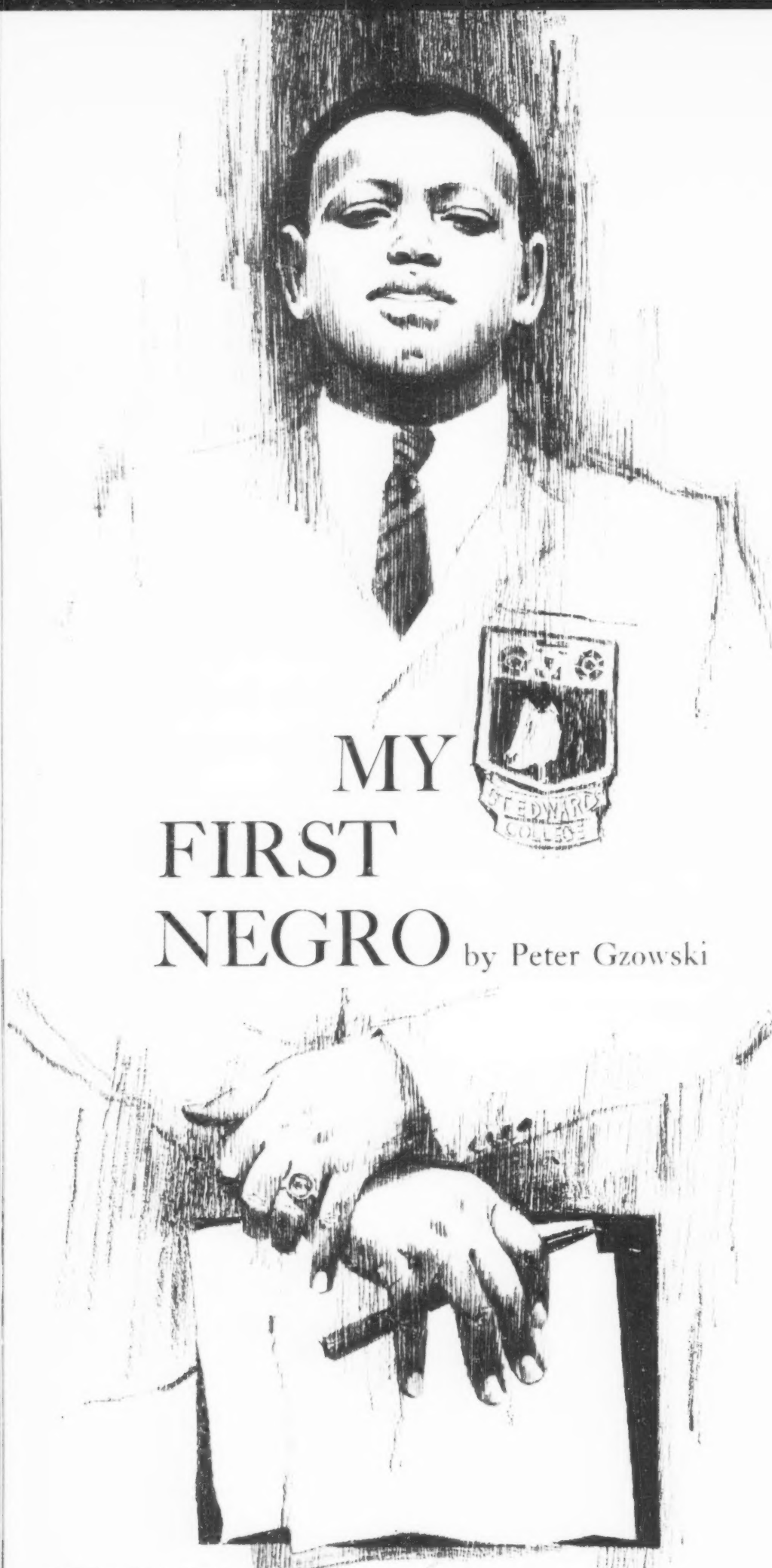
"Yak!" he said. "Yak, yak, yak." His knuckles whitened on the wheel. "Yak," he added.

Of all the people who live in Ottawa — as contrasted with the prime ministers, MPs, ambassadors and civil-service transients who merely hang their hats there — only one is more a part of the place than the mayor. This is Grattan O'Leary, the salty publisher of the Journal. O'Leary, an old friend, admirer and critic of Dr. Whitton's, concurred in his paper's decision last fall that Sam Berger would make a better mayor, and the Journal fought her resolutely. A few days after the election the volcanic mayor and the fiery editor found themselves at opposite ends of the room at a public reception. As the more sedate members of the assembly held their breath, Charlotte hollered across the room the first words she and O'Leary had exchanged in several weeks. "Come here, you old s.o.b., while I give you a kiss!"

O'Leary, like Frank Swanson, editor of the rival Citizen and Mayor Whitton's former employer, is gallantly certain it was the press's determination to keep her out that actually put the mayor in. There was no united front and no prior discussion among them but independently and one by one the Citizen, the Journal and le Droit decided and said that the previous Whitton administrations had created such a holocaust of verbiage and civic dissent that a less loquacious and combustible mayor would be more suitable and effective. Its favorite columnist, the Citizen submitted in announcing its opposition, had demonstrated that she "could not work as a member of a team" with the Board of Control, and that her earlier terms had been marked by "disharmony and rancor" and her temperamental threats to resign unless she had her own way. Construction costs had risen to the detriment of the citizenry's health and pocketbooks. The two other papers explained their non-support on similar grounds. So did radio station CKOY, leaving as the only notable pro-Whitton vehicle station CFRA, whose proprietor is Frank Ryan, the husband of Charlotte's sister, Kay.

Dr. Whitton had already relinquished her column at the Citizen and was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



# MY FIRST NEGRO

by Peter Gzowski

DRAWING BY HUNTLEY BROWN

*On this young writer's first day in boarding school there was a Negro sitting next to him in class. At first he wasn't even sure the boy was a Negro—but as it turned out, it was lucky for the Negro that he was*

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED the Negro problem in what I was just beginning to call fifth-form English. His name was E. Abelard Shaw. It was my first day at boarding school and I still wanted to call fifth form *third* form, or grade eleven, as we had at the Galt Collegiate. That first morning had been all strangeness to me, from the act of brushing my teeth with eight other boys lined up like grinning Rockettes before a mirror, to having to sneak into a gully behind our dormitory to have a cigarette—I hadn't yet even learned to call it a "butt"—between breakfast and chapel. It had been stranger for me than for most new boys. I imagine, since I had entered in the middle of the school year. So the fact that there was a Negro sitting next to me in class just seemed one more in a series of somewhat baffling events.

At first I wasn't even sure he was a Negro. I wasn't sure he was a problem until years after I had graduated. I'm not sure yet exactly what his presence there and my encounter with him meant.

Let's call the school St. Edward's. I'm not giving it its real name—or giving any of the people in this story theirs—because someone's sure to say I'm trying to embarrass it, or them, which I'm not. This story is true. St. Edward's is one of what easterners call the Little Big Four independent schools in southern Ontario, which base themselves more or less on the English system. They were, and are, quite expensive and their students are sent there by, generally, one of four kinds of parents: wealthy Canadians who feel there's a certain amount of prestige in graduating from a Little Big Four school, which there is, or whose sons are having some difficulty in the public schools; old boys of the school and clergymen, whose sons get special financial consideration; traveling Canadians, who are either away from home a great deal of the time—as was, for instance, the carnival-owning father of a classmate of mine who'd been enrolled at St. Edward's at the age of five and a half—or who are out of the country *all* the time; and South Americans and citizens of the U.S. who feel that the Ontario schools are a perfect (and relatively economical) compromise with a British public-school tie.

I'd known a few St. Edward's boys before I went there. They were sure of themselves, sophisticated (compared to me and my Galt Collegiate friends anyway) and gregarious. They were all, also, what are now called WASPs—white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. I had thought all St. Edward's boys were like that, which is why I wasn't really sure that E. Abelard Shaw was a Negro.

His features were Negroid all right. He had tight curly hair and a wide, flat nose and full lips that were almost always curved in an enigmatic smile. (The smile, of course, had nothing to do with his being Negro, but it was certainly the first thing you noticed about him.) His skin was not black. It was more the nice rich brown the crook of your arm gets after a summer in a T-shirt. And since

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66





*First scientific study:*

## What television does to children

*Here are the questions most parents have asked about television's ability to harm the young, and the answers given by a survey of 6,000 children*

*Questions and answers by Sidney Katz*

*Survey by Drs. Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle and Edwin B. Parker*

IT IS COMMONPLACE to say that television ruins children's eyesight, lures them away from school-work and reading, deepens their ignorance, debases their taste, gives them a false sense of right and wrong and even, in some cases, leads them on to actual delinquency. Since all but 700,000 of Canada's four and a half million homes now have TV, these are grave charges. But are they true? At last it has become possible to give an answer, in part. For three years the Institute of Communication Research at Stanford University has been observing 6,000 children and 2,000 parents, including 1,200 Canadians in two B.C. communities—Quesnel, which has no TV, and Langley, which is within range of television. (They are called Radiotown and Teletown respectively in the Stanford University report.) Here are some of the questions the Stanford survey answers:

### HOW MUCH TV DO CHILDREN WATCH?

"The average child during the first sixteen years of life spends as much time on TV as he does on school, and more time on TV than on all the other media of communication." One out of three is watching TV by the age of three, four out of five by the age of five, nine out of ten by the time they're in Grade 1. Children in the early grades watch TV about fourteen hours a week. This goes up to twenty-four hours a week in the eleven- to thirteen-year-old group, Grades 6-8. Sunday is the heaviest viewing day, Friday the lightest. Peak viewing time is eight p.m.

### IS THE TV ADDICT A BRIGHT OR A STUPID CHILD?

The answer varies according to the child's age. Among very young children, the bright ones tend to be heavy TV

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



# THE LADY WITH A MISSION

*For twenty-two years, a Canadian named Ethel Groce has fought ignorance and native healers to bring the Gospel and medical care to the boat people of Hong Kong. She's done a few other things too—defied a Japanese firing squad, run the gantlet of Communist gun-fire, and bought newborn girls to save them from death*

**BY WILMON B. MENARD**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN THE HARBOR AT HONG KONG lies Yaumati, a floating city whose forty thousand inhabitants live, work, beget and die aboard their junks and sampans. Many are refugees literally crowded out of the Chinese mainland, desperate families with nowhere else to go. Others, born afloat, have never set foot on shore. With as many as eighty people aboard each boat there is never enough space, never quite enough to eat, never a chance to escape dysentery and tuberculosis and other disease bred in the crowded hulls and in the polluted water on which they live.

The only effective medical help these people get comes from a woman from Smiths Falls, Ontario. Ethel Groce, a medical missionary, has been in China for twenty-two years. With an American couple, Bill and Marilyn Kinkade, she lives and works aboard a houseboat at Yaumati. A cheerful, white-haired woman of fifty-one, she holds morning clinic for patients strong enough to climb aboard her floating clinic. In

the afternoon, and often at night, a boatman rows her from sampan to sampan visiting those too sick to be moved.

Miss Groce and the Kinkades work for the Oriental Boat Missions, a non-denominational, non-profit mission organized in Illinois in 1909 to take Christianity and medical help to the boat people of the Far East. Yaumati is only one of several floating colonies in Hong Kong and there are hundreds more along the China coast. The boat people, called the Shui-jen or Tanka, have for centuries been sea gypsies ostracized by their neighbors on land. In their self-contained world they have their own pigs and poultry, their bumboats for fetching vegetables, firewood and fresh water, their floating drydocks for scraping and repairing hulls. Like other Chinese, the Tanka are traditionally Buddhist or Taoist, but many have turned Christian in order to avail themselves of Miss Groce's free medical service. She says frankly, "The

*Children being ferried to the Oriental Boat Missions' school in Hong Kong wave to Bill Kinkade (below), a colleague of medical missionary Ethel Groce.*





majority of these boat people are glad to add Jesus Christ to their gods if there is any material profit. The medical care is our means of public relations, of reaching them so that they will come to our houseboat and listen to the words of a Christian faith."

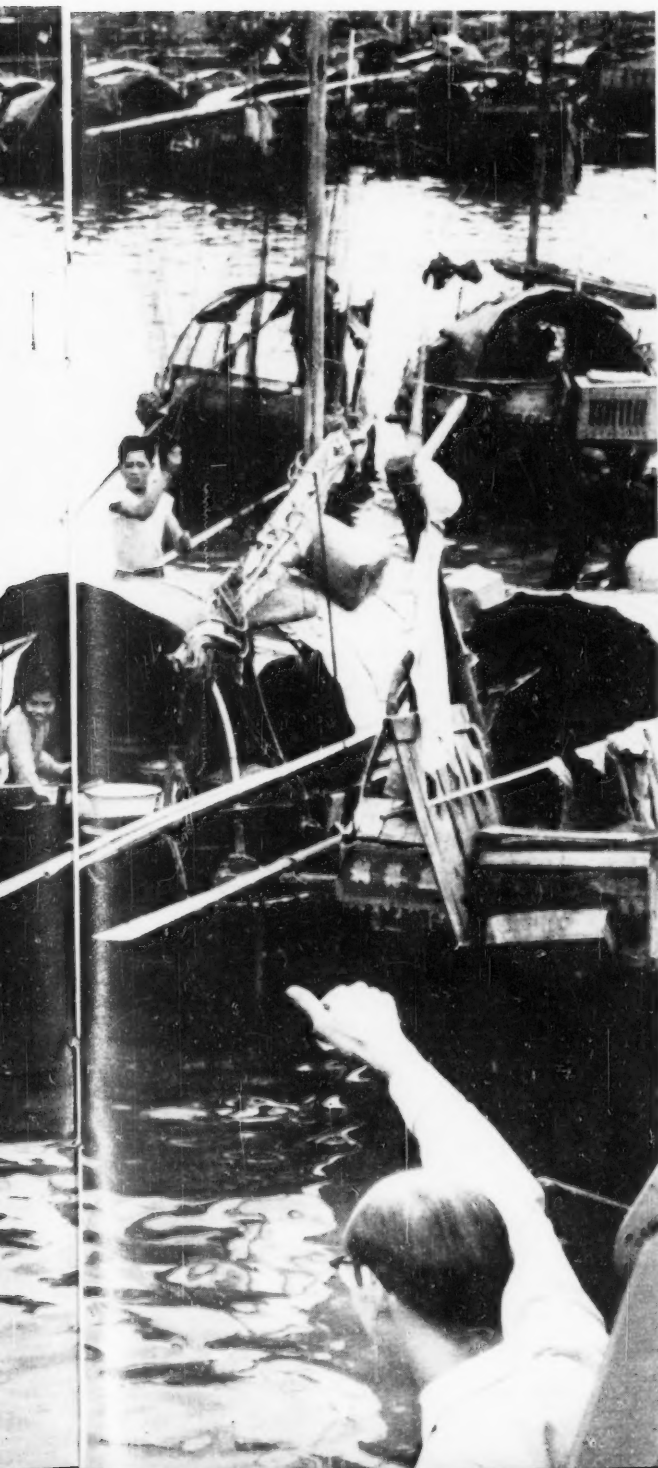
Their need for medicine is strong enough to overcome their distrust of foreign drugs and foreign religion.

"It isn't easy to convert them to western techniques," Miss Groce admits. "Their doctors use remedies old as civilization, every sort of bizarre powder, ointment and pill compounded of dried monkey hearts, entrails of lizards and parings of tiger claws. With these weird ingredients they use a lot of sorcery whose psychological effect often brings about a kind of cure. So I have to proceed very carefully. But antibiotics have done wonders in breaking down the Tanka's suspicion. When an injection of penicillin brings

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



Lei Sing Pak, a Chinese helper, rows Miss Groce on her medical rounds in the Yaumati boat shelter.



The mission's Bible charts interest the children.



... And so do gospellers Bill and Marilyn Kinkade.

Miss Groce's duties include dentistry, conducted in the dispensary of the houseboat Faithful Light.





In 1941 Valerie White, a Jew married to a Gentile, received this German police card (her old surname is obliterated to protect relatives in Czechoslovakia). At right is her 1946 Czechoslovak identity card.



## I worked for Adolf Eichmann

Valerie White, a Czech now living in Toronto, helped "process" thousands of Jews for Eichmann's Central Office. As Eichmann's trial begins, here is a first-hand report of the methods he used



A writer who works in three languages, Mrs. White came to Toronto ten years ago.

### As told to Marika Robert

FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS I was a secretary in one of the efficient offices Adolf Eichmann organized in Nazi-occupied countries to transact his infamous business: the extermination of Jews. I was employed in the division called, with grim Nazi logic, THE CENTRAL OFFICE FOR THE SOLUTION OF THE JEWISH QUESTION IN BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA.

Probably most Westerners think that when the Germans occupied a country they just seized the frightened multitudes of Jews wherever they found them and drove them like animals to the gas chambers. It was not done that way at all. The liquidation of Jews was a highly organized business operation. It was done with cold, clerical efficiency (all records in triplicate at least, and meticulously entered in ledgers).

As a secretary I was more concerned with avoiding typing errors—no erasures were permitted: a whole sheet of names would have to be typed again — than with the fact that what I was doing was in effect taking part in the death sentence of thousands of my fellow Jews. The staff was assembled—on Eichmann's order—by the Jewish Community Council. At first the duty of the Jewish staff was to interpret to the Jewish population the various decrees of the Nazis. But before long they were performing all duties leading to the final destruction of their fellows—and eventually their own. This happened in all Nazi-occupied countries. In the Prague office there were about three thousand employees at the time I worked there—all "privileged" Jews, that is, Jews married to Gentiles. Before us the office had been staffed by "full" Jews. We replaced them when they were deported to concentration camps. Only a few in the highest positions were allowed to remain.

Eichmann was a frequent visitor in the Central Office. We usually knew ahead of time that he would be coming. Our supervisors made us clean and shine all offices and instructed the male employees that they had to stand at attention when he came into the room. But Eichmann never entered any other office but that of the Eldest of the Jews (a ghetto term revived by the Germans, meaning in this case the highest executive).

I met him only once, when the secretary of the Eldest was sick and I was called in to take dictation. Before we finished with the letter Eichmann walked in wearing a grey leather coat and a hunting hat—the preferred attire of the Gestapo. He didn't look frightening at all. The most conspicuous thing about him, I thought, was his reddish hair. His face was rather expressionless, even mild, and his manners were courteous though somewhat contemptuous. He talked to the Eldest as a slaveholder might talk to a slave to whom he wants to show what a well-mannered slaveholder he is. I saw him a few more times entering the building and once I spoke to him on the phone, but I'll come to this later.

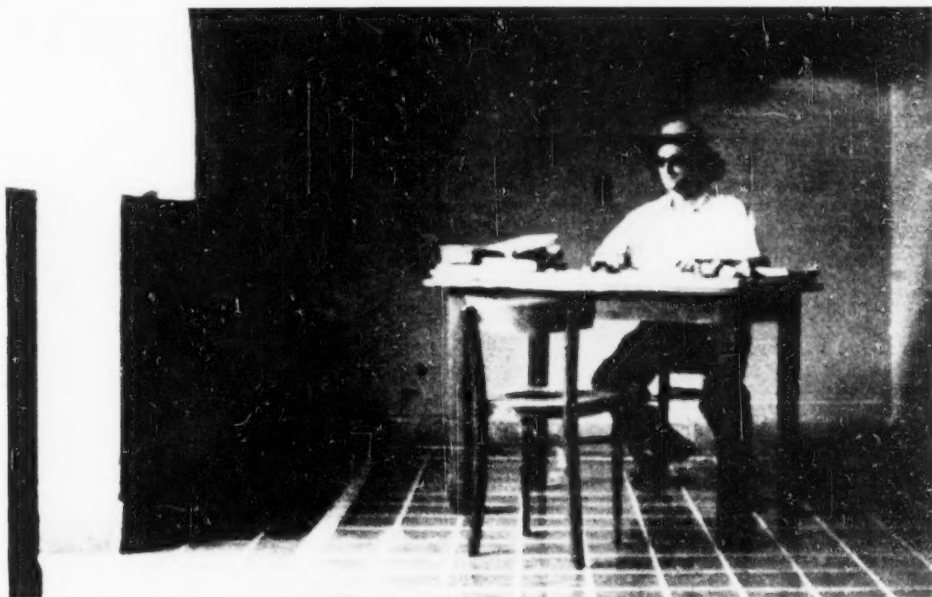
I must admit that at the time I didn't know what an important man our boss really was. Before I started to work at the Central Office I had never heard his name. Not many people in the German-occupied countries had. While other high officials of the Third Reich basked in the limelight, Eichmann was never publicized. His picture was missing from the gallery of important Nazis displayed everywhere. The papers didn't write about him. I regarded him as one of the Gestapo men who happened to be in charge of our office but I had no idea about his vast power.

My summons for CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



## Eichmann's life on three continents

**Jew hunter in Israel**  
**Jew exterminator at home**  
**Fugitive in hiding**



1937: Eichmann, already a Nazi specialist in Jewish affairs, visits Haifa in the British mandated territory of Palestine. He was making contacts in the Middle East and spying on Zionist organizations.



1941: Eichmann relaxes with his son Horst in Prague, where his office sent Jews on their way to concentration camps. Two years later, Mrs. White became one of many "privileged Jews" on Eichmann's staff.



1952: Ricardo Klement, the German settler riding at Tucumán, in Argentina, was in fact Eichmann.



## A DOCTOR'S CASE FOR PRIVATE MEDICINE

*Eight months ago, Maclean's published an article entitled A Doctor's Case for State Medicine, by Dr. Harry Paikin. Here, a doctor with experience in both systems states the case against government-operated health plans*

**BY HAROLD CHALLIS, M.D.**

A RECENT SURVEY by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion showed that a majority of Canadians favored socialized medicine. But in reply to the question "What do you understand by socialized medicine?" forty-two percent of those polled wouldn't even hazard a guess. The remainder answered the question in such vague phrases as "medical costs paid for by government," "doctors paid by the state," "medical care run by the government," or "free medical care." Yet despite their ill-formed concept of "socialized medicine," almost six of every ten Canadians polled expressed their approval of such a system for the provision of health care on a national basis, even if it involved higher taxes.

How carefully have these people considered the significance of their expressed opinions? Frequently one hears: "In a well-ordered society, the ability to pay should not be a prerequisite for medical care." One never hears what proportion of our population suffers inadequate medical care because of this inability to pay. A visit to the slums of Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver or many of our smaller industrial towns would provide ample evidence that there are many people inadequately housed due to poverty, but the cry for socialization of the construction and building industries is still little more than a whisper among left-wing politicians. Malnutrition—if by that word is meant faulty dietary habits—accounts for far more morbidity and mortality in Canada than inadequate medical care of the impoverished. Why not socialize the industries concerned with the production and distribution of food?

Only a few weeks ago I witnessed the death of an emaciated little child of eighteen months, weak and marasmic from the effects of malnutrition. Sure, he was an Indian! Perhaps the humanitarian proponents of the socialization of medicine would not consider this tragic scrap of humanity an important part of our Canadian family. Certainly he had no vote—but he did

have a government-organized health service.

Not long ago I saw a seven-year-old with frozen toes. His toes were frozen for two reasons. First, he had to walk one and a half miles to school; secondly his father, a casual laborer who is currently unemployed and who when employed dissipates a large part of his earnings on alcohol, was unable to buy him new boots and socks to replace the hole-ridden ones he was wearing. How often this type of story is repeated each day throughout Canada I don't know, but if I throw in my lot with the majority of the uninformed supporters of socialized medicine, then to be consistent I must demand the socialization of transportation (the child had to walk one and a half miles to school), the clothing industry (he had inadequate shoes and socks), and the brewing and distilling industry (his father could probably have purchased the necessary clothing had he spent less on liquor during his periods of employment).

By now you are saying to yourself: "This is taking the argument to the point of the ridiculous." But is it? Is it not equally ridiculous to want to socialize Canadian medical practice completely because of a small undetermined number of inadequately treated patients? Cases can be cited of people receiving less than justice because of their inability to purchase the

best legal advice, but how frequently do we hear the plea for the socialization of legal practice? Yet here in Canada we boast of being a proud democracy where all are equal in the eyes of God and the law.

It is interesting to speculate why the public so readily endorses socialized medicine. One obvious reason is the financially catastrophic effect of a serious or long illness, for as with all other commodities and services the cost of medical care has risen. The incredible advance in medical knowledge over the past twenty-five years is another cause of increasing costs. A good example of this is seen in congenital heart disease. In the past, the lone physician could do little except palliate the patient's unhappy lot. Today, a highly trained and specialized team of surgeons, cardiologists, anesthetists, nurses and technicians, together with a large amount of very expensive equipment, can return these unfortunate cardiac cripples to a life of happy normality. But there are other catastrophes that can strike the unfortunate: an expensive automobile crash with devastating third-party damages, the home razed by fire, the sudden death of the breadwinner. Most sensible people insure against these unpredictable eventualities and more people are realizing the wisdom of insuring against the depredation of serious illness. Many people appear well satisfied with a plan that combines a provincial hospital insurance scheme with a prepaid medical plan of the type operated by many of the provincial medical associations. Would they be more efficiently administered by civil servants?

Another factor influencing public opinion is the appearance in Canadian and U.S. magazines of articles extolling the virtues of national health services operated in other countries, the most frequently described being the British National Health Service. But these articles frequently omit some rather interesting facts. If the NHS is so good, why have top-ranking Labor politicians so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

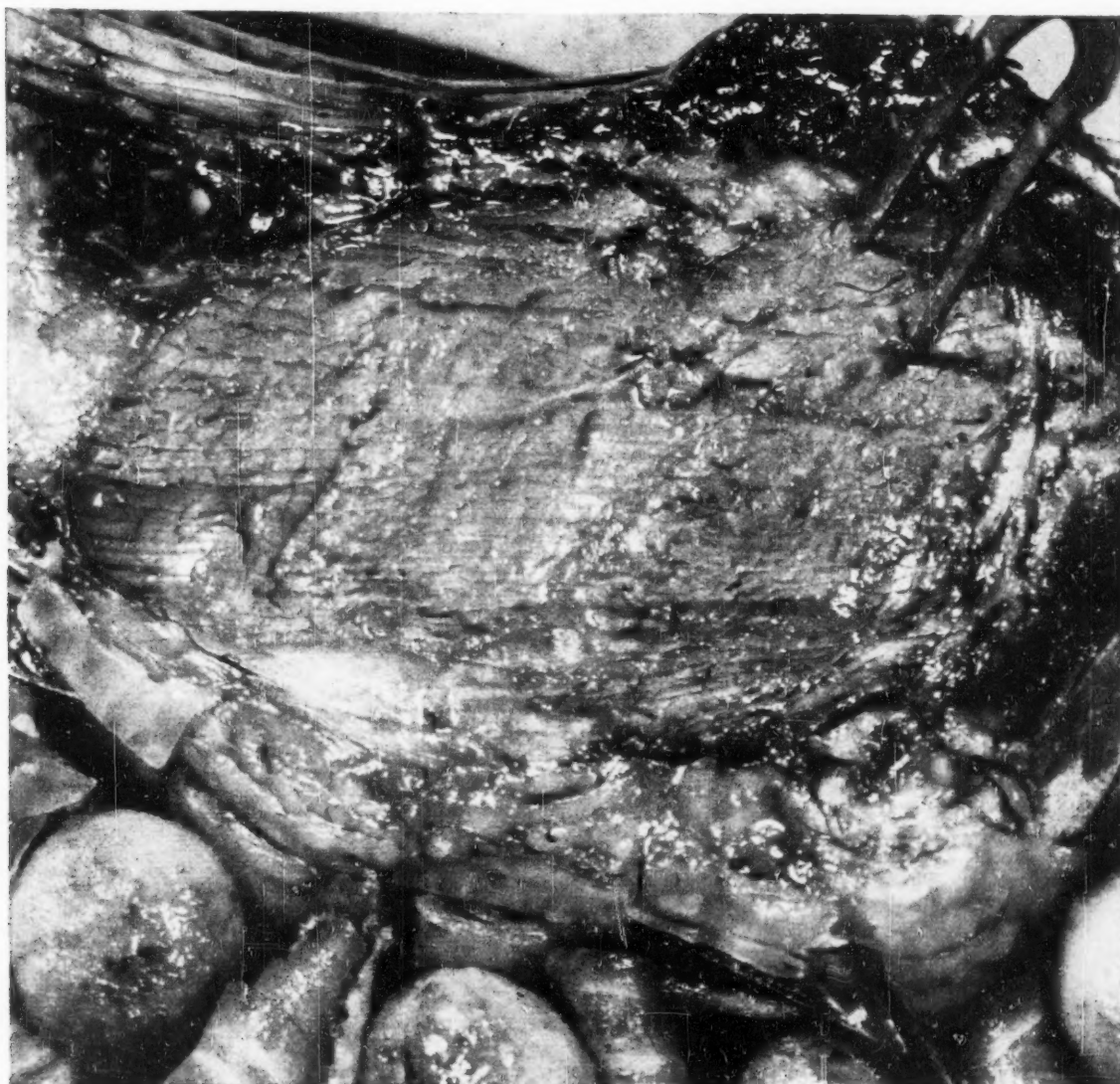
*Dr. Harold Challis has been in general practice at Fort Frances, Ontario, since 1950, when he came to this country from London, his birthplace. He is a graduate of the University of London and served in Africa, India and Burma with the Royal Army Medical Corps during World War II.*





Good things to eat come in

**CP** packages



*Standing rib roast, cut from choice quality Canada Packers' red brand beef.*

# carve with pride

Fine roasts like this are a pride to all of us concerned with food... housewives who prepare nourishing meals for their families... farmers and ranchers across Canada who produce fine livestock and crops.

We take pride in *our* job as manufacturer and processor. The 'CP' mark and pledge of finest quality promises that we have done our best by the fine produce of our land to bring "good things to eat" to Canadian tables. Only the finest sides of beef are stamped

with the 'CP' mark. You can recognize good beef by its marbling, fine texture and a covering of creamy-smooth fat.

**Points to remember:** All beef is nutritious. Some cuts—sirloin, porterhouse, wing, standing rib—are cooked by dry heat methods. Others—round, chuck, brisket and flank roasts—require cooking by moist heat methods. A low cooking temperature reduces shrinkage and improves flavour of all cuts.

CANADA



PACKERS

PLEDGE OF FINEST QUALITY



## WORLD'S FIRST FUEL DELIVERY

The first man who picked up a burning faggot and carried it into his cave was making a delivery of fuel. A bit unreliable, perhaps, but it was a step in the right direction.

Man has taken many steps forward since then. One of the greatest was when he learned to use oil.

Because oil products have been

made available at reasonable prices everywhere in Canada, oil heats more than half our homes. And speaking of reasonable prices — over the past 10 years the price Imperial receives for home heating oil has risen far less than the cost of other things — only one-third as much as the general cost of living.



**IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED**

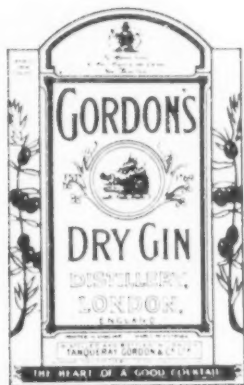
...for 80 years Canada's leading supplier of energy



FOR PERFECT DRYNESS...  
FOR PERFECT TASTE

THERE'S NO GIN LIKE

# GORDON'S



**IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND**

Distilled and Bottled at  
260 Goswell Rd., London, E.C.1.

G 61-1

## What television does to children

Continued from page 31

### Children are not frightened by "ritual violence"

viewers simply because they do more of everything. At about eleven years of age, though, the bright children turn away from TV to the greater challenges of the printed word. The survey found that among heavy TV viewers in Grade 10, 67 percent were of "lower intelligence" and only 30 percent of "higher intelligence."

#### DOES TV DAMAGE CHILDREN'S EYESIGHT?

Apparently not. The survey found no differences in the incidence of eyestrain, headache, wearing of glasses, etc., between heavy viewers and light or non-viewers. TV's only threat to eyesight, according to the report, is in poor viewing conditions — sitting too close to the tube, or too far away; watching in a dark room, which exaggerates the glare of the screen; watching from an awkward angle.

#### DOES TV SEND CHILDREN TO SCHOOL SLEEPY AND TIRED?

Not in most cases. Typically, the survey found, TV delays the child's bedtime by no more than ten or twenty minutes. However, the minority of children who habitually stayed up to watch the late, late shows were the ones least able to afford it. They were children of lower intelligence who were doing badly at school. "Late bedtimes tend to occur in homes where parental control is lax, where intelligence is low, where poor school performance is taken for granted. The implication is that the child might have come to school sleepy and inattentive even without TV."

#### ARE CHILDREN OFTEN FRIGHTENED BY TV?

No. Children are not frightened by "ritual violence" like Donald Duck falling over a cliff or the "bad guy" in a western being shot to death. They accept these things impersonally, knowing that things are going to work out all right in the end.

However, they do react strongly to depictions of injuries that are both realistic and personal. When a TV character is whipped, or caught in a bear trap, or cut by a knife, these are pieces of violence that a youngster feels. If the violence is committed against a character with whom the children identify themselves — like Lassie or the "good guy" in a drama — it leaves a mark. Situations that remind the child of his own real-life fears can also be damaging — darkness, loneliness, thunder and lightning, a spooky, moving shadow, someone peering in a window at night. These can lead to painful anxiety if the child is still too young to have developed "adult discount," and realize that what he's watching is make-believe.

What constitutes a "fear program," of course, varies with the individual child. Officials at one home for disturbed children discovered that they must never turn at bedtime to a TV program that emphasized warm, loving family relationships. Programs of this kind caused the children to stay awake at night or have bad dreams. The family program was a sharp reminder of what was lacking in their own lives.

The researchers offer pointed advice to parents: maintain a warm, secure family

atmosphere; exercise control over the kind of programs your child watches; don't let the fearful child watch TV in a dark room alone; encourage him to "talk out" his fears after viewing a program that has made his hair stand on end.

#### IS TV TOO EXCITING FOR CHILDREN?

Yes, it is. The report takes a dark view of the souped-up life portrayed on the TV screen, constantly bombarding children with high adventure, violence and sexual stimulation. Thus "children viewing TV are in a peculiar position. Experience is exhausted in advance. There is little they have not seen or done or lived through, and yet this is second-hand experience. When the experience itself comes it is watered down, for it has already been half-lived but never truly felt."

Teachers and schoolwork may be made to seem dull by comparison with TV. Also, children may come to expect to

## PARADE

### Lenten penance

The folks in Maple Creek, Sask., certainly must have breathed a sigh of relief when Lent ended. Due to a water shortage the town fathers had arranged a warning system, whereby every time citizens hear a bell ring they rush to fill their bathtubs before the drought sets in again. It worked fine until Easter approached and then such confusion reigned that the Maple Creek News had to tell everybody not to rush for the bathtub on Wednesday night, because that would be the St. Mary's Anglican Church bell announcing another Lenten service.

learn everything passively, rather than by concentration and effort. The TV-conditioned youngster may find himself in the same position as the alcoholic without a drink; he's bored, ill at ease, lost without his accustomed stimulation. "These are serious questions," says the report, "which nobody at this moment can answer confidently."

#### IS TV RAISING A BETTER-INFORMED GENERATION?

No. The kindest thing the survey has to report about the educational effectiveness of commercial TV is that "it is neither a distinct advantage nor a severe handicap."

Among children with low IQs, TV viewers start school with a vocabulary about a grade higher than non-viewers. But by the sixth grade, they've lost this lead. Heavy viewers know more about subjects emphasized on TV, less about subjects that are not. There are a few excellent educational programs for youngsters, but it's the more intelligent children — the ones that need them least — that tend to watch them.

The conclusion reached by the survey is that, educationally, TV viewing makes little difference to the child of average intelligence; the bright child who watches too many programs is handicapped, because his time could be spent with more



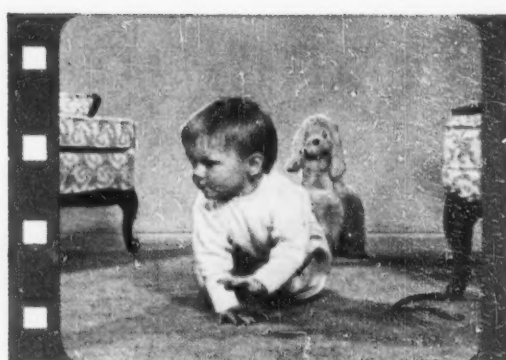
**PICTURE IT NOW** — *enjoy it again and again*



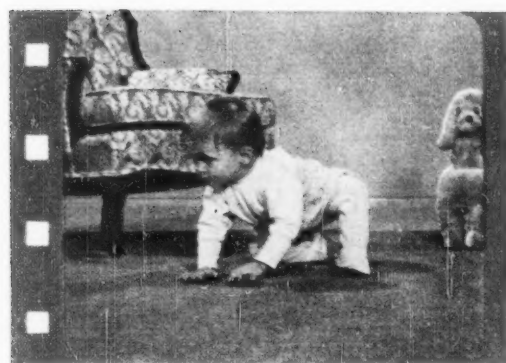
It started just as any day



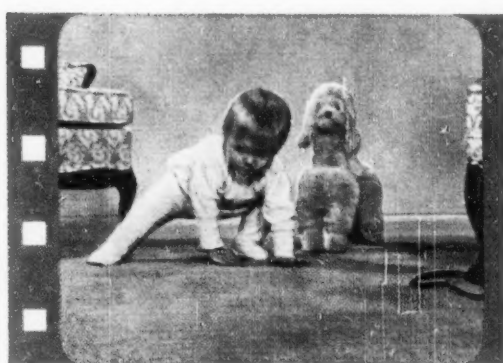
but became a special adventure



her active mind busily at work



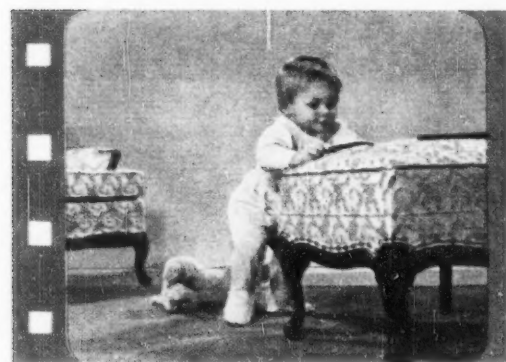
telling her there's a faster way



as she tests those sturdy legs



and takes her first faltering steps!



What a joy to have such movies



long after baby days are gone!



It's easy with a movie camera!

# Catch the wonderful ways of babyhood— with a Brownie Movie Camera

Just watching your baby in her daily changing world is a never-ending source of fascination. Think how wonderful it can be to watch yesterday, today and all of the tomorrows whenever you like — in your own personal movies.

This new Brownie Movie Camera makes it so easy! First because of its amazingly low price of only \$29.95. And second, because it takes sharp, clear movies with traditional Brownie case. Get one now and put *your* family in color movies!



See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario**

**Kodak**  
— a trademark since 1888

## GO HOMERIC First choice of Canadians Europe-bound!



Every season, year after year, the Homeric carries more passengers between Canada and Europe than any other ship.



Your first Homeric voyage makes the reasons abundantly, delightfully obvious. It's a memorable 6-day holiday affair!



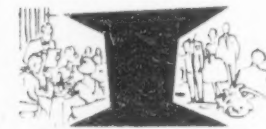
You couldn't ask for more in the way of fun, lively entertainment, gourmet menus or real, health giving rest if you were sole-owner of this 26,000-ton flagship.



In First Class or Tourist, you're in the lap of luxury, from the tiled outdoor pool and complete indoor air-conditioning to a shipboard cuisine unsurpassed anywhere.



Every conceivable amenity is provided for your enjoyment, but the choice is always yours. Be as active or as immovably relaxed as you like.



Almost too soon, you've arrived! But how you've arrived—rested, relaxed, invigorated and ready to enjoy every moment of your stay in Europe.



No wonder so many experienced travellers agree there's no finer approach to European pleasure or business than a holiday crossing by HOMERIC!

### LUXURY TRAVEL...

First and Tourist Class  
From  
Montreal and Quebec  
to Le Havre, Southampton  
and Cuxhaven\*

April 13\* (Bremerhaven), May 5\*,  
25\*, June 13, 30, July 17, Aug. 2, 16,  
Sept. 4, 20\*, Oct. 9\*, 28

SEE YOUR  
TRAVEL AGENT

"The Ship with the  
European Accent"

**HOME  
LINES**

8798

value reading, talking to people or pursuing other interests; the child with a low IQ is probably a little better informed because of TV.

"Commercial TV, rich in talent and money, is supported chiefly for offering fantasy experiences. Educational TV, which is devoted to offering reality experience, is starved for talent and money. The old dream of TV as the super-medium for informing and teaching the people of a democracy has never been fully realized."

### DOES TV STIMULATE CREATIVE OR INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY?

Sometimes. A play by a talented writer led to a run on his books in the school library. Lively classroom discussions were sparked by the telecasting of the Democratic and Republican national conventions last year. When a San Francisco station presented a demonstration of Japanese brush painting, several thousand people adopted this form of art as a hobby. However, the researchers felt that TV acts as a positive stimulant only if the viewer already has an interest in the material being shown. For most children, TV does nothing more than initiate fads like the wearing of Mickey Mouse T-shirts or Davy Crockett hats.

### DOES TV DEBASE CHILDREN'S TASTES?

Children develop good taste by being exposed to good programs. In England, when the BBC was the only channel available, children got the chance to become familiar with such high-quality programs as *Science Review*, *From a Tropical Forest* and *Have You a Camera?* After watching these shows, many children became devoted fans.

Paradoxically, the result of having three or four channels available is to narrow the child's taste, not broaden it. If he doesn't find light entertainment on one station, he'll flick the dial to another. Constant exposure to effortless entertainment molds and reinforces his taste for it.

This is precisely what has been happening to most of our children. By the time they're ten or eleven they've left most juvenile programs behind them. They now prefer "adult" entertainment—crime drama, adult westerns, situation comedy and musical variety shows. They're uncritical. Asked how they would like to see TV improved, they remain silent. "Most children are inarticulate on the subject," says the report. "The only thing they can suggest is that they would like to see more of the kind of program they like and already see a lot of."

### DOES TV CONVEY AN INACCURATE PICTURE OF ADULT LIFE?

Yes, it certainly does—and most of what a child learns from TV is about adult life, and how adults behave. The women are abnormally sexy; assault, deceit and murder are commonplace; the law is ignored; fathers are simpering nincompoops; people cut corners to make a pile of money; policemen and judges are often corrupt. In these circumstances, says the report, "the child couldn't help absorbing a warped picture of adult life. Later, it may be difficult for him to make adjustments to real-life situations." TV's grotesque representation of adult life "may force a child into a kind of premature maturity, marked by bewilderment, distrust of adults, a superficial approach to adult problems or even unwillingness to become an adult." If parents don't take this challenge seriously, they'll lose by default because "TV wants the attention of children and goes to any length to get it. It is never too busy to

talk to them; never shuts them off because it has to prepare dinner."

### DOES TV SERIOUSLY AFFECT A CHILD'S BEHAVIOR AND PERSONALITY?

The study warns that in any discussion of the effects of TV on children, the term "effects" can be misleading. "When we talk about the effects of TV, we're really talking about how children use TV. Children come to TV seeking to satisfy some need. Something in their lives makes them reach out for a particular experience on TV. Children use the same TV in different ways and with different results."

The study then goes on to consider the possible effects of TV on some children. Does TV tend to render a child passive, receptive and helplessly dependent? Some of the experts quoted, like Eugene David Glynn, a Michigan State University psychiatrist, believe that it does. Glynn says that there are "traits TV can so easily satisfy in adults or foster in children: passivity, receptivity, being fed, taking and absorbing what is offered. Activity, self-reliance and aggression are notably absent. These traits, of course, are inherent in all spectator sport. But what is crucially important about TV is its ubiquitousness."

The report comments that this is "a powerful and alarming argument, based on a psychiatrist's clinical insights."

Undoubtedly, there are already a number of confirmed juvenile TV addicts, and the report makes it clear that TV addiction exists among children who are not psychologically disturbed in a serious way. On the other hand, there has been "no massive change to passivity"—the majority have surrendered only a small part of their active lives to TV.

### DOES TV TEACH VIOLENCE AND LEAD TO JUVENILE DELINQUENCY?

This question is posed because in the ten years of TV's greatest growth, the number of juveniles brought to court in the U.S. has doubled; in Canada it has

jumped by almost fifty percent. Psychiatrist Ralph Banay, of Columbia University, observes: "If prison is a college for crime... TV is a preparatory school." To another specialist, Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman, the question of TV and crime has not yet been answered but "we have no reason to assume that we shall be pleased with the answers when we get them." A seven-year-old Los Angeles boy sprinkled ground glass in his family's veal stew "to see if it would kill them like on TV." Seeking vengeance on his teacher, a nine-year-old Boston child gave her a box of poisoned candies for Christmas. After a quarrel with a playmate, an eight-year-old tried to lynch him.

Dr. Freedman attempts to describe the child who might be incited to violence by TV. In general, he's the kind of person who immerses himself completely in TV as an escape and a stimulus. He's likely to be of below-average intelligence. He doesn't get along with his family or peers. He may have psychopathic tendencies, in which case he doesn't share the repugnance to violence that a healthy person feels. He is "poised to rebel." This kind of child may use TV as a model for his own rebellion. Another category is the psychotic or nearly psychotic child. The flashing, stabbing or hanging he sees on TV may be the final stimulus.

In summing up, the Stanford survey says:

"The judges and psychiatrists we interviewed told us that, almost invariably, delinquent children who blamed TV for their crimes had something seriously wrong with their lives apart from TV. It is our belief that the kind of children we send to TV, rather than TV itself, is the chief element in delinquency. The roots of delinquency are much lower and broader than TV. The most TV can do is to feed the malignant impulses that already exist." ★

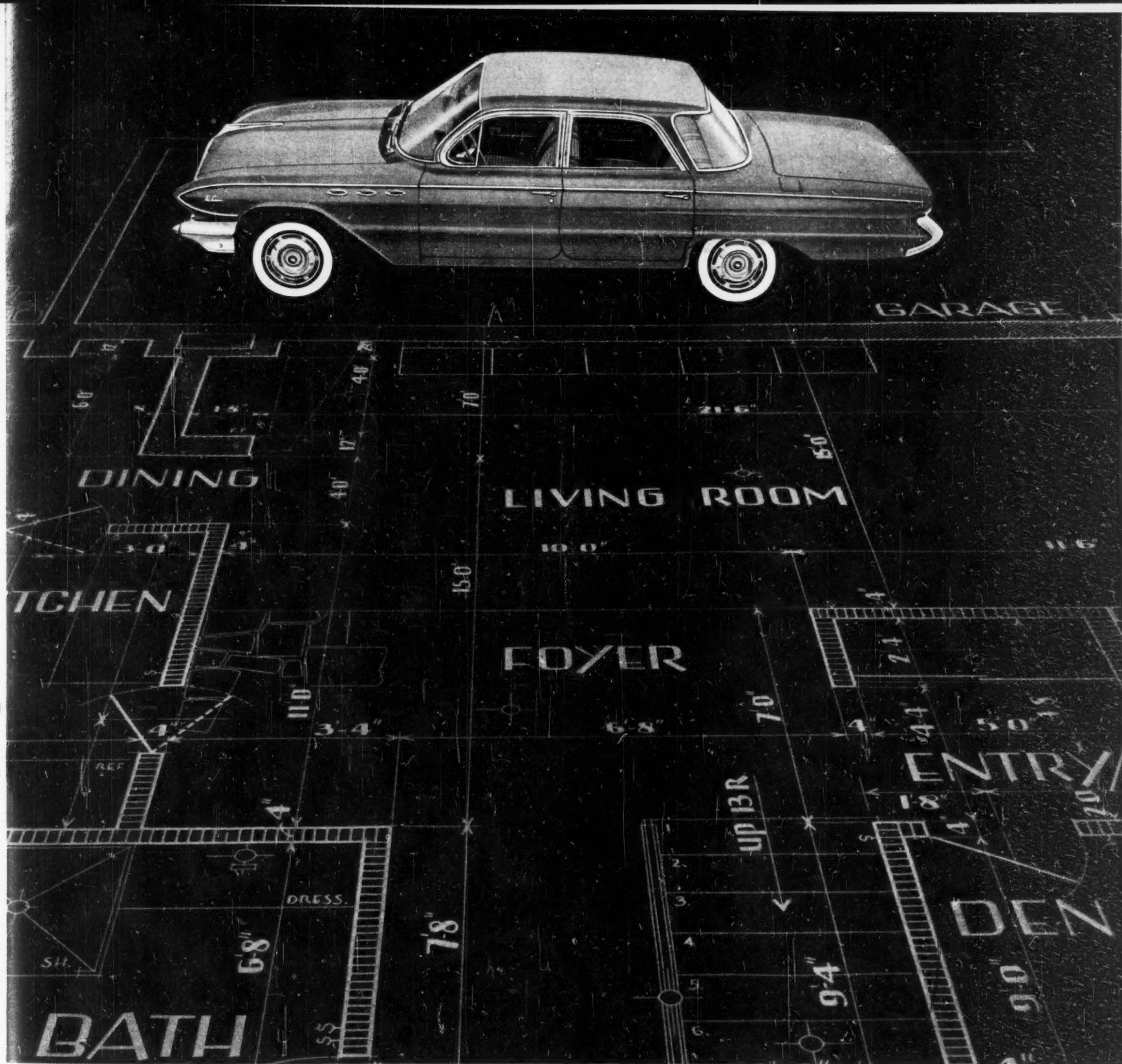
*Television in the Lives of Our Children*, compiled by the Institute of Communication Research, Stanford University, was published on April 11.

## JASPER

By Simpkins







LESABRE 4-Door Sedan

Which room has the most easy chairs?

*Answer: the garage.* That should hold true for your house, too. Just as soon as there's a Buick in *your* garage.

"How come?" you may ask, "What's this about easy chairs?" Well, when you've relaxed in the new Buick, it'll become obvious we're talking about the most comfortable seats you've ever seen in a car. And they're only part of Buick's new full-size Comfort Zone. Not only has Buick more easy chair roominess and the ideal seat height, it also has much more footroom—the result of a flatter floor. The new Hide-Away driveshaft almost eliminates the hump.

Buick gives you complete comfort for six—there's living-room comfort in Buick, whether you're on a day-long journey or just a shopping trip. There's another point. The Buick ride. You can't take your living-room out for a drive but, with Buick, you can do even better. See your quality Buick dealer soon. Experience the smoothest, most comfortable ride you've ever had—then put a Buick in your garage and see which room in your house gets the most cheers.

*Whitewall tires are optional at extra cost*

## A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

BUICK



## Mr. Lemon Hart's Clock ~1781~

With his name engraved on its face, Mr. Lemon Hart's long-case clock first started to tick in the little English seaport of Penzance. Later, Mr. Lemon Hart introduced his famous rum — recognized today as the finest of all imported rums.

Have a **GOOD RUM**  
for your money

DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

**LEMON  
HART  
RUM**

## STOP RUST with 3-IN-ONE



**3-IN-ONE OIL**

## LONG-SUFFERER FROM ARTHRITIS FINDS LASTING RELIEF!

"Whenever I get an attack of arthritis I've always found that DOLCIN gives me complete and lasting relief from pain," says George Appleton of Toronto.

If you've suffered from crippling, painful attacks of arthritis, as Mr. Appleton has, begin today to follow his advice! DOLCIN tablets have helped thousands of Canadians to quick, lasting relief from arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis, and muscular pains. Get DOLCIN tablets today from your druggist.

60-4

PETER WHITTALL SAYS:

## STOP WOOD ROT

apply a coat of **PENTOX** before you paint  
WOOD PRESERVER

- Makes wood last 3 to 5 times longer
- Reduces paint blistering and peeling
- Costs less than primer coat of paint it saves

For fence posts and wood in contact with the ground—use Osmose Fence Post Mixture



**OSMOSE WOOD PRESERVING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED**



## The unsinkable Charlotte Whitton

Continued from page 29

In her efforts to frustrate her opponents, she was sustained largely by the power of womankind

free to give all her energy to a campaign that almost everyone but she now regarded as hopeless. Sam Berger, a well-known football executive and the most formidable of her three opponents, prepared to clear time for his forthcoming duties as mayor by disposing of his interest in a leading law firm.

"They're all trying to tree this old cat!" Charlotte proclaimed defiantly, her blue eyes flashing. In her efforts to frustrate them she was sustained largely by the inestimable power of the woman. Her run of victories in the Fifties, first as controller, then as mayor, had become a local legend, almost as exciting to some of the participants as the march of St. Ursula and the lady martyrs. "Charlotte's women," armed with petitions, rhetoric, co-operative husbands and pins and needles as their lapel badge, had helped sweep her to the top of the poll for Board of Control in 1950 and on to the mayoralty. Some of the old originals and near-originals — Mrs. H. D. Courtenay and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, wives of local doctors, and Mrs. Frances Baldwin, wife of a government statistician — helped line up publicity, a 110-car pool, and a thousand door-knockers, scrutineers, telephone-callers and other workers.

But this time, while welcoming the support of her old female friends, the candidate was careful not to alienate the males. The old Pankhurst-type slogans she had used with gusto in earlier years were carefully soft-pedaled. There was little talk of women casting off their shackles. There was no reference to a motto that appears on a favorite piece of Charlotte's personal bric-a-brac: "Ce que Diable ne Peut Femme le Fait" — A woman does what the devil can't. Recognizing that her

greatest handicap, particularly with men, is her inability to stop talking, she announced that she was basing her chief New Year's resolution on a passage from the 141st Psalm.

*"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."*

She went into the campaign with a strong male committee headed by lawyers and businessmen.

At the height of the race between Charlotte and Sam Berger — the other two participants were not serious contenders — an even more exciting and newsworthy contest reached its climax. The mighty Ottawa Roughriders had won the eastern Canadian football championship and were on the way to Vancouver to win the Grey Cup. Berger was going in his capacity as president of the Big Four, the Roughriders' league. At the last minute he found himself with a spare plane seat. This he sold to the publisher of the Citizen, Robert Southam, who decided he'd like to go after the local team had completed its upset passage to the big game.

Shortly afterward radio station CFRA, Dr. Whitton's main supporter, suggested, in a postscript to a campaign speech by Charlotte, that Southam had actually gone to Vancouver as Berger's non-paying guest. The rumor persisted until after election day and to those who couldn't understand why Dr. Whitton's "own paper" was against her, it offered a suitably sinister explanation. Moreover Charlotte was able to show that Berger had been involved in a complicated though perfectly honest and lawful real-estate transaction while a controller of the city.





To Ottawa property owners real estate has always been an emotional term. The federal government, with its vast tax-exempt properties, is to many of them a colossal free-loader and it's an argument Charlotte has been stressing for years. Big private builders like Robert Campeau, who has done a hundred million dollars' worth of construction in the last decade, must frequently ask the city for such prosaic things as permits and sewer connections; Charlotte has been notoriously tough about granting them and her reputation as fearless champion of the "small" citizen has been further enhanced.

Thus Berger, whether he deserved it or not, went to the polls associated in the public mind with a non-existent press conspiracy and a local dragon called the real-estate interests. Another possible handicap, anti-Semitism, was not, he insists, a factor in his defeat. "After all, more than thirty thousand people voted for me," he says. "I don't think the fact that I'm a Jew hurt me. Being fairly well off was probably more damaging. If you're a little fellow with no achievements to your credit you evoke a good deal of sympathy. If you've managed to

## PARADE

### Taken to the cleaners

After moving into a new neighborhood, a Vancouver woman put her laundry on the porch on her regular pickup day. But it wasn't returned on the regular delivery day. About the time she suddenly remembered she'd never told the laundry her new address, the postman arrived with a thank-you note from the Children's Aid which was "pleased to receive the kind donation of used clothing."

get ahead a lot of people feel you've done well enough already."

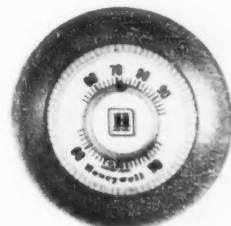
Berger intends to come back for another round but this time he vows he won't make the mistake of underrating his opponent or her machine. He won't be running, he declares, for personal vindication but for better government. "The council for the last two or three months has been a shambles, the meetings are like a circus. If she doesn't like it, it's impossible to get anything done."

Berger thinks he had "a pretty good organization" working for him last time, but one of its lacks was a strong woman's section and this he intends to fill. Like most Ottawans he is not unaware that Charlotte's private library is crammed with books about Queen Elizabeth I, another waspish virgin who sometimes cut off the heads of troublesome gentlemen.

Nor are her other adversaries unaware that, win or lose, Charlotte will remain her city's leading news attraction, well in advance of such passers-by as the Diefenbakers, Pearsons and Masseys. All newspapers keep standing obituaries, of course, of all famous persons within their range of interest. The obit on Charlotte in the Citizen's library has the standard information about her early years at Renfrew, her brilliant scholastic career at Queen's, her distinctions as a hockey player, her honorary doctorates and even her commissioning as an admiral in the Texas Navy. "Her passing," it also notes, "comes as a tragic shock to many thousands in Canada and the Commonwealth. Particularly in Ottawa it seemed unbelievable that the vibrant, talkative and controversial Charlotte Whitton would be heard no more." As an epitaph it may or may not be perfect. As a report on current events it is without flaw. ★

# UPSTAIRS

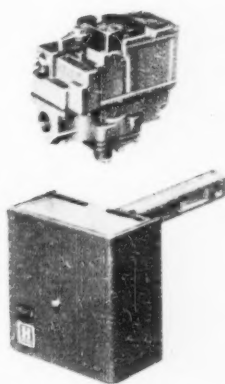
The beautiful Honeywell Round for precise control of heating comfort in your home



The new Honeywell Round . . . world's most popular thermostat, newly redesigned with larger numerals and separate dials for easier reading, easier setting. Sensitive mechanism responds instantly to temperature variations, providing accurate control of home heating comfort. Fully enclosed mercury switch can't get fouled with dust and dirt. Outer ring snaps off for painting or decorating to harmonize with any colour scheme.

# DOWNSTAIRS

HONEYWELL furnace controls to insure safe, dependable heat from your oil or gas burner



Down in the basement, the Honeywell Gas Manifold Valve or the Honeywell Oil Burner Relay operates your gas or oil burner in response to signals from The Honeywell Round; protects you by shutting off the flow of gas or oil if the main burner fails to ignite properly or the flame dies out. Safe. Efficient. Reliable. Make sure the heating system in your home has Honeywell controls upstairs and downstairs. For complete information, call your heating dealer today, or write Honeywell, Toronto 17, Ontario.

## Honeywell



First in Control

SINCE 1885



## A Boy's Life at St. Andrew's

by J. Robert Coulter, B.A., Headmaster

"It is the aim of St. Andrew's College to produce men of character and ability. A glimpse of a regular school day suggests how carefully planned study, varied activity and sensible discipline lead to this objective. The rising bell sounds at 7.15. Each boy must be up, showered, dressed and ready for breakfast at 7.40. The colours are broken out at 8.25 and chapel service is at 8.30. Classes are from 8.50 to 3.25 with a morning recess and one hour for lunch. Following classes there is a 2-hour period for games, other extracurricular activities and reading until dinner at 6. Evening study commences at 7, under the direction of a master, and the same conscientious application is insisted upon as in the classroom. Evening prayers follow. For the youngest boys it's 'lights out' at 8.30 and by 11.30 the day has come to a close in every 'boy's life' at St. Andrew's."

If you have a son or you know a boy you would like to see have this kind of training write for prospectus and scholarship information to J. Robert Coulter, B.A., St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.

Examination for entrance scholarships will be held April 20th and 21st. Applications should be received before April 1st.

St. Andrew's College—Aurora, Ont.



**Wonderful Weather!**  
that's  
**MAINE**

See page B1

**HYPONEX**  
Soluble PLANT FOOD Complete  
Grows Better Plants in Soil, Sand or Water  
Preferred by millions of users for over 20 years.  
Simply dissolve and water your house plants, garden flowers, vegetables, shrubs and lawn. Great for indoor plants, lawns, golf courses, etc. (If dealer isn't supplied, send \$1 for 10 oz. can, postpaid. Makes 60 gallons.)  
HYDROPONIC CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 11, Ohio, U.S.A.

## The lady with a mission continued from page 33

### As a first step, converts are expected to burn Buddhist or Taoist shrines

immediate relief of pain and a quick, definite cure, they are convinced that my medicine is stronger than theirs. The word spreads and bit by bit my work becomes easier. The Tanka witch doctors fight me, but they can't refute my results."

Miss Groce's biggest problem is obtaining medicine and equipment. Although her vaccines, vitamins and dressings are free to patients, she has to buy them at retail prices in Hong Kong. She spends whole days tramping from one British government agency to another, begging for drugs or a few used surgical instruments. Other supplies come from mission headquarters in Chicago, from the United Nations Economic and Social Council and from private Chinese doctors, but there are never enough to fill the demands of patients who begin lining up for pills and powders at eight in the morning.

Some of the patients are aware that Miss Groce's handouts have commercial as well as therapeutic value. At one time a wily old fisherman used to come to the clinic almost every day, complaining of a strange fever that Miss Groce couldn't diagnose. She prescribed penicillin tablets until she happened to hear that he was inducing his own fever by a secret Chinese formula and selling his pills on the profitable black market of Kowloon. She promptly substituted placebos of calcium, sugar and bismuth, and waited. A few days later he turned up with a black eye; his customers had realized that they were buying blanks. Now he came to warn Miss Groce that she was being cheated by her medical supply house because the tablets weren't working. When she told him how she had switched them he took it as an immense joke.

The clinic, a white workmanlike room, is aboard the Chung Kwong or Faithful Light, the newer of the mission's two houseboats, built in a Kowloon boatyard in 1957. "The ten thousand dollars to build it came from all over North America," Miss Groce explains. "We didn't solicit directly, we just prayed hard and somehow the money came in." The Chung Kwong has a blue hull and white two-storied superstructure housing the clinic, a living room, two bedrooms and a modern kitchen.

Her sister craft, the Proclaiming Light or Po Kwong, serves as classroom and Sunday school under the direction of the Kinkades, who handle the evangelical side of the mission. Three Chinese teachers, five Chinese general workers and several youngsters work in the mission too.

The two boats are moored by the shore on the Kowloon side of the harbor. Nearby are clustered the sampans of the Tanka who have been converted to Christianity and farther out, lying hull to hull and bow to stern across the whole shimmering expanse of water, ride the high-pooped junks of the Hong Kong fishing fleet, the harbor junks into which vessels of every flag unload their cargoes, and the thousands of sampans sheltering the wanderers of the South China Sea.

"Our converts stick very close to our houseboats at first," says Miss Groce. "It takes courage for a Tanka family to come alongside and hand up their Buddhist or Taoist shrines and tablets for burning in the first step of their conversion. The Tanka who are still heathen threaten them, warning them that ghosts will come to devour them in the night."

Whenever one of Miss Groce's patients

dies, the unconverted Tanka seize the chance to jeer at the weakness of the Christian God, though her tasks are often medically impossible. A fifteen-year-old girl dying of tuberculosis comes begging to be cured; a mother brings a baby with a cleft palate, expecting her to make the child normal on the spot.

Bill Kinkade, who travels around to the offshore islands in a launch, was bitterly scolded by an old woman who had previously welcomed his preaching. "Why didn't your god send rain for our winter rice crops? Go away or we will stone you!"

Tanka parents frighten their children with stories of white foreign devils, monsters with pale eyes, big noses and hairy bodies. Miss Groce says, "A Tanka child will break into piercing screams if a white male doctor approaches, but I have an easier time because the babies instinctively trust me as they would their mothers."

She likes working with children best, and in her teens she dreamed of becoming a teacher. She changed her mind after her father, a salesman for a Canadian pulp and paper company had met a member of the Oriental Boat Missions in Chicago and fired his daughter's imagination with stories about the boat people of the world. When he died suddenly, her mother went to live with relatives in Hamilton and Ethel enrolled at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago where she studied for three years. Advised to make herself more useful by learning a profession, she took a course in obstetrics

at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago.

She had long ago set her heart on going to India, but no posts were vacant there when she reported to the Oriental Boat Missions. She offered to go anywhere and was sent to China, where two of her classmates had recently been beheaded by bandits.

"My own destination was the leper colony of Tsingyun in the province of Kwangtung, outside Canton," she remembers. "Early in 1938 I started work aboard a gospel boat on a river in Kwangtung. I took lessons in Cantonese, the South China dialect, which I now speak as easily as English. When the Japanese army captured Canton in October, I worked in the refugee camps doing midwifery and general clinic and bible work."

Two years later she was ordered to report to the Presbyterian Hospital in Linhsien, about 150 miles northwest of Canton in an unoccupied section of Kwangtung. This meant that she had to cross the Japanese lines that encircled Canton.

"Chinese friends suggested that I sneak past the garrison and swim the river at night, keeping below the surface most of the time. I rejected that plan because I was taking children with me, and because it was against my principles to steal across like a common thief."

Instead she presented herself at the office of the Japanese commander of the occupation forces in Canton, requesting permission to cross the bridge with her charges. He refused indignantly. "I have orders from Tokyo to let no one pass. If you try to cross that bridge you'll be shot!"

"I'll be crossing your lines at eight a.m. on October 28," Miss Groce said quietly, and walked out.

On the morning she had set she walked across the bridge holding the hands of two Chinese children, a three-year-old orphan and a fourteen-year-old boy who was going to Free China to continue his schooling. Behind her came her guide, an old Chinese who knew the way to Linhsien, and a ragged line of porters. Halfway across, she saw the sun glinting on rifle barrels at the far end of the bridge. While the little boy whimpered and the guide begged her to turn back, she and the older child struck up a hymn.

Convinced that she was under the protection of God, she led her terrified pack toward the barrier of levelled rifles. At a hundred feet, the Japanese officer ordered her to stop. Knowing that she would lose her psychological advantage if she obeyed, she walked on. Astonished, impressed, undecided, the Japanese lifted their rifles.

"Who gave you permission to cross the bridge?" the officer demanded.

"The good Lord," Miss Groce replied firmly.

After telephoning his commander in Canton, he put her party under guard in the garrison for twenty-four hours, and next morning allowed them to set off on their twenty-mile journey through bandit-infested territory to the Free Chinese armies. At dusk the following day they arrived at the first Chinese army outpost, where they hired a boat. They travelled upriver for three weeks and reached Linhsien in the middle of November.

There Japanese planes flew over daily. Fearing incendiary bombs, the staff kept the hospital ready for immediate evacua-



### How Port Credit got its name

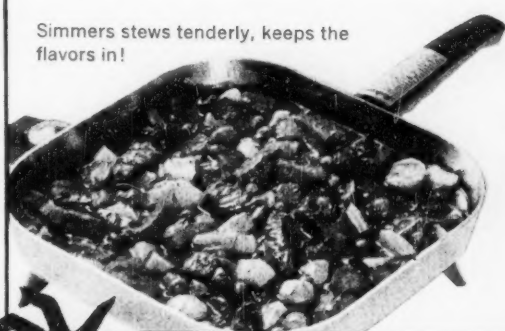
Some names, surprisingly, mean exactly what they say. One example is Port Credit, on Lake Ontario west of Toronto. In the days of the fur trade, the trappers who operated along the Credit River were financed annually by a company that had its headquarters at the mouth of the river. The company advanced, on credit, the equipment and supplies needed by the trappers and took payment in the furs brought back at the end of the season. Thus the name Credit for the river. The post at the mouth of the river, which prospered by the use of credit, became Port Credit.



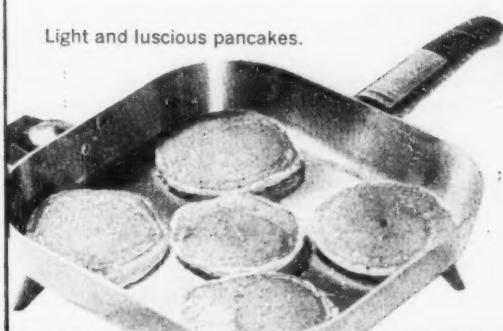
Only *Sunbeam* combines so much convenience  
with **PERFECT COOKING . . .**



Simmers stews tenderly, keeps the  
flavors in!



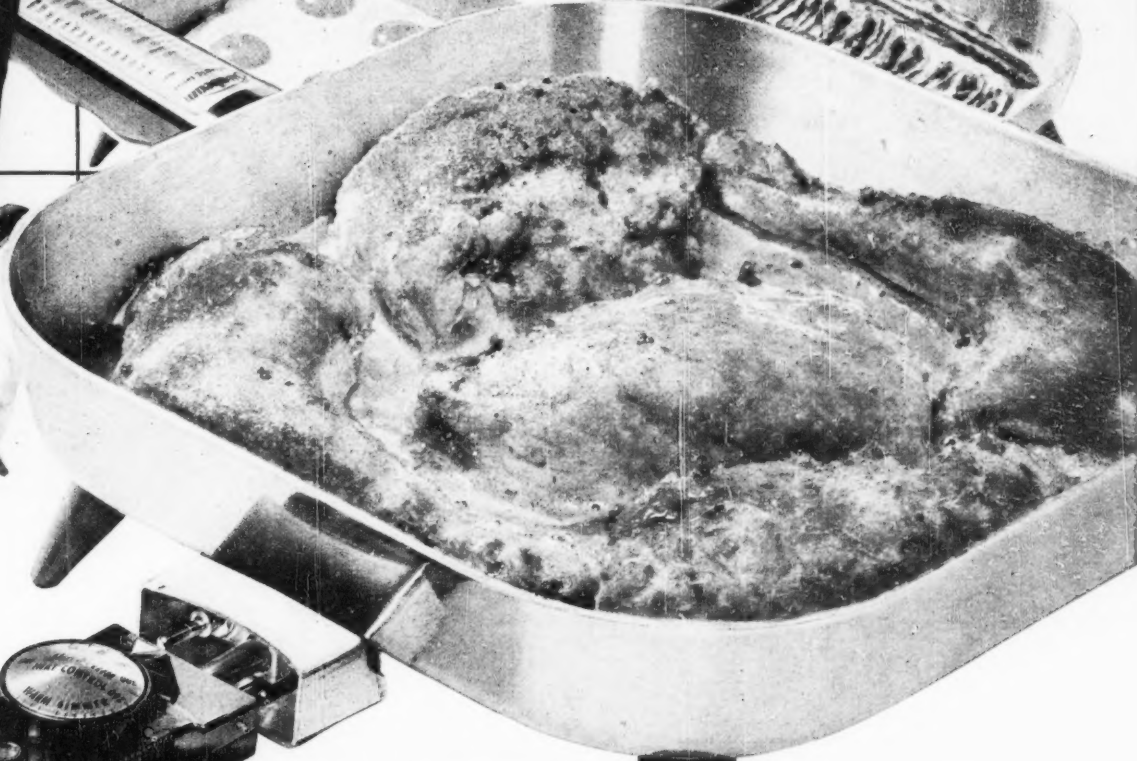
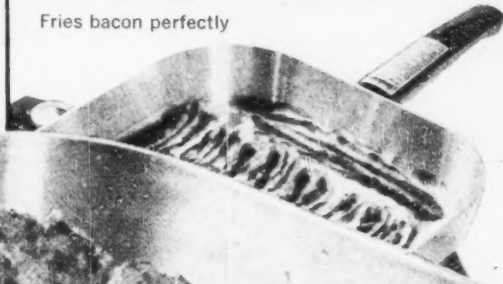
Light and luscious pancakes.



No lacey edges on eggs



Fries bacon perfectly



because  
only the

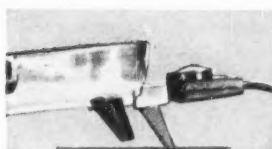
\*FAIR RETAIL VALUE

*Sunbeam* AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC **FRYPAN** offers a  
**REMOVABLE automatic HEAT CONTROL**  
and an exclusive "lite-fry" lever

Sunbeam, makers of the original and genuine automatic controlled even heat Frypan, now brings you this new removable heat control automatic Frypan in medium or large size, and with a fabulous new feature—the Lite-Fry Lever. This is a lever that lets you lock the Frypan in a tilt position so fat drains away from food as it cooks...lets you pan broil...makes basting extra easy. Frypan has easy-to-read permanent Fryguide on

handle. From \$14.95\*. Heat-resistant glass or vented metal lids are available.

The control unit is interchangeable with any of the Sunbeam line of removable heat control appliances... plugs in and out easily. \$8.50\*. Each appliance is completely immersible for easy, thorough washing. See them at your Sunbeam dealers.



LITE-FRY LEVER tilts frypan



Automatic electric  
3-quart SAUCEPAN \$20.45\*



Automatic electric  
GRIDDLE \$21.95\*

*Sunbeam* **THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE**

tion, and rushed the patients off to the hills as often as three times a day. Each morning they packed bedding and other necessities into dugouts in the garden, knowing they would have no time to save personal belongings in a raid. Miss Groce worked under these emergency conditions until she was sent home to Canada on leave in June 1944.

When she rejoined the Oriental Boat Missions in Canton two years later, she found refugees pouring into South China as the Communist armies moved south. "Almost every day girl children were of-

fered to me—for a price," she says. "Some I paid for, to keep them out of the hands of wicked old Chinese women who would have sold them as slaves. Others I found abandoned at the side of the road or along the banks of the river."

In Canton Miss Groce worked aboard the old houseboat Po Kwong. Since the Japanese had used the mission boats as barracks and then scuttled them in 1943, they had to be raised from the mud on the river bottom. In the summer of 1946, waterlogged and rotten with teredo worms, the Po Kwong was salvaged,

patched up and put into service again.

Three years later Miss Groce was ordered to leave Canton because it was about to fall to the Communists. Working against time, she got permission from the Hong Kong government to take the Po Kwong to Yaumati and hired a launch to tow it down the Pearl River. The old houseboat lay hidden in coves by day and inched her way down river by night, and at last reached Hong Kong with her superstructure riddled with holes from Communist bullets.

Miss Groce says, "I'm fond of that old

tub because we've gone through a lot together. I've lain on her deck with bullets whining overhead, and slept for years on her floor. Since we launched the Chung Kwong we've had the Po Kwong stripped to a skeleton and repaired for use as a classroom."

Aboard the Chung Kwong Miss Groce gets up before dawn. After a short prayer meeting and breakfast she scrubs and organizes the clinic for the morning line-up of forty or fifty patients. Her only assistants are a twelve-year-old Chinese nurse's aide who helps with cleaning, making simple bandages, and distributing medicine, and an eight-year-old Tanka girl who keeps order in the waiting room and records the patients' complaints in a ledger.

Tuberculosis is Hong Kong's foremost killer. This and other serious conditions such as cancer, heart disease and spinal meningitis Miss Groce refers to the British government hospitals in Kowloon and Hong Kong. Everything else, from pulling teeth to fighting diphtheria, she handles alone.

The most persistent problem is dysentery. Miss Groce explains, "The Tanka will eat almost anything, even garbage they fish out of the harbor. Since they have no refrigeration, even their fresh food is contaminated by the bacillus of dysentery. They've built up an incredible resistance to it but this breaks down when they become saturated with the germ. Diarrhoea kills a great many babies here. I've written booklets of simple rules for preventing diarrhoea and had them translated and printed in Chinese for the Tanka mothers, but their living conditions still give infection the upper hand."

Often her morning routine or her sleep is interrupted by an urgent call from a mother with a desperately sick child, from a fisherman who has had an accident at sea or from a woman giving birth. She has delivered countless babies by the dim light of a lantern aboard junks and sampans.

"Each time I deliver a child I fall in love with it," she says. "The children all call me Mama, and their mothers think of me as godmother. But I often have trouble making the Tanka understand that they must not destroy their newborn girls. Most people don't know that infanticide is still sometimes practised in Hong Kong. It's prompted by the need to survive; every newborn baby represents another mouth to feed in an economy always on the borderline of famine. I've lost count of the number of baby girls I've rescued and sent to orphanages in Kowloon and Hong Kong."

One emergency call took Miss Groce to the red-light district of Yaumati, where prostitutes hail boatmen and tourists from a double line of lighted and decorated sampans. A girl had tried to perform an abortion on herself and bungled it. Now she was in agony with peritonitis. For fourteen hours Miss Groce worked over her, while the girl clung to her, weeping and murmuring over and over, "Mama, save me, save me, and I be good girl forever!" Her life was saved and soon afterward she came to the houseboat, dressed in simple coolie blouse and pantaloons, to say, "Now I have come, Mama, to be a good girl and work for you forever and hear about your Jesus Christ God."

Miss Groce was so moved that she burst into tears. She says, "This is the sort of thing that makes my work worthwhile. Often I get discouraged through sheer exhaustion, but I can't think of happier work. It's a good, Christian, enriching life. I plan to stay in China, to live and work and someday die here. My destiny was decided long ago, and my place is here." ★

More convenience, more service for Canadian business

Come and go  
anytime...  
**HERTZ**  
waits up  
for you

HERTZ cars run to your schedule. Night and day there's a HERTZ car waiting for you to arrive, ready to leave when you're ready, to go where you want to go. Reserving ahead guarantees it... before your next trip just phone your local HERTZ Office or Travel Agent.

#### HERTZ MAKES IT EASY TO RENT A CAR

- Quick getaway—just show your driver's licence and identification.
- Surprisingly low cost—new 1961 Chevrolets rent almost everywhere for \$7.00 plus 10 cents a mile for a ten hour day, only slightly more for the total 24 hour period. Special weekly rates, too! Includes insurance and all gas and oil you use.
- Cash or charge—at your convenience—Ask about a HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card. Other accredited charge cards also honored.
- Big Choice—new 1961 Chevrolets, Vauxhalls and other fine cars; cleanest, best maintained cars in the world.



In Canada since 1924

**HERTZ**  
RENT A CAR

LET HERTZ PUT YOU IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT





**For the sake of argument** continued from page 14

## Even if a driver does submit to a breath test, he has a good chance to escape conviction

Even if the driver were to submit voluntarily to a breath test, the chances are he could get under the wire. Generally speaking, it takes a Breathalyzer reading of .15 percent (the equivalent of 10.8 ounces of liquor in a 200-pound man) to support a charge of drunk driving, and a .1 percent count (7.2 ounces of liquor in the same man) for impaired driving. And the Breathalyzer reading is not accepted as prima-facie evidence. The courts will do no more than take it into account along with other factors. If our man has had only three or four drinks he has little to worry about even from the Breathalyzer.

Yet there can be little doubt that alcohol played a principal part in causing the accident, for, as I have noted, physical impairment comes early in the drinking game. According to Robert L. Donigan, general counsel for the Traffic Institute

highway, and it can only be done by imposing a limit on the amount of alcohol a man may have in his blood and still drive."

Obviously, the blood alcohol limit would be meaningless without compulsory

breath tests, and that step is advocated by Haines, too. As he puts it: "The time has arrived when we must balance the right of a drinking driver to refuse a simple test against the right of the public to be free from the harm caused by those

who drink too much and then drive."

Highway safety is one of our major problems. Vast sums are spent on law enforcement, the improvement of roads and highways, and an unceasing program of public education. Drivers' tests have

### PARADE

#### Cutter's cramp

We've just heard about a West Vancouver five-year-old who wasn't at all impressed with kindergarten when she first started last fall. "It's too easy!" she exclaimed to her mother. "We just cut out paper dolls." One day after the new term started, however, she arrived home to flop exhaustedly in a chair and moan. "The work is really hard now." Wondering whether it was daughter's first bout with numbers or word recognition that was getting her down, mother asked what the trouble was. "Well," the young student declared, clenching and unclenching her right fist, "now we cut out cardboard dolls."

of Northwestern University, anyone with a few drinks under his belt is in poor shape to drive. His vision will be blurred, especially at the edges of the visual fields, his hearing will be impaired, and the higher nerve functions, including those that control co-ordination, will be partly paralyzed. With only .05 percent blood alcohol (three drinks) the driver's reaction time may be doubled. Donigan also observes that "among the first nerve activities to be numbed or depressed by a very low concentration of alcohol are those restraining our inhibitory functions that impel us to behave like civilized adult individuals."

"Alcohol is a contributing factor in far more accidents than the police can ever establish," says Edson L. Haines, QC, a Toronto lawyer who has been engaged in the trial of motor-vehicle cases for more than twenty-five years. "It is commonplace for a lawyer to learn that a client consumed four or five drinks before the accident, while admitting to the officer that he had only one or two, or sometimes denying that he had any."

"Yet that lawyer knows two things are true. First, the client could not have been convicted of either impaired or drunk driving (he isn't even charged in most cases). Second, that the four or five drinks consumed by the client were a material element in the accident because they made the client less capable of exercising care under the circumstances. These are the drivers the law must take off the



## Giving strawberries a place in the sun

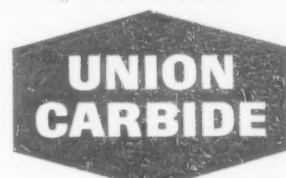
Strawberries grow rich and ripe in the sunshine, but they do need special care. Berries that touch the earth can develop ground rot, and the sun itself bakes moisture from the soil. Today, many growers solve these problems with something you can try in your own garden—black polyethylene film from Union Carbide. Easily rolled out in long strips, this mulch protects the berries from ground rot, helps keep the earth warm and moist, and smothers troublesome weeds in darkness. Tomatoes, melons, peppers and many other fruit and vegetable plants—set in the ground through the film—grow with spectacular results . . . yielding a richer and earlier harvest.

Acres of plastic film are being used on the farm in many other ways. For example, polyethylene film is used as a lining in ponds and irrigation ditches to prevent seepage. Silos of polyethylene film can be set up right in the field as a convenient way to preserve animal feed. And, anyone can use transparent polyethylene, stretched over a wood frame, to make a low-cost, do-it-yourself greenhouse.

Film made from UNION CARBIDE polyethylene, which is helping to bring you a better supply of food, has sprung from a constant search for new and unusual materials. Pioneers in plastics for 50 years, the people of Union Carbide will continue to provide more and more things to enrich our lives.

"Eveready", "Prestone", and "Union Carbide" are trade marks.

Union Carbide Canada Limited,  
Toronto 12, Canada, and Divisions:  
Bakelite Division—Phenolics, Epoxies and Silicones;  
Chemicals and Plastics Division—Synthetic Organic Chemicals and Polyethylene;  
Consumer Products Division—"Eveready" and "Prestone" brand Products;  
Linde Gases Division—Industrial Gases, Welding and Cutting Apparatus;  
Metals and Carbon Division—Ferrous Alloys, Special Alloys, Electrodes and Carbon Products;  
Visking Division—Food Casings and Plastic Film.



...a hand  
in things to come



Custom Travelall by International gives you fold-down tailgate and electrically operated roll-down rear window.

*Buy it for STYLE . . . buy it for COMFORT*

*. . . above all — buy it for **ROOM!***

**The roomy new Travelall** is a pleasure to see and drive. Low profile, twin headlights and crisp, modern lines make it as stylish as it is practical. Steering is responsive and fingertip easy. Soft riding spring or independent front suspension assures comfort on the roughest roads—no matter how many passengers or how much cargo.

*Sold and serviced by over 800 dealers coast to coast*

NE



**NEW**

IS THE WORD FOR  
INTERNATIONAL

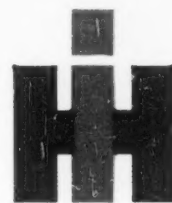


Seats fold down to form full-size bed!

**Carry more people and bigger loads**—Three full-width seats carry 9 passengers and plenty of luggage too. With 2 rear seats removed, you have a huge cargo space more than 8 feet long, over 4 feet wide and almost 4 feet high.



**Power and endurance to spare**—With V-8 or six, standard or automatic transmission, you'll have power to pull trailers or boats with ease. Extra road clearance lets you travel the worst roads. Four-wheel drive is optional.



International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited  
Hamilton, Ontario  
Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors  
Industrial and Commercial Equipment  
Farm Tractors and Equipment

# NEW INTERNATIONAL *Travelall* STATION WAGON

become stricter in the past decade and some provinces propose to re-examine all drivers periodically in order to weed out the physically impaired. Safety campaigns are carried out by schools, service clubs, newspapers and radio stations. Everybody, it seems, is safety conscious. Yet, for some reason, we are doing nothing to curb the drinking driver, who may be the biggest menace of all.

The slogan "If you drink — don't drive" has become a kind of sick joke, something to kid about at parties. Every man is his own judge of whether he will

drink, and how much, before driving. Freedom in this field has become license, license to kill and maim the innocent.

Surely it is time we took the two steps necessary to get the dangerously irresponsible tippler off the road. Though the compulsory breath test is sometimes opposed on the ground that it violates the individual's freedom from self-incrimination (no such complaint is made regarding compulsory fingerprinting and photographing of suspects), there are plenty of precedents for the measure in other lands and its constitutionality has been

established here in Canada. Saskatchewan has a law, known as "implied consent," which requires anyone taking out a driver's permit to agree to submit to a Breathalyzer test, if requested. If he subsequently refuses a test, his license may be suspended. In 1958 the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the validity of the Saskatchewan law after a motorist had made a test case of his refusal.

There are implied-consent laws in eleven U.S. states, and the National Safety Council has endorsed the measure for inclusion in the proposed uniform

safety code that would cover every state.

Support for compulsory breath tests is growing in this country. The fifth annual Canadian Highway Safety Conference endorsed the idea. Assistant Commissioner Thomas Trimble of the Ontario Provincial Police believes it would be a powerful aid to the OPP, which now devotes 75 percent of its time and energies to patrolling highways and investigating accidents. Also in favor are Chief James Mackey of the Metropolitan Toronto police, whose force arrested 3,199 impaired and 188 drunk drivers last year. Both opposition parties in the Ontario legislature are on record as supporting of compulsory tests.

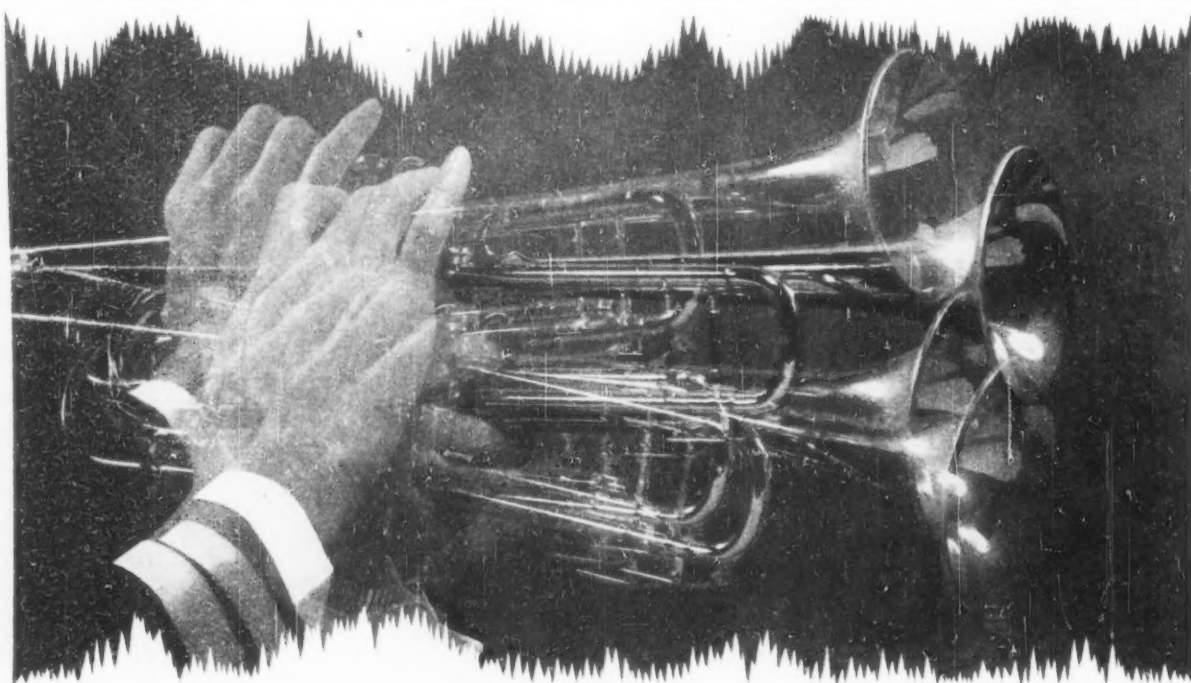
The other necessary step, the establishment of a limit on the blood alcohol of any driver, amounts to creating a new offense, one that Edson Haines believes should be simple to enforce and without moral stigma upon conviction. "This new offense would carry with it a fine, loss of points, or even suspension of license, but not a jail sentence," he says.

All the scientific data indicate that .05 percent blood alcohol should be the permissible limit. The Norwegian motor vehicle act defines anyone with that amount of blood alcohol as "not sober," and then goes on to say this: "Any person who operates a motor vehicle, or is close to a motor vehicle he has just been using, or is intending to start, can be taken by the police for examination to a physician who will make a blood test when it can be reasonably assumed that the operator is under the influence of liquor (not sober)."

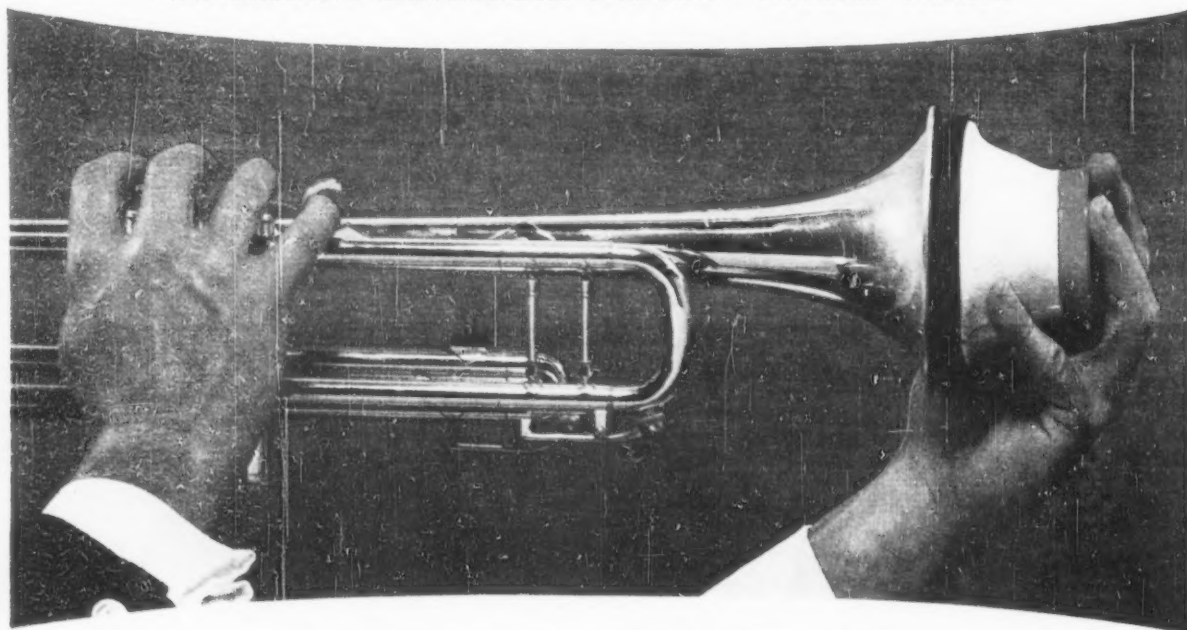
That Norwegian law was passed in 1926. Yet, in 1960, despite the obvious need, there is nothing comparable to it in this country. Canadians are a drinking people and a driving people. Our laws permit us to indulge in both pastimes at will, without regard to public safety.

The drinking driver isn't a criminal. His behavior, though often criminally irresponsible by any reasonable standard, is condoned by both custom and law. But this immunity of his, this freedom from detection and control, is an expensive luxury for which society pays every day in sudden death on the highway, in crippling injuries and in wanton destruction of property.

Science has defined the problem and provided the means for its solution. Our police and courts are ready to act. We must give them the authority. Let's abandon that tired, inept appeal to motorists not to drink and drive. Let our new watchword be: "If you drink, you shall not drive." ★



## Dominion Linoleum mutes "colour noise"



## supplies quiet good taste with the soft-sheen floor

Dominion Linoleum is perfectly in tune with the modern low-key look in decor. Its soft-sheen finish and colour are as smartly correct in the office as they are fashionable in the home. Dominion Linoleum is anti-noise in another important way, too. Its resilient composition lowers the volume on footsteps, helps

to keep office traffic-noise under control. This same composition is the secret of linoleum's superior resistance to scratches and ordinary burns, and, as maintenance men know, a Dominion Linoleum floor is an investment in quality. For further information or literature, write Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd.

BY THE WAY FOR THE SMALL, SEAMLESS LOOK, OR IN TILES FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS... MARGOLLE, DOMINION JASPER, BAYBERRY, BATTLESHIP, LILACBAY... ALL INLaid

# FLOORS BY DOMINION

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED, 2200 ST. CATHERINE ST. E., MONTREAL  
MAKERS OF DOMINION LINOLEUM, DOMINION VINYL TILE, ASPHALT TILE AND ASSOCIATED PRODUCTS







**A doctor's case for private medicine** continued from page 36

**"If the health service is so good, why do British leaders go to private or outside doctors?"**

frequently sought medical care outside the service? Attlee, Bevin and even Bevan—the perpetrator of the service—sought medical care in the private wards of the teaching hospitals as private patients of the consultants whose services they sought. Why did Anthony Eden have to come to North America for the completion of surgery that British surgeons had rather unsuccessfully commenced? How often do you hear of any Canadian or American—rich or poor—being compelled to go to Britain for treatment that is not available here?

Many British surgeons in the large cities are reaping rich rewards because the majority of the middle- and higher-income population seek their services as private patients outside the health service. The surgeon is receiving a salary from the NHS plus his usual private fee for the financially more fortunate patients. There is a variety of reasons for

only when they encounter certain difficulties. The available maternity beds cannot cope with all the mothers. Would our Canadian mothers really like it that way? The increase in hospital beds since the war has been dismally small—it has

barely offset the loss by bombing and on a per-capita basis is far less than we enjoy in Canada.

In the January issue of *What's New*, a journal published for medical men, Sir George Pickering wrote an article

entitled *Medicine in Britain*. Sir George is the doyen of British researchers in clinical medicine, and for nearly twenty years he was professor of medicine in the University of London; he is now regius

*Continued on page 55*

**"EASY-OPEN"**

*"Press here, lift up,"  
the letters state;  
Now that's the kind  
of box I hate.  
I push; I strain;  
I coax and whine;  
The only lid  
that flips is mine.*

MURIEL J. MORK

this but probably the two most common are: first, it is only by seeing the surgeon as a private patient that anyone can be sure of getting the surgeon of his choice, and secondly, the waiting lists for private hospitals and the private wings of public hospitals are shorter than those of the public wards.

How many average Canadians would really appreciate the system of general practice in Britain? In the industrial areas—which account for the vast majority in Britain—a doctor will see between sixty and a hundred patients in his office each day. He has neither time nor facilities for dealing with anything but the most trivial ailments. Many of his patients are given a brief note—"This is to introduce Mr. Smith, who has a cyst on the neck. Please treat." After a long wait in the doctor's office he has another—and probably longer—wait in the casualty department of the local hospital, eventually to be treated by a doctor of about equivalent professional status to a senior intern in this country.

My own sister-in-law consulted her NHS physician for three months complaining of excessive vaginal bleeding. He never once examined her! It is doubtful if he has the facilities or inclination for doing a pelvic examination. After three months her well-to-do sister became alarmed and persuaded her to consult a private physician. Examination revealed that she was suffering from an advanced cancer of the neck of the womb.

The majority of women in childbirth are delivered in the home by midwives, who call for the assistance of a doctor

*Widow, age 37 urgently requires  
clerical work. Salary—enough to  
raise three children—Experience  
general office,  
15 years ago*

She won't use these words

but they express the tragedy of the situation facing this young widow. One basic problem must be solved. She must find work to keep the family together. She must do the job that adequate Life Insurance could have done for her.

To avoid this tragedy, the only solution is properly planned Life Insurance. And, one of the best people to ask for advice and guidance is the Man from Manufacturers in your community. Call him today for the peace of mind that comes with guaranteed financial security.



**MANUFACTURERS LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**



*1961 PLYMOUTH—Solid Beauty for '61. The new look in economy. (Available in 6 or V-8).*

# Cars that prove quality



*1961 IMPERIAL—Finest expression of Quality Engineering.*



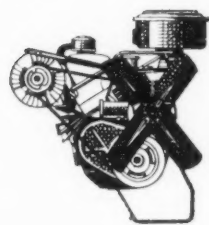
*1961 VALIANT—Canada's best compact car buy.*

*1961 DODGE—Fine styling with famous Dodge dependability. (Available in 6 or V-8).*



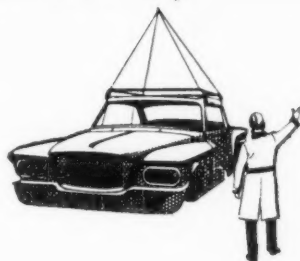


## engine



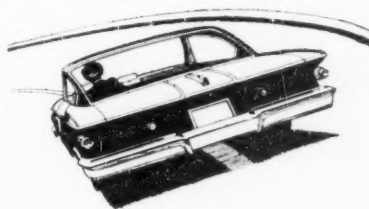
Chrysler Corporation's new Economy Slant Six engines, the most modern sixes in the industry, get 20% more power from 15% less gas than previous sixes. A 30° slant design permits easier breathing for greater engine efficiency.

## unibody



Unibody Construction makes body and frame a solid, welded unit, eliminates joints that might loosen and get noisy. Seven-dip rustproofing process keeps finish like new for years.

## torsion-aire



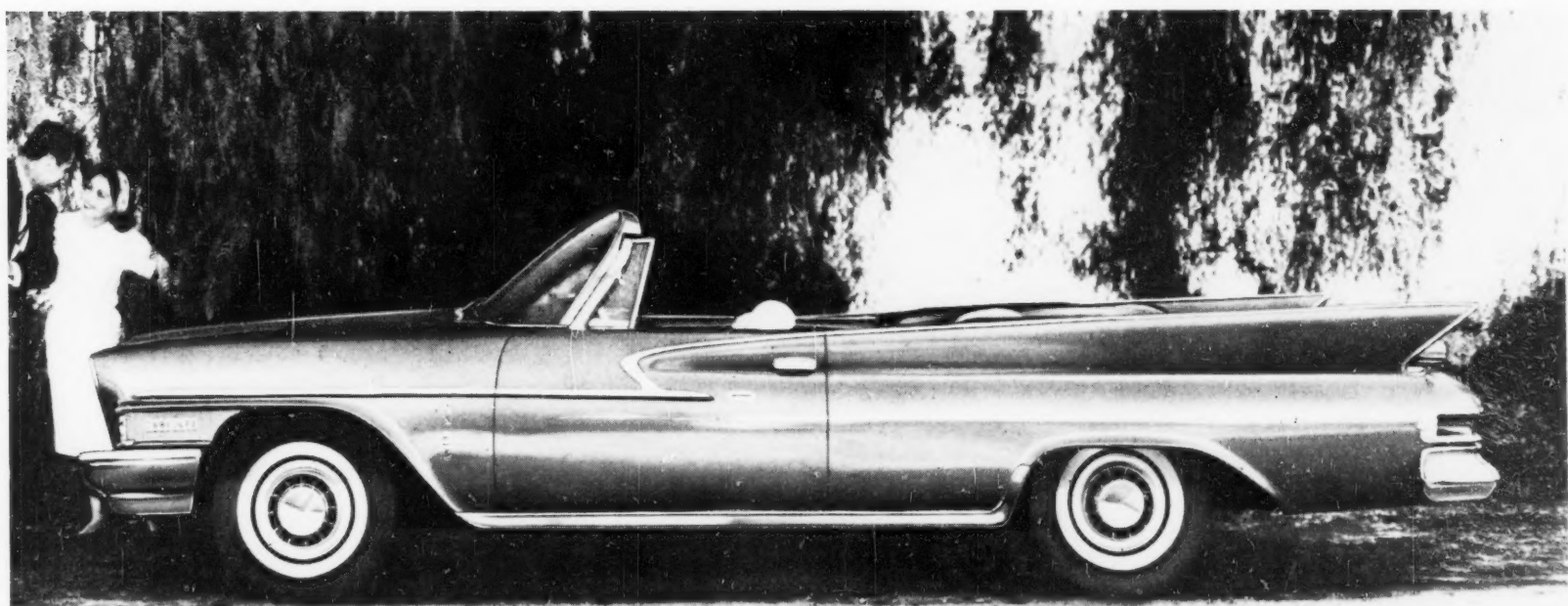
No dip, no squat, no sway . . . that's the story with exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride. It's the big reason experts call these "the best road cars ever built, bar none."

## push-button



The wonderful convenience of push-button driving is available to owners of Chrysler Corporation cars. Simply push a button and the car does the rest . . . automatically (optional equipment on certain models, standard on others). Simple push-button heater controls, too.

# knows no price class !



1961 CHRYSLER The full-size luxury car with no jr. editions to compromise your investment.

## One of the 5 new cars from Chrysler Corporation is just right for you

Whatever you want in a car—compact economy or luxury without compromise—you can get it, and solid quality, too, in one of the 1961 cars from Chrysler Corporation.

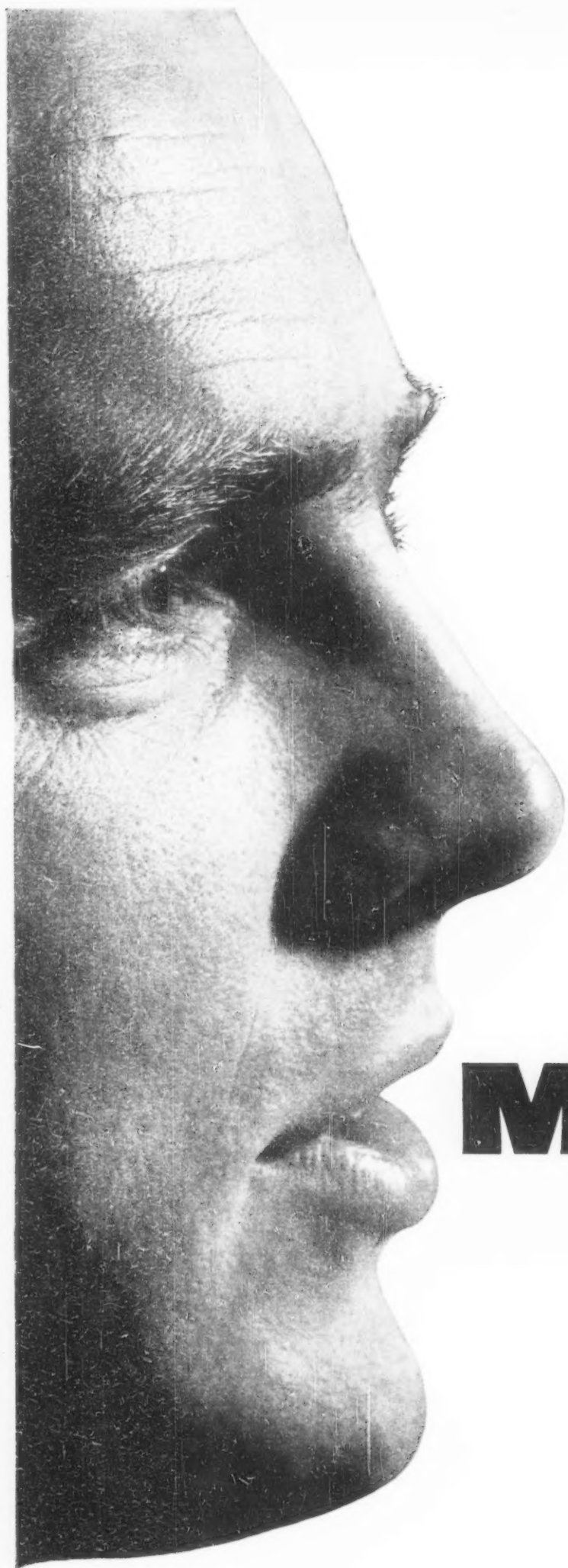
And whichever you decide fits you best, you'll enjoy the pleasure of driving one of Canada's finest road cars. Chrysler Corporation's ex-

clusive Torsion-Aire suspension system, yours at no extra cost in every one of these great cars, levels the ride over any terrain.

And you also get these other quality features at no extra cost: the Slant Six Engine that acts like an Eight; solid, silent Unibody Construction, and finish-saving 7-dip rust treatment.

Let a drive bring out the difference  
great engineering makes

**WARRANTED 12,000 MILES OR ONE FULL YEAR (whichever first occurs)**



just say



or



For over 50 years in Canada, Mobil oils have been recognized as the standard of excellence in engine protection. **New Mobiloil Special** is the multigrade oil for any kind of driving and any time of year—it's specially recommended for the most modern engines. **New Mobiloil**, available in the correct grades for every season, delivers all the qualities specified by car manufacturers. 

# Mobiloil

PRODUCTS OF MOBIL OIL OF CANADA, LTD.  
makers of the "Mobil Oil Family" of modern lubricants

**SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED**  
and other leading dealers everywhere



professor of medicine at Oxford, a chair once occupied by Canada's brilliant medical son, Sir William Osler. Sir George has an international reputation and his opinions on any subject related to medicine are highly regarded. This is what he had to say:

"The National Health Service has obtained an increasing monopoly of medical practice in the country, except for the office practice of specialists in the larger cities. Three major problems have appeared; none has been solved. The first and the most important is the increasing bureaucracy of the service. From the beginning a difference in opinion arose between the higher administrative civil servants and the doctors as to which should have the chief voice in deciding the pattern of the service. The administrators won, and the service has thus been run primarily in the interests of administrative tidiness and standard civil-service procedure rather than of the traditional spirit of service of the medical and nursing professions. The falling off in professional enthusiasm and a tendency to adopt strict civil-service hours for doctors and nurses is probably the most dangerous development in medicine at any time in the history of our art.

"The second problem is one which grew to acute proportions twenty to twenty-five years ago; namely, the difficulty in maintaining a fluid and competitive training scheme for family doctors and specialists in a service that has on the one hand a monopoly of medical practice and on the other a fixed establishment of junior and senior posts in the hospital service. For several years the health service was faced with a complete block in the training system for those wishing to practise internal medicine and surgery, while unable to fill the senior posts in less intellectually exciting specialties such as psychiatry. This unfortunately led to some of the ablest young people being frightened by the prospects in medicine, and a falling off in the quality of those recruited as medical students. This, added to the considerations noted in the last paragraph, has led to some alarm over the future quality of medicine as practised in Britain. The third great problem has been the increasing cost of medical care. . . ."

Could such circumstances develop in Canada? This is what Kelso Roberts, the attorney-general of Ontario, said recently concerning the Ontario Hospital Services Commission: "... but the trend in government seems to be to bring into the civil service as many employees of agencies and commissions as possible." At a recent annual meeting of the College of

Physicians and Surgeons of Canada, several deans of medical faculties expressed concern about the impending dearth of medical students for Canada's subsequent needs. It is said that already there has been a growing exodus of physicians from Saskatchewan following the threat of socialized medicine.

I do not suggest that medical practice in Canada is perfect. It is not! However, I am certain that even as things are today we compare favorably with almost any other country in the world and the faults, whatever they may be, will not be corrected by the implementation of a monopolistic, obligatory service, or socialized medicine as it is usually referred to.

In our elected form of government, he who gets the power is the one who gets the votes. Any political platform looks better when it's bolstered with promises of something for nothing, and socialized medicine lends itself beautifully to gift wrapping in words of great allure. If one political party offers it to the electorate and appears to win votes because of it, the other parties feel compelled to include the same gift, wrapped perhaps in different and they hope more appealing fashion. It has become such an attractive vision in the public eye that few politicians would have the temerity to reconcile it publicly with their political philosophy.

Would any Liberal or Conservative politician express public approval of the socialization of the production and distribution of food, transportation, the clothing industry, the brewing and distilling industry? Would Prime Minister Diefenbaker approve of a state monopoly of legal practice? But one hears very few political voices raised against socialized medicine.

As previously suggested, there are some imperfections and shortcomings in the medical care of some of our people, faults that need careful study and energetic action if we are to correct them. The medical profession should be willing to lead this crusade and perhaps the most encouraging piece of news in this field was the prime minister's announcement that, as the result of a request from the Canadian Medical Association, a royal commission was to be appointed to enquire into the health needs of the nation. A properly constructed commission, composed of intelligent men with open and inquiring minds, should probe into every nook and cranny of the medical profession's manifold activities. Then perhaps we will have some facts to work with, but until then Canadians beware! Find out the facts; think carefully before you push your politicians into pushing you from the frying pan into the fire. ★

# YOU... YOUR AGENT AND ROYAL-GLOBE

## ...the best team to fill your insurance needs!

You know the coverage you need... the family, the property and the business you want to protect. Your agent is a specialist who knows best how and where your insurance requirements can be met. And we, at Royal-Globe, know insurance coverage... how best to satisfy you and your agent... because we have been helping to set fair and just insurance practices for well over 100 years. You're safe with the Royal-Globe... one of the largest general insurance groups in the world today. Which is why we say, when disaster strikes or loss threatens, it's good to know — ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE.

## ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE GROUP

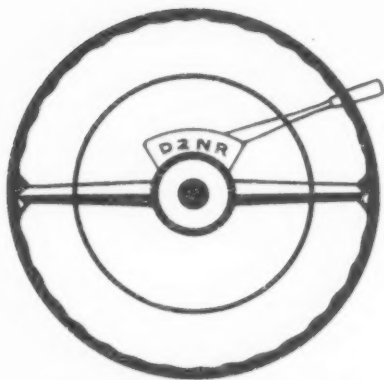
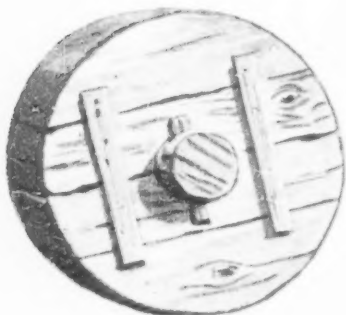


*Insuring  
Canadians  
for over  
100 years*

Royal Insurance Company Limited • Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co. Ltd.  
The Hudson Bay Insurance Company • The Globe Indemnity Company of Canada

HALIFAX • MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • CALGARY • VANCOUVER





## YOU'RE AUTOMATICALLY AHEAD WITH A 1961 HILLMAN

Yes, you're ahead when you buy Hillman, the only import in its class with fully automatic transmission as an optional extra. Here's a family car at a family price. Test drive Hillman today.



ROOTES PRODUCTS  
HILLMAN • HUMBER • SUNBEAM



## A livelier life for the aged continued from page 23

### Many old people are bores because we deprive them of activity

ability to continue his working days. ■ Every human needs to do things, make things, accomplish things, and this applies even to people of ninety if they're not senile. That is why we must devise ways to keep our old people working.

■ Many old people are bores who talk constantly about the past, but often this is so only because we deprive them of any present activity they can talk about. ■ Age differences should not be looked upon as a barrier to friendship. Old people need young friends and can be worthy of them. For their part, the young should realize that older men and women can be interesting, even stimulating, companions.

■ And, to touch upon a larger and more fundamental aspect of the problem, we need to evolve an educational system that will bring people to maturity with a rich backlog of interests and a desire and ability to keep learning. Then, when they do retire from their lifelong jobs, they will have interests to sustain them in old age; they will even then do creative things they never had time to do when they were tied to their work routine.

This problem of retirement is essentially a new one; it hardly existed sixty years ago when I was a child. I lived then in the farming area of Hastings County, Ontario. The farmers I knew didn't retire; they simply turned the farm over to a son and lived in a three-generation household. The farmer kept working—doing chores—and so remained a part of the life around him.

In the nearby village of Marmora, the small storekeeper didn't retire either. His son took over the business but he himself went to the store every day to help out and so, like the old farmer, he had a place in life.

Now most people work for large industrial corporations or governments where there is a fixed retirement age. At sixty-four a man may be performing competently in his job and may even be at the peak of his powers. But the day he reaches sixty-five he's given a gold watch and sent home to die. One day he is considered useful; the next, useless.

Such abrupt and arbitrary dismissal on the sole grounds of the number of years a man has lived is foolish. Obviously, people do not age at a uniform rate, either physically or mentally. Two men of the same age may have aged quite differently in every respect. Nor in one man is the aging process uniform: at fifty he may have a sixty-year-old heart, a forty-year-old nervous system, and eyesight as good as it was at thirty.

In a study reported by the National Committee on Aging, in 1959 in New York, personnel directors from a large number of companies with a fixed retirement age said that two thirds to three quarters of all who retired from their firms were capable of continuing work.

To assure ourselves that people are not finished at sixty-five we need only look at some of the famous people who have kept going long after that. Eleanor Roosevelt is seventy-seven and Konrad Adenauer is eighty-five. Louis St. Laurent was still prime minister when he received his first old-age pension cheque. Winston Churchill was sixty-five when he assumed the leadership of Britain in World War II and seventy-six when he triumphantly returned as prime minister. Our own

prime minister, John Diefenbaker, is sixty-five.

But, some may argue, these are exceptional people, engaged in intellectual pursuits. True, yet workers do not automatically become useless at sixty-five either. This was proved during the last war when many retired workers went back into industry and compiled safety and reliability records superior to those of younger workers.

It is obviously true that physical and mental impairment may and does occur in older people. But neither are the young immune from such handicaps. In both cases, those afflicted have to adjust their lives accordingly, but they need not stop living. In my own case, since recovering from a heart attack in 1959 I've resumed my former active life—although I am careful to see that I get sufficient rest.

Medical men are convinced that the deterioration of older people is more often the result of psychological factors than of the physical process of aging. The large number of people over sixty-five who are confined to mental hospitals could be drastically reduced if older people were given a chance to lead purposeful lives.

### The Soviet Union offers a lead

We need to overhaul our retirement practices to give older people a chance to continue at their jobs, or at stepped-down jobs, or part-time jobs. For others we should create new jobs. Perhaps one way to do this is to develop home industries among the aged.

In any case, we ought to be able to provide jobs for all older people who want to work and are capable of working. In the Soviet Union the aged apparently are given useful work to do. The grandmothers, for instance, run the crèches—and they have a grand time. They're important.

The aged should be paid for their work because money is one of the most important forms of recognition in our society. Offering a retired person half what an unretired person would get for the same job is an affront to human dignity, but this is often done because the older person has no bargaining power.

Recognition is important to everyone, regardless of age. Children learn that it is better to gain recognition by being naughty, a nuisance, or even delinquent than to have no recognition at all. Old people learn this lesson, too. Often, they are forced to magnify their aches and pains, to be crotchety or over-sensitive to gain attention.

Work can also give old people a sense of achievement and something to talk about other than the past.

This is what Dr. Halbert Dunn, of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, had in mind when he said: "In general the older person is respected for what he *was* rather than for what he *is*. Yet the foundation on which personal dignity rests is respect for what one *is*. Personal dignity requires that one live in the present and for the future and not in the past. Dignity departs when one is tucked into the protected niche of inactivity until one dies."

I cherish my memories of the past but I refuse to live in the past. I can't abide those older people who constantly talk about the "good old days" because, for one thing, I don't think they were so good. When I board a jet to fly from Vancouver to Toronto in four hours I experience no yearning at all for the days of my childhood when we had *no* airplanes.

This June will mark the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation from the University of Toronto but I won't be attending the class reunion. I'm too busy with my present life and plans for the future to enjoy any twinges of nostalgia a class reunion might bring on.

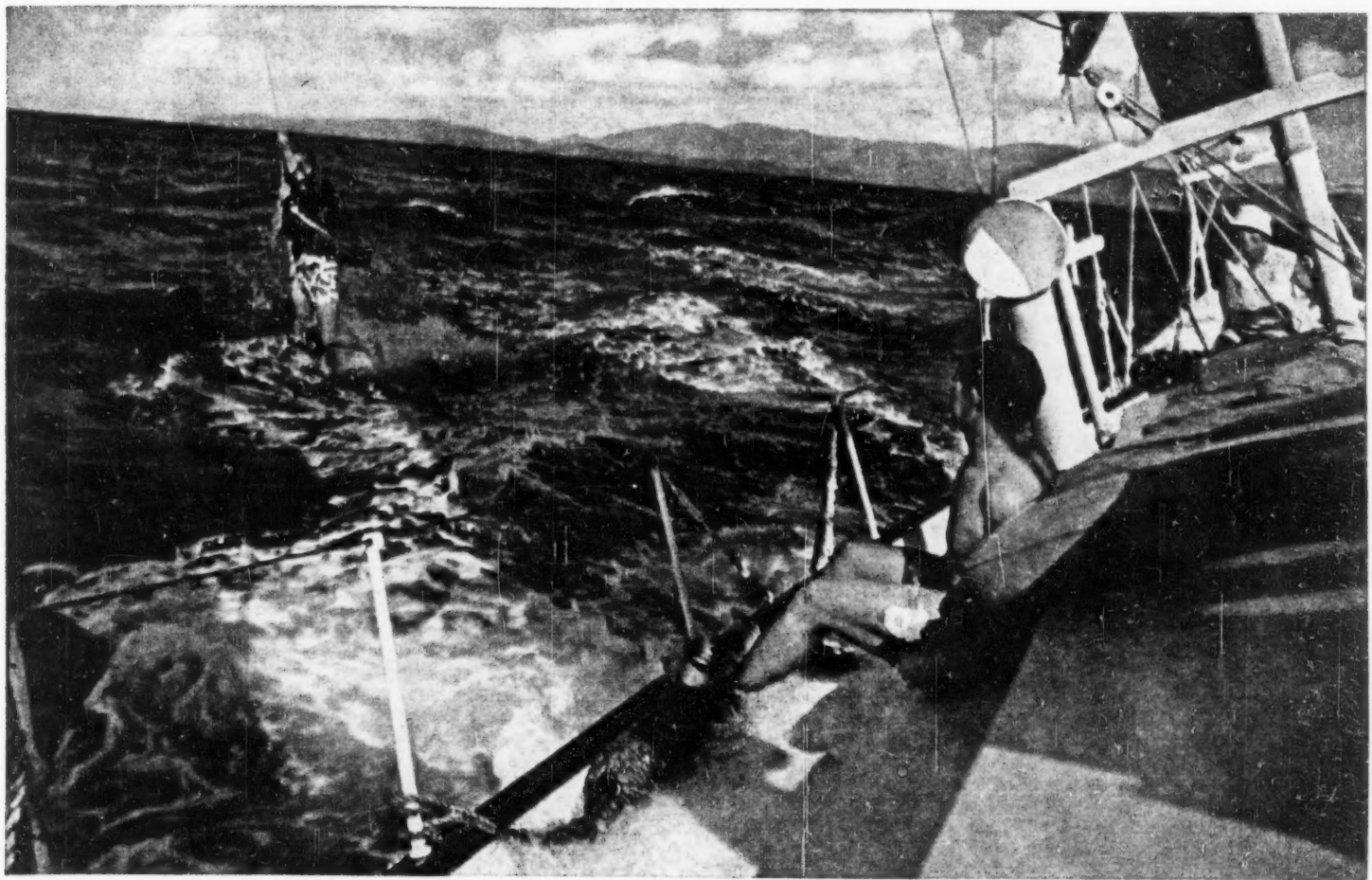
One of the greatest dreads of older people is loneliness, and almost everything conspires to isolate them and to make this dread a reality.

Most of our friendships or relationships are of any sort, except those of the family, are gained through our work. The day we stop work we are likely to lose touch with our fellow employees, our employers, clients, or customers. If an older person wishes to preserve his mental health he must find new friends through new work, community service, or recreation.

We contribute to the loneliness of the







Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

You get in the swim . . . but fast . . .  
playing this nautical "crack-the-whip"!

**1.** "Suspended from an 80-foot mast I got a rather damp—but enjoyable—introduction to the popular Virgin Islands sport of 'Riding the Bos'n'." writes a friend of Canadian Club. "The bos'n's chair sits just like an ordinary garden swing. But what a difference when you're over open water and travelling like the wind! When the 'Tropic Queen' pitched into a swell, the sudden slack in the rope tossed me out to sea. I held on for dear life—but I knew I'd be dunked!"



**2.** "I took a header smack into the rolling waves. As the 'Tropic Queen' started to right herself, the rope in my hands grew tighter. I felt I'd never reach the surface again and I began to wonder how long I'd be able to hold my breath."



**3.** "The boat suddenly heeled over, and I was catapulted the other way—speeding straight for the boat's side. I got set for the crash. Then I saw the skipper waiting at the rail to intercept me. That's when I finally realized that he was part of the game, too!"

**4.** "Back on deck, we made plans for another run the following day. Then we toasted the sport—and ourselves—with a drink of the universal favourite, Canadian Club."

*Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.*

IN 87 LANDS . . . "THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

*"Canadian Club"*

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF

HIRAM WALKER

AND SONS, LIMITED

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

old by ignoring them as friends and forcing them to seek friendship only among their contemporaries.

Old people need the stimulation of association with young adults, adolescents, and children. They shouldn't be simply tolerated or patronized by the young; they should be accepted as genuine friends on their own merits because they can contribute much to a friendship.

One man I will always remember as one of my first and finest teachers was an elderly farmer who, when I was a boy of nine, used to spend hours with me discussing theology and philosophy. Even then I was interested in these subjects and I was an eager listener. We had wonderful times together. We were true friends.

As a bachelor, I find loneliness one of my greatest problems. I have done much to overcome it by finding friends of all ages. I have steadfastly refused to be segregated from the young or to accept age as the common ground on which friendships are built. Five of my closest friends are in their twenties and our friendships are based on common interests. Another of my best friends is seventy, a retired lawyer who went to school with me.

My experience convinces me that one can have friends in any age group if one is genuinely interested in the other person and is a good listener.

A sense of independence—freedom to order one's own life and make one's own decisions—is a prized possession of all adults. Too often old people are robbed of it by well-meaning sons and daughters who boss their lives.

It is one of the prerogatives of an adult to be able to do foolish things—to stay up too late, to smoke or drink too much, to make foolish purchases or un-

wise decisions. Sons and daughters should not be over-protective and deny older people the luxury of making their own mistakes.

Only too often older people become the victims of the indifference, the convenience, or even the good intentions of their families. Some are forced to abandon their homes and live with their children even when this is not necessary and when they'd be better off living alone. Where the aged must live with their married sons or daughters, every effort should be made to help them retain their independence; at least they should have a room of their own and a real say in ordering their lives.

#### Almost everyone has some skill

Apart from work, there are two other outlets through which the older person may enrich his life: community service and creative recreation.

Through community service the older person can gain recognition, a sense of achievement and usefulness, as well as new friends—in fact, almost every form of remuneration but money. And almost everyone has some skill or ability—even if it is only the ability to lick stamps and address envelopes—that can be of service to church, health, welfare, or community organizations.

Some branches of the Canadian Mental Health Association have shown the way by using retired people as volunteer workers, doing mailing or mimeographing, or packaging Christmas gifts for patients in mental hospitals.

Much more could be done to enlist older people in such work. Churches, for example, should take a census of their older members to discover and list their abilities and then match these against the

needs of the church or other groups in the community. Also we should provide adult education courses to train older people for volunteer service.

To be really worth while, recreation should be creative. Watching television is not enough. Nor is it sufficient for the inmates of a home for the aged simply to be entertained by, say, a visiting choir. Older people must be encouraged to participate in planning and providing their own recreation. In most cities, adult education courses offer training in a wide range of hobbies from photography to lapidary work; older people should be persuaded to seize such opportunities to learn new skills or develop new interests.

As one who has spent a lifetime in the field of education, I suppose it is natural for me to believe that education is the key to solving the problems of the aged.

Indeed, a basic reason for the half-life so many older people live is that their early education has failed them. The knowledge and skills they learned fifty years ago are not by any stretch of the imagination adequate for them to function today either as productive citizens in the world of work or as intelligent citizens in solving community problems. For that matter, we are not even certain that the body of knowledge we are now teaching children will be useful to them as citizens of Canada in 1980 or 2000.

The most important phase of our education takes place in the elementary and the high school. It's my contention that our present education system turns out people whose education is finished on graduation because it does not inculcate in them a desire or an ability to continue to learn. Thus, so many older people are at a loss to develop new interests when their old interests—chiefly their work—are taken from them.

The first thing we must do, then, is to fashion an education system that will produce people who will have a desire and an ability to continue to learn.

Beyond this, there are specific types of education bearing more directly on the problems of the aged that could be of great value.

Young people need to be educated so that they will show concern not only with the economic needs of the aged, such as pensions and housing, but also with their emotional needs as I have attempted to outline them here. They must learn not only to respect their elders, but to understand them. This, in turn, should serve as a course of preparation for their own old age.

Also, if we are to have more flexible retirement policies, it is important, in these days of rapid change, to provide in-service training for older as well as young workers to help them keep their knowledge and skills up-to-date. Certainly older people must *deserve* to be kept in their jobs. Employers and education agencies must provide education that will help them retain their usefulness.

Finally, as I have tried to indicate, we must encourage older people to take advantage of those opportunities for learning new skills, new hobbies, and new interests that are already provided by provincial departments of education, by university extension services, by local school boards and the public libraries.

Medical science has succeeded in adding years to our lives. Now we must add life to our years. This we can do through a well-planned program about aging, for those who are aging, and for the aged as well as through an education in our public schools that gives its graduates an eager desire to continue learning and a backlog of rich interests to pursue. ★

## FIR PLYWOOD PUTS A VACATION





## The caïd and I sat down under some palms for a tea-drinking ceremony

Laghout from a distance, a group of green smudges that turned out to be date palms. You don't realize how desolate the country through which you've passed is until the green of a palm tree jars you.

Laghout is the sort of place people think of when they think of North Africa. Perhaps P. C. Wren had it in mind when he wrote some of his stories. I sipped a Pernod on the long veranda of l'Hôtel Saharien and watched legionnaires wearing their Saharan uniforms—great white baggy pants with a sort of cross design embroidered down the sides of the pant legs—stroll by. There were French gendarmes wearing the same pants but in black with the cross in white thread. Mysterious-looking Arab women completely covered with white sheets shuffled up and down the street. Arab camel troops, their burnouses criss-crossed with cartridge belts, strode here and there.

On the southern edge of Laghouat there is a road sign that says: "Capetown 10,000 kilometres." Just after the sign, there is a checkpoint and then the road goes straight as far as the eye can see across the flat, clay-colored desert. I left Laghouat at sunrise so as to be at Ghardaïa, the next major oasis, before the intense heat of broad day began. Ghardaïa is 203 kilometres south of Laghouat. At about the halfway mark the French have a rather odd control post. They write your name down in a book and make you wait until there are three cars to go in a convoy. You are not allowed to leave

this control for Ghardaïa singly. It's a security measure because of rebel attacks on lone cars, and vehicles coming in the opposite direction have to go through the same procedure. If there was another post farther along to insure that the cars stayed in convoy, it would be understandable. However, this is the only one. You go the first half of the journey alone. Then you wait until two more cars arrive, and then head off. The fast cars go as fast as they can because of the straight road and people with small cars, people like myself, finish the second half of the trip as alone as they were on the first half. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait. Two large American cars were already at the post when I arrived. As soon as we were out of sight of the soldiers, they left like a shot.

During five years of war in Algeria, Ghardaïa had had only one incident. A grenade was let off in the street two nights before my arrival. It's generally a quiet place, too much out of the way for the terrorists, who confine their activities to the newly discovered Algerian oilfields 175 miles to the east. There are really five towns, each in one of the nearby oases. The people are Mozabites, and Ghardaïa is the unofficial Mozabite capital. Like so many of the people living in the Sahara, the Mozabites were chased there by somebody else. At one time they were the rulers of Algeria. They were deposed by one of the numerous invasions and had to seek refuge in the desert. They

are considered something of the Protestants of the Moslem religion. They believe that the descendants of Mohammed have no claim to be honored, and elect their own leaders.

I spent the afternoon driving around a couple of oases. This was my first real experience with sand, and I immediately managed to get stuck. The narrow sandy paths among the date palms and peanut fields of an oasis are meant for donkeys and not for cars. I got myself into a very difficult position. On each side were two stone walls. At first the road was wide enough but as I continued along it became narrower. I didn't want to stop in the sand and finally found myself wedged in between the stone walls. Having sunk in, I couldn't back out. As it was early afternoon, everyone was inside his mud hut keeping out of the sun. After a while an Arab came down the path with a load of sticks on his donkey. He stopped and examined the situation. He went away and then came back with some more people and together we lifted the car up bodily and carried it out to where the road was wider. They wouldn't accept any money for their help and one man said that we should have tea. Instead of going anywhere, we sat down on the sand underneath some date palms and his young son brought along a silver teapot with one of those oriental-looking spouts. He also hollowed out a place in the sand and dumped down three glasses and some peanuts. My host turned out to be the

caïd, or chief, of this particular oasis. He spoke good French and was a splendid fellow. It was difficult to realize that the man wearing a flowing white burnouse, white turban and sandals had fought in France and knew the Riviera as well as his Saharan oasis. One thing I learned from him. When an Arab invites you to tea, you must never leave before drinking three glasses—that's bad manners. The tea is not like the drink Canadians know, but is made from mint leaves. To sweeten it the drinker takes a large cake of ungranulated sugar and breaks a piece off by hitting it with his glass. Since then I've drunk gallons of the stuff, and I have never seen it made without someone going through the ritual of breaking the sugar with the edge of his glass.

After leaving my friend, I went back into town. That night I slept in the yard of a construction company. Bright and early the next morning I left for my next stop, El Goléa, 320 kilometres to the south.

Only fifteen days before, the road to El Goléa had been finished. Until then the trans-Saharan track started at Ghardaïa. It's one of many French schemes for opening up the Sahara. Eventually, a paved road will go all the way to West Africa. It's a pretty ambitious idea. Instead of making an expensive two-lane highway, the French are building it one lane wide; better to have something than nothing at all.

Halfway to El Goléa is a resthouse or bordj, and a well. In the summer this is the only place on the 250-mile stretch where you can get a drink of water. When I passed, there were some Arabs pumping up muddy water to give to their herd of camels. In the bordj there was a filter that cleaned the drinking water to

## CABIN WITHIN YOUR REACH



CHOOSE THE VACATION CABIN that suits you from the variety of architect's plans at your lumber dealer's, and listen to his advice on financing. These big rectangular panels of Fir Plywood are like prefabricated sections of floor, walls and roof — delivered in just one truckload to the site.

AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKENDS you or your contractor can have the cabin entirely closed in because the panels fit so well together, and no extra bracing or special tools are required. The cross-laminated strength, permanently bonded by the waterproof glue, will endure for years of wintry weather — and scores of sunny vacations. That's why your investment in real estate pays off handsomely. Think it over, and send for the free booklet of Vacation Cabins immediately.



"A-Frame Beach Cabin"



"Twin Ranch"

WATERPROOF GLUE

# FIR PLYWOOD

PLYWOOD MARKED (PMBC EXTERIOR) HAS WATERPROOF GLUE  
Western Softwood Plywood. Also Available, is End-Marked "PMBC Waterproof Glue WSP."

Plywood Manufacturers Association of B.C., 550 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B.C.

PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF B.C.  
550 BURRARD STREET, VANCOUVER 1, B.C.

Please mail me your free booklet giving description of plans of the nine different Vacation Cabins made with Fir Plywood.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

M-1

C-61-1

(Advertisement)

### Kentucky Editor Finds Vancouver Friendly

Last summer Carroll Knicely, Editor of the Daily Times in Glasgow, Kentucky, spent a few days in Vancouver. He was charmed by the city, and in writing about his visit said: "People everywhere are cordial and friendly — they offer every possible assistance. It is most unusual to find such personal interest in such a large city."

Mr. Knicely arrived at the Vancouver airport about 3 o'clock in the morning, and of course found that none of the car rental concessions were

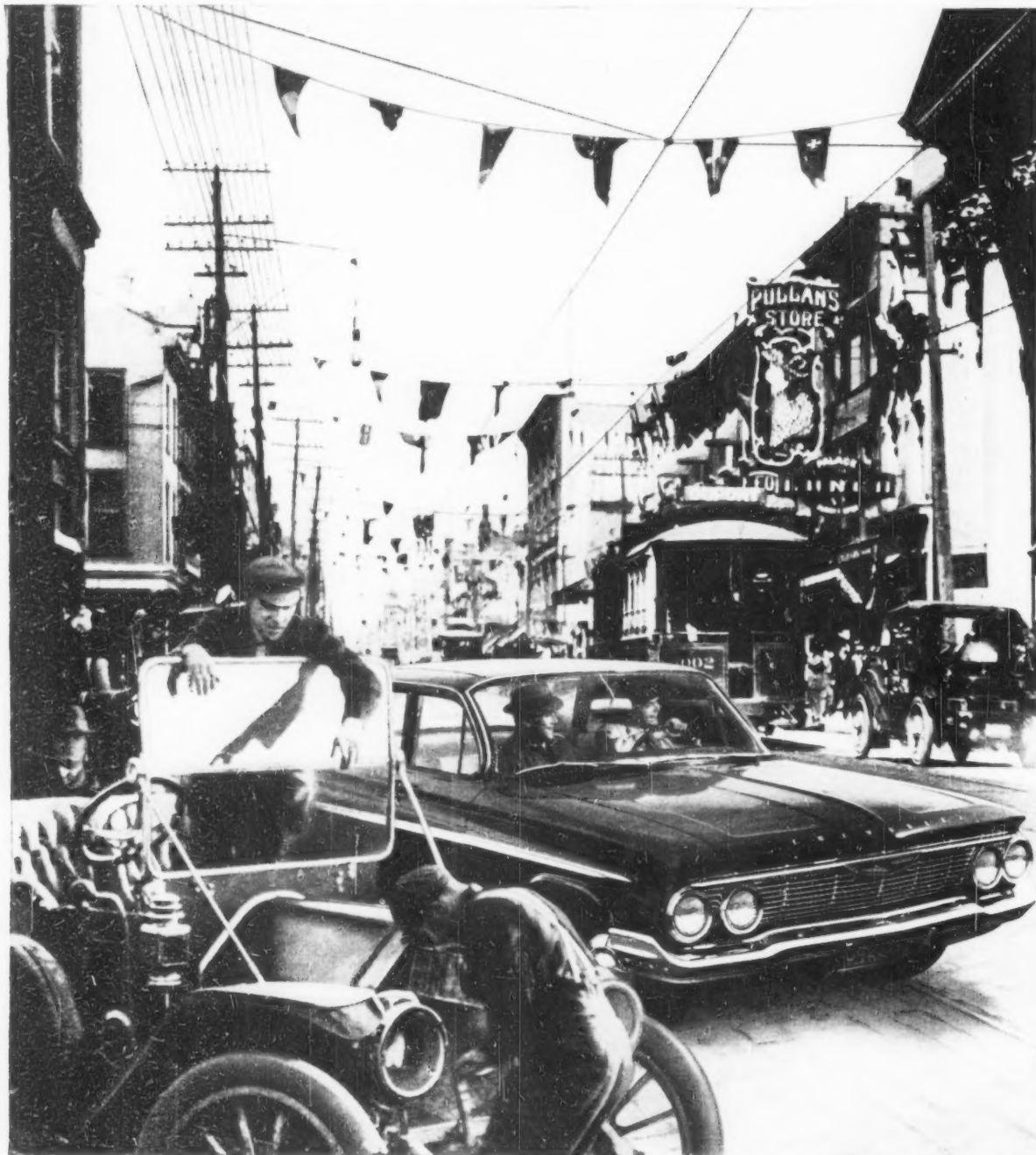
staffed at that time. However, he wrote that "Before we left the airport we got our first taste of Canadian hospitality."

"We asked a service station attendant if he could help us get a rental car. He offered to call a downtown agency and inquire. After the attendant had talked on the phone for a minute or so he turned it over to me. From the other end came a pleasant voice saying his name was Lou Perrin of Tilden Rent-a-Car, and asking my name, occupation, and where I was from. Upon

receiving a little more information, Perrin advised me that there was a car that had been left at the airport, just take it on and come by the Tilden office in the morning and check in, giving credit identification, sign a contract and make a deposit.

"As it turned out all the folks at Tilden were more than wonderful. Charlie Welch, Tilden's manager, and J. A. Reed, the Fleet Supervisor, were both extremely helpful during my stay in Vancouver."

## You're years ahead with Tilden



Background from the James collection of early Canadiana

### No stalling, no breakdowns

when you rent a TILDEN Chevrolet or Pontiac. Every car is thoroughly checked before you take the wheel so that you glide through the heaviest traffic, leaving the old-timers behind. TILDEN has more new cars, more convenient down-town and airport locations and more rental stations (187 outlets) than any other system in Canada. Hundreds of

world-wide affiliates (National Car Rentals in the United States) offer prompt, efficient service wherever you travel. There's no extra charge, of course, to reserve in advance through TILDEN.

**TILDEN** the CANADIAN name  
in world-wide car rentals

SYSTEM HEAD OFFICE: 1194 STANLEY STREET, MONTREAL

some extent. In the Sahara, drinking-water standards change drastically.

About a hundred miles from El Goléa sand was drifting across the newly laid macadam. Until then, there hadn't been much sand, just clay and pebbles. Here the road ran beside one of the great sand seas. Believe me, it looks just like a sea. In all directions the sand rises and falls in great waves. It's impossible to keep the dunes from blowing across the roads and I had to shovel my way through several times. The blowing sand covered my tire tracks as soon as I'd passed. The brilliant glare from the dunes is blinding and without sunglasses I could hardly bear to look at them.

I had just pushed my way through one of these sand piles on the road and was wondering where El Goléa was when I found myself approaching a valley. In it were the green palms of the oasis. The effect is remarkable. One minute you're all alone—it's like being in a lifeboat in the middle of the Atlantic. The next minute you can see Arabs with their camels and donkeys, tending small plots on the valley floor.

The main feature of any French post

### PARADE

#### Sportuguese, maybe?

Back in February an Ottawa TV sportscaster was thinking about attending the world championship hockey games in Switzerland. He telephoned



a local language school to see if he could take some German lessons. His plans received a rude setback when the person who answered the phone replied, "No speak English."

in the desert is the *annexe*, where the commandant and any government offices are to be found. I drove down the main street looking for the *annexe*. A European came out of the only bar I could see and stood looking at me. I stopped and asked him for directions. He told me where to go and then asked how far I'd come. He was astounded when I said Algiers. He had a car like mine and had been debating whether it would get him to Algiers or not. I was the first person he'd seen who had ever come so far south in a small Renault during the summer. I felt quite proud of myself, not knowing that I wouldn't get much farther.

El Goléa is considered one of the most beautiful oases in the Sahara. There are several square miles of cultivated plots with narrow canals running in and out. The irrigation system is simple: a canal, two or three feet wide, runs along beside the mud-walled plots, and there are small ditches running off it into the plots. The owner of the plot puts some mud into the mouth of the ditch running into his field. When he needs water, he just knocks out the mud and water runs into his ditch.

Jutting up on one side of the town is the ksar, an ancient town built around the top of a steep hill. Some of the dwellings in the ksar are just holes dug out of the hillside, and poisonous snakes and scorpions make their homes there.

Among other things, El Goléa has a swimming pool built by the military. It's open to the public and I went with some



French soldiers for a swim. I have underwater swimming equipment and I took it along. Nobody has ever been more astonished than the young Arab boys at the pool when they got a look at my fins. Living almost a thousand kilometres from any body of water but a swimming pool, they couldn't understand what these things were for. They lined up to try the stuff.

Until I reached El Golea, my idea had been to go down what is known as the Hoggar track to the Niger, passing through Tamanrasset, deep in the Hoggar mountains of the south Sahara. There is another route called the track of the Tanezrouft lying to the west. It runs almost parallel to the Hoggar, hitting the Niger near Timbuktu. Still farther west, there is a track going south from Morocco. For the last few years it had been impossible to get through on it. I was told, because of a rebel army in the south of Morocco. These rebels have nothing to do with the Algerian war but are in opposition to the King of Morocco, and they hold several oases through which the track passes. A French friend of mine tried it but was arrested by a rebel leader. He was badly beaten and put in jail, and he escaped only by removing the bars from the window of his cell.

At the *annexe* I was told that south of Tamanrasset the Hoggar track was a sea of mud. The rains had started. The only thing to do was to cross over to the track to the west. The only road that goes over starts at In Salah, 420 kilometres south of El Golea, and joins the other track at Adrar. I decided to try it. The *chef d'annexe* must have heard of my plan for I was called in and asked to show my contract of assistance, in case I got in trouble on the road. Of course I didn't have one so he told me I must go back.

"Your car will not go fifty miles on the track below here," he said. "Besides, it is inclined to heat up easily."

But I disobeyed the order and at four o'clock in the morning, a few days after my arrival and with the assistance of a certain French sergeant, I headed south from El Golea. The *chef* was asleep at the time. No more pavement, just two wheel impressions to follow.

Between El Golea and In Salah, there is an old French fort called Fort Miribel. It's 143 kilometres south of El Golea. That's as far as my car got. It was the tires. The first few miles of the track aren't bad but then you climb to an upland region called the Plateau of the Tademait. Except for the odd wadi here and there, it's dead flat and covered with stones. In fact, it's the country of the black rocks. The Tademait is one of the most forlorn, dead and desolate-looking places on earth. But for Miribel and the odd Arab with his camels, the place is uninhabited except by snakes and scorpions. In an area 200 by 250 miles, there's not a drop of water. Here the route is across sharp pebbles, and sometimes there are big rocks right across the track. You have to drive out into the desert and around them. Fortunately the first of my flat tires came when I was only twenty kilometres from Fort Miribel. I put on my spare. I thought I'd fix the spare at Miribel and buy some inner tubes at In Salah. My friend the sergeant at El Golea had given me a letter to the sergeant at Fort Miribel and I found some rather lonesome soldiers there who were only too glad to give me a hand. They gave the car a mechanical going-over and I spent the day there waiting for night to continue to my next stop.

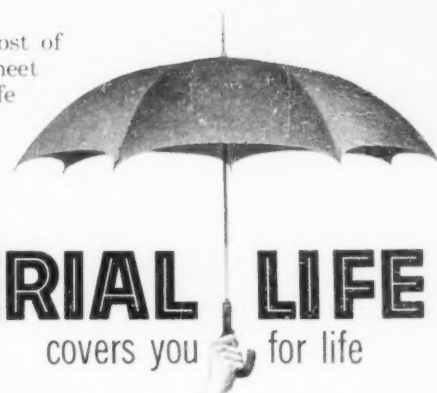
All day the heat was fierce. The fort was built in the 1870s, and the sleeping quarters were like caves built into the stone walls. On top of them the soldiers



## IMPERIAL COVERAGE PROTECTS

Raising a child is costly...

Just how costly, no one knows. But everyone agrees that the cost of raising a child is high. Is your insurance coverage sufficient to meet this need if you're not here? Talk it over with your Imperial Life man—he represents a billion dollar company. Let him work with you to plan a guaranteed savings and permanent protection program for you and your growing family.



Represented across Canada by career men

4472-M

used to keep watch, walking a sort of catwalk just behind the walls, guarding one of France's most desolate outposts. About noon a truck showed up. An Arab and a European came into the fort for a drink of water. The European turned out to be a French major on his way to Tammanrasset for his holidays. He had hitched a ride with the truck. The truck was taking him as far as In Salah, where he hoped to find another going down to Tam. We started talking and I invited him to come along with me. He agreed and we decided to leave together in the evening.

At eight o'clock, with no water but some thirty-odd cans of the major's beer strung along the outside of the car in a wet towel, we said goodbye to the soldiers and left. We got about thirty miles from Miribel when the tires gave out. The major and I drank most of the beer on an all-night march back to the fort.

The next morning I set out for the car with some soldiers in a jeep. We took all the stuff out and pushed the car out of the way of traffic. Leaving everything at Fort Miribel, I got a lift on a passing truck back to El Golea. I have never been more dejected. At El Golea, I found that there were only half a dozen inner tubes for my car in the whole town. They carried no stock of tires because there was only one other 4-hp Renault in El Golea. Mine was the farthest south in Algeria and it was in an unenviable position.

Luckily there was an army convoy going to Miribel the next night. They took me along and I put new tubes in the tires. Even then I still figured on going all the way by car. But when one tire went flat while I was fixing another, it was too much. I offered to sell the car to one of the soldiers for ten dollars. He refused. Back I drove to El Golea, having several more flats on the way. That was the end. The heck with the car; I decided to hitch-hike.

The day I got back to El Golea for the third and last time, a mechanic came over and offered to buy my car. He knew someone who was leaving for In Salah the next day and told me he would fix it up if I sold him the car. I was so happy to get out of the place, I would have given him the car, but he didn't know that and I got nearly \$200 for it. At four o'clock in the morning, I left El Golea for the last time.

It was an Arab in a Dodge Power Wagon who took me to In Salah. We arrived there at noon. I always think of In Salah as "the furnace." To add to the incredible heat, everything there is red. The town is made out of red mud. Arriving anywhere in the Sahara at noon won't give you a good impression of the place, but In Salah is really the end of the world. It's on the edge of the dune area, and it's gradually being inundated. Already half the town is covered. I was told that in fifty years you won't even be able to find where In Salah was. It won't be a great loss. I had to spend the night sleeping on the ground and killed a viper a few feet from where I made my bed. When I awoke the next day, a sandstorm was starting. In one of the Arab stores I bought seven yards of white cheesecloth, wrapped it around my head, and sat out the storm. They tell me it was only a mild one, but I couldn't walk a hundred yards up the street—the blowing sand cut right through my shirt.

By a stroke of luck, there was a truck going west to Adrar. The driver said he could take me along and we left in the evening. I met two French boys who were also going to cross the desert and get to Daxar in French West Africa. Because I had asked first, I rode in the cab

of the truck and they rode on the back. Just outside In Salah we passed the petrified forest. It's hard to believe that at one time there were forests around there, but that's where In Salah gets all its firewood.

It's 350 kilometres across to Adrar. We did the first half by midnight, slept stretched out in the cool sand and made the last half in the early morning. After that terrible night at In Salah, the cool sand felt good.

South of Adrar is the Tanezrouft. In the language of the Tuaregs, it is called the great nothing. For hundreds of miles,

there isn't a shrub, a blade of grass or a drop of water. It's one of the most desolate regions on earth, and most of it is unexplored. Apart from the occasional nomads driving their camels across it, nobody lives in the Tanezrouft. West of the track there are no army posts. There is nothing.

The first thing I had to do in Adrar was report with the two Frenchmen to the gendarmes, who said that our papers were not in order. The French atomic-bomb centre of Reggane is only 139 kilometres south, and everyone needed spe-

cial authorization to be in Adrar. Not only that, but although there was an Arab convoy going to French West Africa every fifteen days, the next one wasn't for ten days. They would turn our cases over to the colonel in charge of security. Also, because of security, we would have to stay in a hotel and there was a curfew.

We managed to find a truckers' hotel that was pretty cheap and the three of us stayed in one room. The next day, when we reported to the gendarmes, we were told that we might stay and wait for the convoy, but we had to report every day



6745 Orbit Last



6767 Lucerne Last

enter: Gold



6137 Belvedere Last



to the police. The gendarmes told me that if I had been in a car I would have been sent back. As it was, they couldn't do much else but let me wait.

Days passed. The two Frenchmen left for home. They had heard stories about West Africa: the people, having attained semi-independence, were supposed to be taking it out on Frenchmen. Then there was the heat; the French boys couldn't stand it. During the afternoons, the temperature was 122 inside our darkened room. The thought of what it would be farther south was not encouraging. I

hadn't known them long, but at least they were companions in difficulty, and to be left alone in Adrar with nothing ahead but trouble was hard on the morale.

One evening before they left, the Frenchmen had a visitor. It was the driver of the truck that had brought us from In Salah. He demanded two thousand francs from each of them. It seemed that he'd needed time to work up the courage to ask. They told me that after a big argument they had paid. He was supposed to be looking for me. I told them that it didn't matter; he hadn't mentioned it

when I asked for the lift, so I wouldn't pay. He never did come after me, but it turned out that his brother was the chief of the convoy going south, and he made it pretty tough for me to find a truck to take me. Finally the authorities ordered one owner to do so, for they had to get rid of me somehow, but I had to pay ten dollars for the five-day trip, which included my grub and water.

In Adrar I saw some of the finest-looking men I've ever seen, Mauritians from the southwest. They had driven a herd of camels in to sell. Tall, strong,

handsome men, they wore blue turbans and, at first, I thought they were the legendary Tuaregs. They strode around the market buying supplies. Compared to these fellows, the ordinary Arabs look pretty weaselly. The Mauritians think nothing of making a thousand-mile journey across any part of the Sahara on camels. I found that they buy camels in West Africa, cross the Tanezrouft, and sell the camels in Adrar, where they get almost double the price.

After a couple of false starts, because our military escort didn't turn up, early one morning about fifteen trucks lined up and headed out of Adrar. People waved to us as we turned out the southern gate of the town. We were on our way. Our load was made heavier by large drums of gasoline, for there was no more to be had until we reached Gao, 900 miles away. We had to be escorted to a point fifty kilometres south of Reggane. This was supposed to deter any spies among our company.

We passed a string of oases and, except for one broken spring that was quickly fixed, arrived in Reggane with no trouble. This was the place I'd read about in the papers for months: "Reggane, centre of French atomic research." At least I thought there would be some modern buildings, but no; around the village

## PARADE

Do as I say

Remember the sneaky door-to-door peddler who used to go around selling housewives signs saying "No Peddlers"? Now he's selling car stickers to Victoria motorists that say "Help stamp out car stickers."

there is nothing. You could quite easily be on the moon. Everything of importance is concealed in the surrounding desert. Just a few red mud huts make up the place. An Arab told me that every few years it rains a few drops; he always has to put on a new roof. Once whole pieces fell out of it, for with the slightest bit of rain everything disintegrates.

There was a really miserable gendarme on duty when I reported to the gendarmerie. At first he told me that my papers were not in order and I'd have to go back. Then, as it was obvious there was no way of getting back, he told me I'd have to sit in the cab of the truck until the convoy left. I was not allowed even to go into one of the mud huts to get out of the sun. While one or two gendarmes stood guard over me from a doorway about fifty yards away, I sat in the cab and watched the thermometer climb to 130. The truck motors wouldn't stand the heat of daytime driving and we had to wait until the late afternoon.

To keep our water supply cool, we had what are called gherbas strapped to the outside of the trucks. They're goatskins, and they keep the water surprisingly cool. The insides are made watertight by an application of rancid butter, and the water from new gherbas tastes pretty awful. We filled the bags at Reggane, where the water has magnesium in it. It has the same effect as milk of magnesia.

Late in the afternoon we left our escort behind us. The next human beings lived in the French Sudan, 500 miles away. We rarely followed the track, but just dodged the boulders and drove where the ground looked hardest. At times we plowed through sand. Once in a while we'd go along with the trucks spread out like a fan. It was eerie to see: to the right and

6333 Lucerne Last

6705 Belvedere Last

6799 Thor Last



Black Gold, Desert Gold, Burnished Green—to join McHale's glowing black and brown treatment called B & B. Shoe colours have come into their own . . . adding fresh character to the clothes you wear.

Though setting the pace in shoe styling and use of leathers, McHale shoes are still benchmarked the old way . . . carefully, and with knowing patience. Over 172 separate operations go into each shoe, and, to ensure enduring comfort, many are left to "age" on the last for up to two full weeks.

Latest spring styles are now on display. McHale shoes are priced from just \$19.95; superb John McHale custom shoes from \$29.95.

leathers styled the new way...benchmark the old way

McHALE DIVISION, SAVAGE SHOES LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

## At one in the afternoon, the thermometer at Poste Weygand registered 149

to the left were the headlights of fifteen trucks at intervals of a quarter mile, but the end of the line was out of sight. We broke the journey a few times for cups of mint tea and arrived at our stopping place late in the morning.

For aid to travelers, the French government has two small posts in the 500 miles between settlements across the Tanezrouft. They are both abandoned

after May 25 because of the terrific heat. The first one, called the Poste Weygand, is just a tumbledown shack with a cistern of water. At one in the afternoon the thermometer read 149. Inside the shack we all just lay on the ground and suffered. I had always thought that Arabs could weather this kind of heat easily but most of them looked as if they were about to die. The only difference between

me and them was the amount of water I drank: between noon and four in the afternoon I drank twenty litres — four gallons — and was always thirsty. For five terrible days my body didn't pass a drop of water. The Arabs just drank glasses of mint tea.

At the cistern beside the shack we filled up the gherbas. All around it lay hooves and heads of sheep and goats. Some con-

voys bring along a couple of animals and butcher them to eat. We had dried camel and goat meat instead. A sheep's stomach lay just in front of the door of the shack. Nobody even bothered to move it, and it just lay there and stank. Filling the water bags emptied the filthy cistern and at the bottom we found a layer of sheep manure and part of a sheep's carcass. Well, if you're thirsty enough, you'll drink anything.

The idea of course was to sleep during the day and drive all night but nobody could sleep during the day because of the heat. So when we left about six in the evening, we drove only until midnight and then stopped for a few hours' nap. The Sahara may get cold at night in winter but during the summer the temperature in the southern part drops to only about 100. The difference makes it seem cool.

Before stopping for our nap, we had supper at the signpost saying Tropic of Cancer. We ran into more sand and the trucks got stuck. The Arab drivers were wonderful, though, and mine was one of the best. He could pick out the hard places with uncanny regularity, and he rarely got stuck. To the untrained eye, especially at night, all sand looks the same. These lads all of a sudden make great circles out into the desert and go around a soft patch. You wonder how they know it's there. As my driver explained to me: "Once you slow down, you've had it. The trick is to go as fast as you can and never stop." At times we were flying along at sixty miles an hour.

Instead of stopping at Bidon V, the second of the two abandoned posts on the Tanezrouft, we went fifty kilometres farther on. That was where I saw my first African, by which I mean Negro African. A watchman from the French Sudan, he was guarding a petrol dump. The chief of our convoy knew him and while we sweltered underneath the trucks the chief slept the day in the watchman's tent.

That was the day I gave up hope that I'd ever see Canada again. It was no hotter than it had been at Poste Weygand, but I suppose there is a limit to patience and endurance. The heat of the Tanezrouft cannot be described and thoughts start running through your head like "What am I doing here anyway? How did I, Pete Stollery of Toronto, ever come to be dying of exhaustion in a place like this?"

But that evening, as we continued on our way, the air became fresher. We were really getting into the tropics and it had even rained. We almost got stuck in the mud. Not only that, but I was finally out of Algeria. We passed a big sign saying Soudan Français, Afrique Occidentale Française.

Early in the morning we pulled up at the first settlement south of Adrar. It was the Tuareg village of Tessalit. On the map it's only a dot, but it was more than a dot to me. Just before it, we'd encountered the first small bushes I'd seen for weeks. There had been palm trees around the oases, but that's not the same thing. To see something growing on its own is quite an event after the Tanezrouft.

After a passport and customs check by the one gendarme who is unfortunate enough to be stationed there, I went looking around Tessalit. It's different from the other towns and villages I've seen in the desert. Jutting out of the Tanezrouft like a castle are the small, rugged, rocky hills that form the western edge of the Hoggar. There are a few Arabs and a few blacks, but most of the inhabitants are the "blue men," the Tuaregs.

The French call the Tuaregs the Knights of the Sahara. Strong, tall, hand-



**Park your worries here . . .** under The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection. Then wherever you park, you know a friend is nearby. There are more than 14,000 Travelers representatives all across Canada and U.S.A. to help you out quickly and on the spot. Under The Travelers um-

brella you can enjoy a complete program of protection covering your home, medical expenses and your family's future. See your Travelers man (he's listed in the Yellow Pages) for all kinds of insurance — *one plan, one man, one monthly cheque to pay . . .* under The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection.

Serving Canadians For 96 Years **THE TRAVELERS Insurance Companies**



some men, they are found only in the extreme reaches of the south Sahara. They are Moslems and are white but they're not Arabs. No one is sure who they are.

The Tuaregs founded Timbuktu. They differ from other Moslems in that the men wear the veil and the women don't. They reverse the positions of other Moslems: the woman is considered the head of the household and is not for all intents and purposes a slave. The Tuareg cross, a symbol they use, is one of the reasons many people think the Tuaregs were once Christians. The horn of their camel saddles is in the shape of this cross.

Walking around the market in Tessalit, I saw some of the most beautiful camel saddles I've even seen. Some of the crosses in front were made of what I'm sure was pure silver. One man was loading a white camel. He was wearing two cartridge belts and packing a long, ancient-looking Mauser rifle. I didn't see a Tuareg with bad teeth. I'm sure they never brush them or take care of them, yet the teeth of all the people I saw were gleaming white. I'd like to learn why.

As we moved on from Tessalit, there were more bushes and even the odd thorn

## PARADE

### Home delivery

A West Vancouver man who'd decided to get an early start on an upcountry motor trip reports that he received a very surprised look from the toll-taker on the Lions Gate bridge as he crossed to the city about 3 a.m. "Do you know you haven't got your wife along?" demanded the official. "Of course I know — she's sound asleep at home." The bridge man finally shrugged and said, "Oh, well. The only people I ever see at this hour are husbands rushing their wives to hospital, and sometimes they're so excited they forget them."

tree. Nearly all the people we saw were Tuaregs; there were practically no Africans. At one place the driver stopped to have tea. I noticed a Tuareg and his woman sitting underneath a bush and went over. He invited me to take some mint tea. Just as I was drinking the first glass, my driver honked the horn to warn me that he was leaving. Quickly the Tuareg took his wife's glass and his own and filled them both with tea. After all, I couldn't leave without drinking the three glasses. I gulped them down, one right after the other.

It was much cooler and my driver said he was going to make the Niger and Gao by nightfall. The other drivers decided not to continue until the next day. We rolled along, seeing more and more natives on the side of the road. Naked black children waved as we went by. All at once, there was the Niger. I was a long way from the Mediterranean. Instead of the oceangoing ships of Algiers, there were tiny dugout canoes; not a vast sea, but just a muddy river that had dried almost to a trickle. A couple of hundred miles to the west lay Timbuktu.

Sure enough, my truck was first to arrive at Gao. As we drove down the street, people came out cheering and waving. We carried dates and tobacco for them for the next fifteen days. The driver took the truck to the customs house and we clambered down. The Sahara was behind me and West Africa lay ahead. I went and had a cool glass of beer. ★



You probably spell it "hospitality"... but either way *les Québécois* spend most of their time practicing it in a thousand and one welcoming ways. La Province de Québec, the showcase of Canadian history, has everything for everyone's vacation enjoyment. Come, share *la joie de vivre* on a million lakes and rivers or in Canada's largest city. Stroll down to the sea. Roam the mountains. Applaud the arts. Savour the superb cuisine. With so much to see, so much to do, so much to enjoy... every day is *mémorable* in Québec.

take your pick of pleasure in  
**QUÉBEC**

THE PROVINCE WHERE FRIENDLINESS IS A WAY OF LIFE

Québec City, the Provincial capital



Shore road around Gaspé peninsula



Plan now to enjoy Québec. Mail this coupon for FREE colour brochure on Canada's hospitable French province.

Provincial Tourist Bureau  
710 Grande-Allée Est, Dept. 61H-1M  
Québec City, Canada

Please send me FREE illustrated information to help plan a Québec vacation that is *différente*!

My main interest is

NAME

STREET

CITY

PROV.



## My first Negro

Continued from page 30

there had been no Negroes at the Galt Collegiate (or in all Galt, as I remember) I wasn't really certain.

In a short time I had made a close friend—at first because he was the only other fifth-former in my dorm, but later because we realized we could talk together. He was an American, from Detroit. We called him Red Wing. Soon I knew him well enough to ask him outright if Shaw was a Negro.

"Hell yes," he said. I said how come he got into St. Edward's. Red Wing said there wasn't any rule against it. I said sure but it seemed a funny place to find a Negro. (I realize now that must seem like a pretty callous thing for a teenager to say—I'd never say it now, if that makes you feel any better—but please remember that I'd never actually seen a Negro outside of the movies and I'd always thought they were poor and drawled, which Abelard Shaw wasn't and didn't.) Red Wing said he'd wondered himself at first, since there'd been no Negroes at his school in Detroit, but that he'd heard how it happened. He told me what the theory was among the boys: Many parents applied to St. Edward's by mail. The application contained space for the candidate's religion, father's occupation and that sort of thing, but it simply wouldn't occur to the Board of Governors to ask about a boy's race. So when E. Abelard Shaw, who was the son of an Episcopal dentist in Brooklyn, N.Y., showed up at the school, it was just too late to do anything about it. That seemed to make sense. It still does, although I've since thought that St. Edward's was the kind of school that might have accepted a Negro from Brooklyn just *because* he was a Negro, as long as he was the only one. There was a few there, a year behind me.

Anyway, knowing that Shaw was a Negro brought me up short. I was just beginning to look on him as one of the least likeable of my classmates.

"Likeable" and its opposites meant something different—or meant the same thing in a different way—at St. Edward's from what they did at, say, the Galt Collegiate. Almost all St. Edward's boys liked almost all other St. Edward's boys better than they liked almost everyone else. Part of that was simply *esprit de corps*—or *d'école*, if you like. Another part was the same thing that makes men in prison form a tightly knit society of their own. Not that St. Edward's was a prison. But cut off from girls and mothers who spoiled us, and other comforts of home, we banded joyfully together against the world.

The leaders of this band emerged in two ways. One was athletically; athletics were compulsory at St. Edward's, which meant everyone was measured by a common yardstick and the boys who measured up best became leaders. The other way was through a unique kind of rebellion, which I can best describe by saying you had to excel at the kind of mischief we all practised to a limited degree—smoking, sneaking out after lights, evading classroom assignments

## Why the Scallop Shells in Dali's famous painting?

Salvador Dali's *Santiago El Grande*, Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, N.B. ▶

● Look closely at this monumental painting of St. James. You will see that the Saint's steed wears a scallop shell, and the vaults of Heaven are studded with such shells.

When the artist, Salvador Dali, chose the scallop shell as part of the symbolic theme for his painting, he let history and tradition guide his brush. For St. James is often portrayed wearing the scallop shell. And this same emblem, the scallop, became the badge of pilgrims journeying to the Apostle's shrine in Compostela.

The journey . . . the pilgrimage . . . the quest—all have been symbolized by the shell since earliest times.

Today this ancient symbol supplies both the name and the trademark of one of Canada's most enterprising companies—Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited. For Shell the quest has meant, among other things, contributing to better health with new petro-chemicals for use in production of medicines. It has meant creating magic new chemicals which help farmers grow richer crops. It has meant the production of finer gasolines and motor oils.

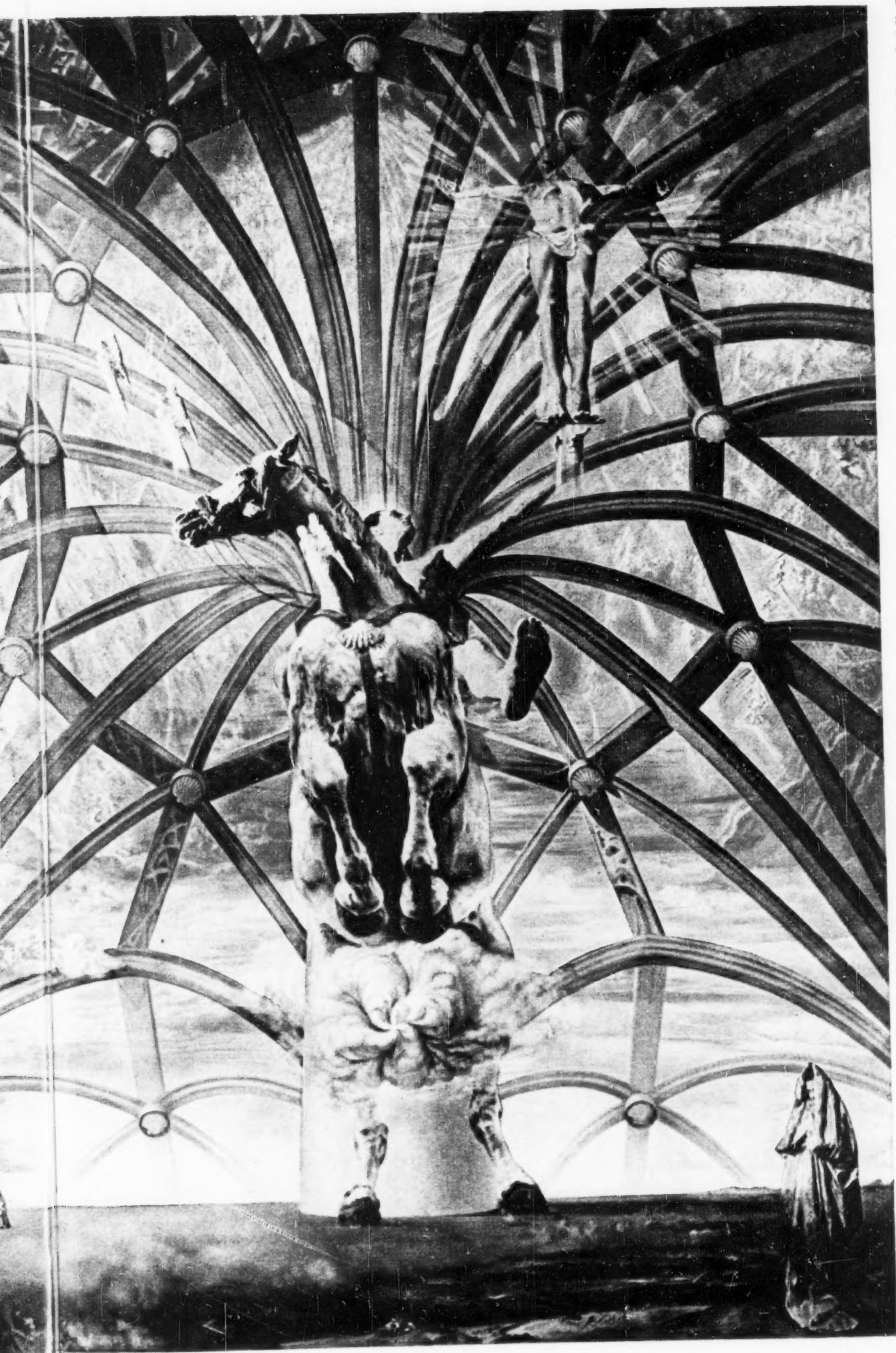
When you see the sign of the shell, we trust it will remind you of our never-ending search for new and better products from petroleum, and ever higher standards of quality. *Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited. 1961—Our 50th Anniversary in Canada.*



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU







and being respectfully fresh to the masters. In this context, it was a mark of great honor to have been caned and the stripes on our behinds marked our achievements the way stripes on the sleeve do in a different kind of regimentation. Good scholars — provided they didn't study too hard and were willing to help a football player with his nightwork—achieved distinction of another kind. But leadership—and popularity—belonged to the athletes and the hellraisers.

The converse was true too. Non-athletes without the courage to break the school rules, or the intelligence to explain why they didn't, were at the bottom of the scale and, though better than anyone not at St. Edward's, untouchable within the school itself.

F. Abelard Shaw fitted that category. In spite of his considerable bulk (he weighed about 180, I'd guess) he was a very movable middle on the C-squad football line and an almost certain double-duck at cricket. Yet he didn't smoke or join the afternoon excursions to a store where there was pinball. His passion was photography—which on our scale of values as a pastime was about one above crocheting. He didn't take

#### TWO OF A KIND

*That money belongs  
to the feminine gender  
Is something on which  
I would bet.  
For money and women  
are legal and tender,  
And both like to play  
hard to get.*

FRANCIS O'WALSH

enough showers, either. And when he needed some help on an exam he took it not through some prearranged conspiracy (which could be annoying enough, if you'd been boning up, but which you couldn't refuse to take part in) but simply by looking over your shoulder. Cheating in class was one thing, but you had to do it our way. And when you broached this subject with Shaw all you got was that damn leer.

I remember that later our class got into two wholesale scrapes. One was an ink fight in a study period supervised by an aging and nearsighted master. It started as a two-man duel. It ended in mass warfare, so violent that at the cessation of hostilities you could see the profile of anyone who'd been sitting next to a wall, in institutional green silhouetted by mottled blue. Shaw refused to fight. He even kept his inkwell covered so that no one else could fill up at his desk. And, worst, he told the master who broke it up that he hadn't fought and was excused from the punishment (a half-holiday we spent with scrub brushes). The other scrape occurred the next year. Everyone in the class took his monthly movie leave the same Friday evening. We chartered a bus and went to a nearby town where we could drink. We came back late, broke and singing or broke and sick, but full of beer and satisfaction and comradeship. Even the brains went on that one; we thought we'd be safe in unanimity. But Shaw didn't. He wouldn't. And when, two days later, the entire class (except Shaw) was summoned to the headmaster and caned one by one (a remarkable effort by the

## If he hadn't been a Negro he certainly would have suffered in our primitive boarding school society

head, who gave 341 strokes, miscounting on a boy named Lizard and giving him eleven), there was a groundswell of rumor accusing Shaw of the unmentionable sin of squealing.

How much of Shaw's failure to fit in was due to his being a Negro, I'm not certain. I—and I imagine I was fairly typical on this score—had been brought up in a home where prejudice

was what other people had. Not that my family in Galt ever had to put its liberalism to the test, but whenever the subject came up I was reminded that people of other races were just as good as I was. My first reaction to Shaw's presence at St. Edward's was simply curiosity. And when that wore off I was no more convinced that Shaw wasn't fit to be my friend than I would have been

if he wore crutches. So I think that any chip there was between him and us started on *his* shoulder. Perhaps he had suffered indignity in Brooklyn and when he came to Canada he decided to take every advantage of his equality.

But what he enjoyed at St. Edward's was a good deal more than equality. If he *hadn't* been a Negro he certainly would have suffered, if not some form

of physical retaliation for his failure to join the ink fight or the drinking party (particularly when there was some suspicion he'd told on us) then at least a kind of vicious social ostracism for, for instance, his failure to bathe. It's surprising that neither punishment was exacted anyway. For St. Edward's was a very primitive society and a boy who went there suffering from anything from big feet to acne was almost certain to be reminded of his peculiarity daily and cruelly. Racial *origin* or nationality was fair game, and we mimicked the Spanish accents of the South Americans mercilessly and called boys with European names Wop or Polack automatically—until we could think of a more personal name.

But all Shaw was ever ribbed about was his Christian name with its dangling initial. We didn't even do him the honor of rechristening him and he was invariably referred to as E. Abelard. We had a collection of private jokes too, but Shaw either didn't get them or wasn't interested. There was one master we called Willy Woo—I'm not sure why—and it became great sport to screech WOOOO when his back was turned. But Shaw wouldn't join the general snickering and would just sit there when Willy turned around and smile that enigmatic smile.

I suppose Shaw's failure to share in the class jokes is the perfect symbol of how he stood apart from the rest of us. Whenever I run into a St. Edward's classmate today we fall into yarning. There is always *something* to share; if he wasn't there when we moved the history master's little English car up to the second floor of the classroom building, or when Old Cush walked on his hands to the end of a creaking bough hanging over a river in spring flood (what ever happened to Cush anyway?), we can laugh about the mass caning after our drinking excursion. But if I ran into Shaw now, I really don't know what I'd talk about.

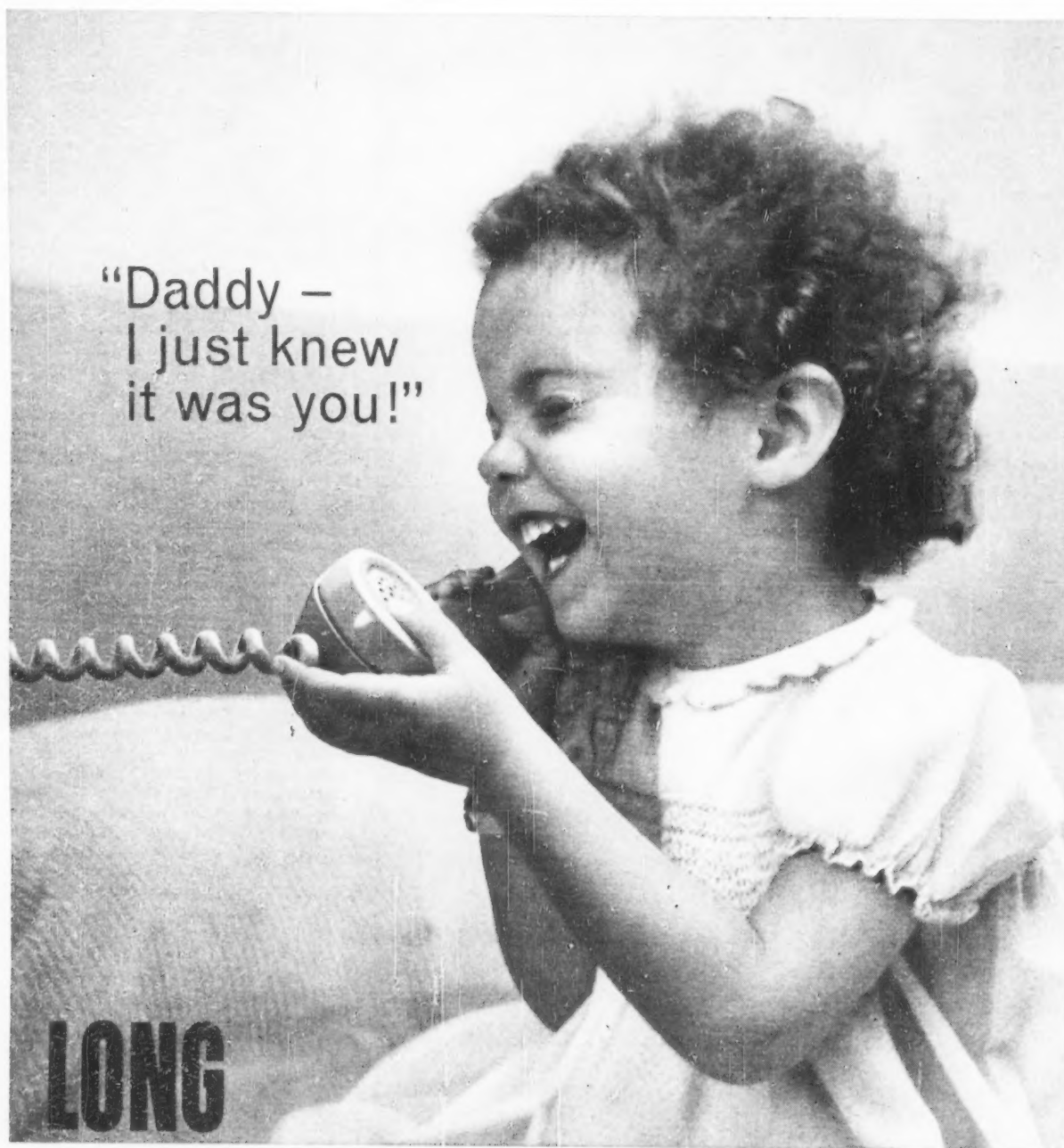
I know I wouldn't talk about the only time I ever saw him have the whole school's attention. I'm not even sure I like to think about it.

It was the night of the boxing finals. Boxing is, or was, not compulsory at St. Edward's, but instruction was available for boys who wanted it. Classes were divided by weight. After a series of elimination bouts held in a small room in the gym, the best two boys of each weight fought before the school and interested visitors on a Saturday evening late in spring.

In our final year, E. Abelard Shaw was one of the heavyweight finalists—or one of the heavyweights, since only he and one other boy big enough to qualify had signed up. I remember seeing Shaw in the boxing room of the gym one day, slugging away at a heavy bag, grunting and puffing and looking for all the world like Joe Louis, except his great soft stomach was wobbling with every punch. It was the first time I'd ever seen him not grinning.

The finals night was an exceptionally good one. There are few crowds as enthusiastic—or as much of one mind—as the boys of a private school, and that night we were really howling. Two or three of the early fights had been good and fast and clean. There'd even been a knockout—a rare treat—so by the time the heavyweights came into the ring we were in a frenzy.

Shaw's opponent was a boy called the



**LONG**

**DISTANCE**

keeps you close to those you love



Enjoy precious moments, when hundreds of miles melt into nothing and you can almost hug her she feels so close. Use Long Distance often when you're away from home. It's fast, easy, inexpensive... only \$1.75 for an 800-mile call, for instance, for 3 minutes, night rate. Call by number—it's twice as fast.

A  
MEMBER  
OF

TRANS-CANADA



TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice anywhere, any time.



Hog. He was a clergyman's son, a first-team halfback, a prefect, and very popular. He was a calm, quiet boy, with a shy smile, but he had a tender nose; I remember one football game when he was punched in the nose during a pile-up and for the rest of the quarter he was tearing into the opposition like a Fuzzy-Wuzzy charging the thin red line.

The fight, set for three rounds, started slowly, with each boy testing the other's reach and poise. The crowd was silent. Late in round one there was a brief flurry. Between rounds the carnival owner's son gave me six to five (quarters, not dollars) on E. Abelard.

Early in round two there was a clinch and the two boys bumped heads. The Hog must have got his nose bumped. Suddenly he was an angry red from the neck up. He waded in like a man possessed, giving as good as he got, and the crowd was roaring. We roared right through the rest between rounds, while

## PARADE

### On-the-road training

When a Windsor woman was stopped and handed a three-dollar ticket for making a left turn at an intersection where signs clearly warned against it, the cop gave her a little lecture about keeping her eyes open and practising the safety rules. Chagrined, she reflected that she'd been listening all



unheeding to a traffic-safety contest on local radio station CKLW for weeks. She decided she should pay more attention to the next broadcast, and she did: making careful note of both the safety rules and the contest rules, she mailed in three safety slogans, scored with all three, and received three crisp dollar bills in prize money. Now she's paid her traffic tag and become the most safety-conscious driver in town.

the Hog sat in his corner and glared. E. Abelard—I can see this as if he were across the typewriter from me—looked out into that lake of faces and he smiled that enigmatic smile. I think he liked the fighting.

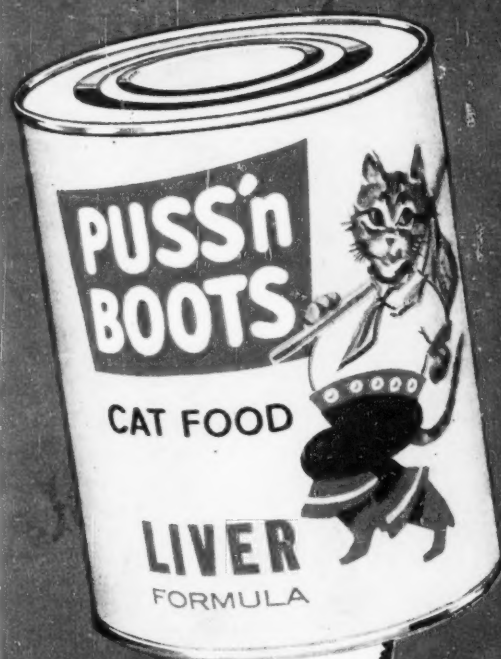
Round three was slaughter. The Hog came charging out of his corner and landed a wide, full, right hook flush on Abelard's ear. Then he dug into that soft belly. There was a roar of "get him" from the crowd. The Hog switched to Abelard's head. One, two, three solid punches. Shaw's guard was down, but he stood there taking it, bleeding from his nose. The rest of the round, while we roared like Romans at a fight between lions and Christians, the Hog butchered him.

Shaw never went down. He did not appear in danger of being seriously hurt. He was staggering by the bell.

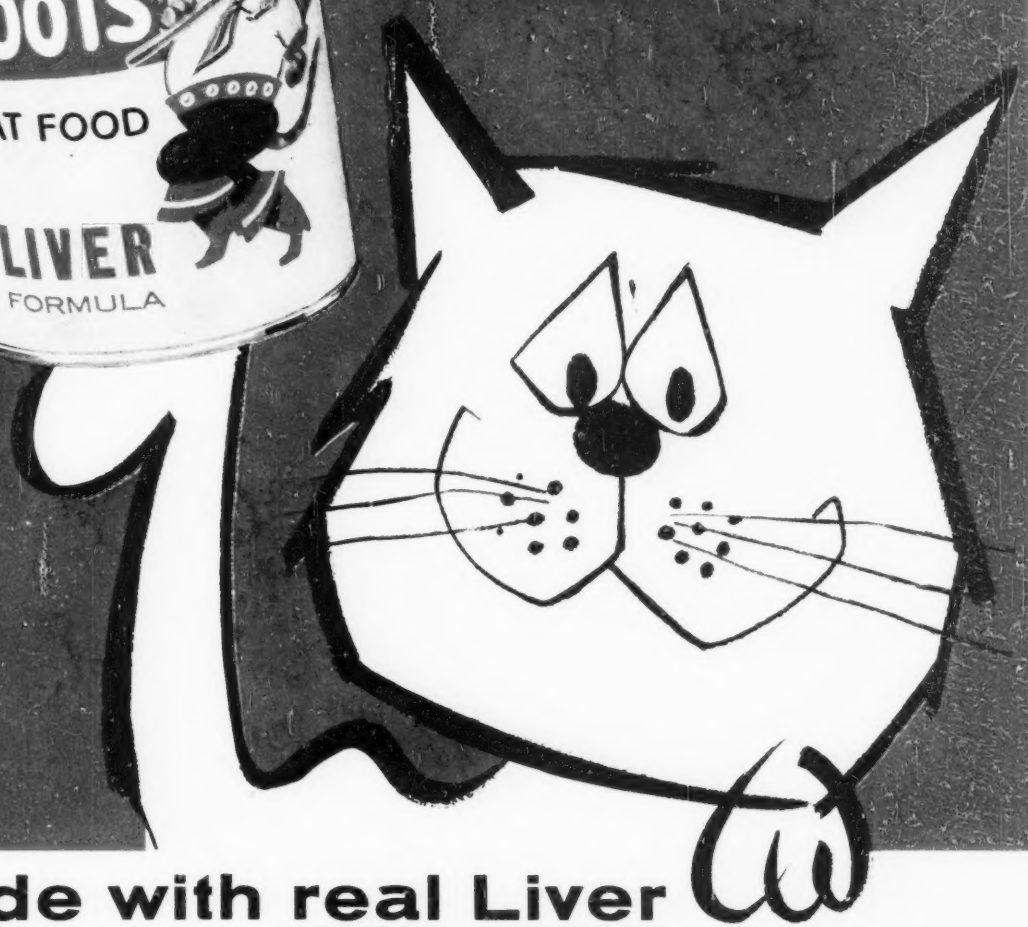
He won a trophy as the gamest boxer. We cheered the announcement, but I remember feeling guilty even then—or at least feeling something that I know now was guilt. The next day we congratulated E. Abelard in class, but he just grinned without really seeming to enjoy it. For the rest of our time at St. Edward's, things were the same as they had been. ★

APRIL 22, 1961

# NOW! PUSS 'n BOOTS HAS A THIRD CAT-LOVIN' FORMULA



# LIVER!



## Made with real Liver ... not just liver flavouring!

And cats lap it up! This new Puss 'n Boots formula is a balanced combination of fresh liver, meat products, whole fish, cereal products plus all the essential vitamins and minerals your cat needs to stay in peak condition. With this third formula, you can feed your pet Puss 'n Boots goodness in three appetizing forms. Adds spice to a cat's life. Try it and see.

### VARIETY IN PUSS 'N BOOTS

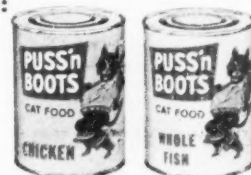
Puss 'n Boots has two other formulas to give your cat the occasional changes in diet that he appreciates.

#### FAMOUS WHOLE FISH:

enjoyed by more cats in Canada than any other cat food. You'll recognize it by the blue label.

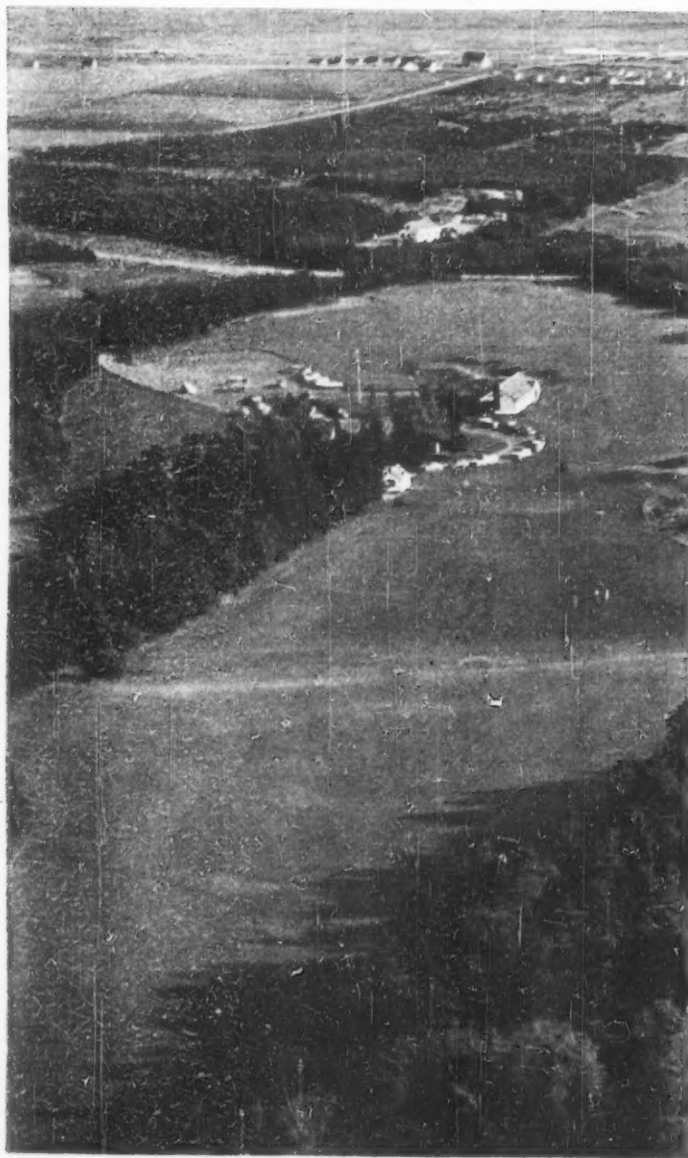
#### REAL CHICKEN:

in the yellow label. Like all fine Puss 'n Boots products, it's nutritionally balanced, delicious tasting.



*Sun-filled days and the ocean's sweep... wooded hills and lush green meadows... the way of the past in historic parks... "that lure of the turn of the road, of the crest of the hill." The scenic settings for your favorite sports, and the extra fun they suddenly become... the new vacation pleasures sought and found, in unhurried hours with hospitable people. These will be your memories*

# The Scenic Seaside MARITIMES



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S brand of beauty—Green Gables Golf course.



Start of a memorable meal.



NEW BRUNSWICK'S tree-shaded capital, Fredericton on the majestic St. John river.



**YOU'LL SEE THE SPECTACULAR FUNDY TIDES** and the strange and fascinating rock formations of Hopewell Cape; the incredible green of peaceful Prince Edward Island - called by explorer Jacques Cartier "the fairest land 'tis possible to see." Tour the soaring Cabot Trail, visit the famous Reversing Falls at Saint John, and Nova Scotia's beautiful Annapolis Valley; drive through the longest covered bridge in the world, one of dozens of these delightful landmarks . . . (and when you drive through, be sure to make a wish!). Thrill to the mighty rush of the Petitcodiac's tidal bore . . . and doubt your senses when you free-wheel up the famed Magnetic Hill.

**ENJOY A VISIT TO CITADEL HILL** overlooking storied Halifax harbor; see the fortresses of Beausejour and Louisbourg; Confederation Room in Charlottetown; Fredericton's magnificent new Beaverbrook Art Gallery; turn the pages of history in the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John.

**THE MARITIMES'** dramatically beautiful national parks are well-appointed playgrounds: Fundy, Cape Breton Highlands, Prince Edward Island. You'll find recreational facilities for all the family and many well-kept picnic areas and campsites. Experience the elegant charm of resort centres like St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, Digby, Chester Cavendish, Stanhope . . . the lovely isles of Fundy: Grand Manan, Deer and Campobello . . .

**THE MARITIMES ENDLESSLY INSPIRE THE POET**, the novelist, the painter . . . the tranquil village of Grand Pre, celebrated in Longfellow's "Evangeline"; the Island home of "Anne of Green Gables"; romantic Peggy's Cove, where you're sure to find enthusiastic artists at work.

**IF YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A CABER TOSSED**, you will at this year's Centenary of the Antigonish Highland Games. You can join the partying at Yarmouth's Bicenturama celebrations; see harness racing in the hotbed of the sport during Charlottetown's Old Home Week . . . the Island's annual festivities for natives and strangers alike.



**YES, THERE'S CHARM AND FRESH ADVENTURE** at every turn "Down East" . . . you'll have a wonderful time at corn roasts and clambakes . . . you'll dine on lobsters straight from the sea; oysters, clams, salmon, too . . . perhaps you'll acquire a taste for other traditional Down East favorites . . . dulce, tangy with sea flavor, and that delightful table green, "fiddleheads." You'll discover with pleasure that your vacation dollar goes farther in the Maritimes. Modern accommodation is plentiful, with reasonable family rates; most vacation expenses are pleasantly low.

**COME EASTWARD TO THE SEA.** We'd love to see you, and we'll do all we can to make you want to come again . . . and again and again!

*It's nearer than you think...*

<b>MONTREAL</b>	<b>TORONTO</b>	<b>QUEBEC</b>
370 miles	725 miles	195 miles
... to the Maritime border		



NOVA SCOTIA'S glorious Ingonish Beach mid the rugged Highlands of Cape Breton.



Lobster to top a glorious seafood menu.



Preliminary to a clambake.



Halifax and its ancient clock tower.



Campsites on Prince Edward Island.

Plan  
your  
visit  
with  
this  
colorful  
literature



P.O. BOX 1388,  
FREDERICTON, N.B.

Please send Maritime Vacation Package to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_



**I worked for Adolf Eichmann** continued from page 34

**The Nazis seldom published orders. This kept the Czechs from learning the fate of the Jews**

work arrived on a sunny spring day in 1943. I had known about the Central Office before, as most of the regulations the Germans imposed on the Jews were made and sent out by this office. The Nazis avoided publishing them, so the

Czechs would know as little as possible about what was happening to the Jews.

Regulations, decrees and restrictions to make our life more miserable fell like rain in those days. I can still feel the terror, that overcame me whenever I

opened one of the Central Office messages. They were carefully composed and mimeographed forms informing me that I had to wear a yellow star; that I was forbidden to appear in public places; that I could use no streetcars

or railways; that I was allowed to walk only on certain streets—and not on any street between 8 p.m. and 7 a.m. I was also instructed to list all my belongings and hand them over in batches to the Germans. Even our dogs were taken.

But all this was only an overture to the final duties of the office: the summoning of all Jews into "transports", which were then shipped to concentration camps. As a privileged Jew I didn't get any of the forms relating to this operation until about the end of the war, but I saw them in the hands of my aged parents, my paralyzed sister, my relatives and friends. I was allowed to witness their departure, and remain in Prague with the many sadly empty apartments.

I started my work with mixed feelings. On one hand I was glad to have something to do that would take my mind off all my sorrows, but on the other hand I loathed the idea of working for the Gestapo and helping them to carry out their "emigration" plans. But there was no choice. Everyone who was summoned had to go. Only women with small children and sick or aged persons could be excused.

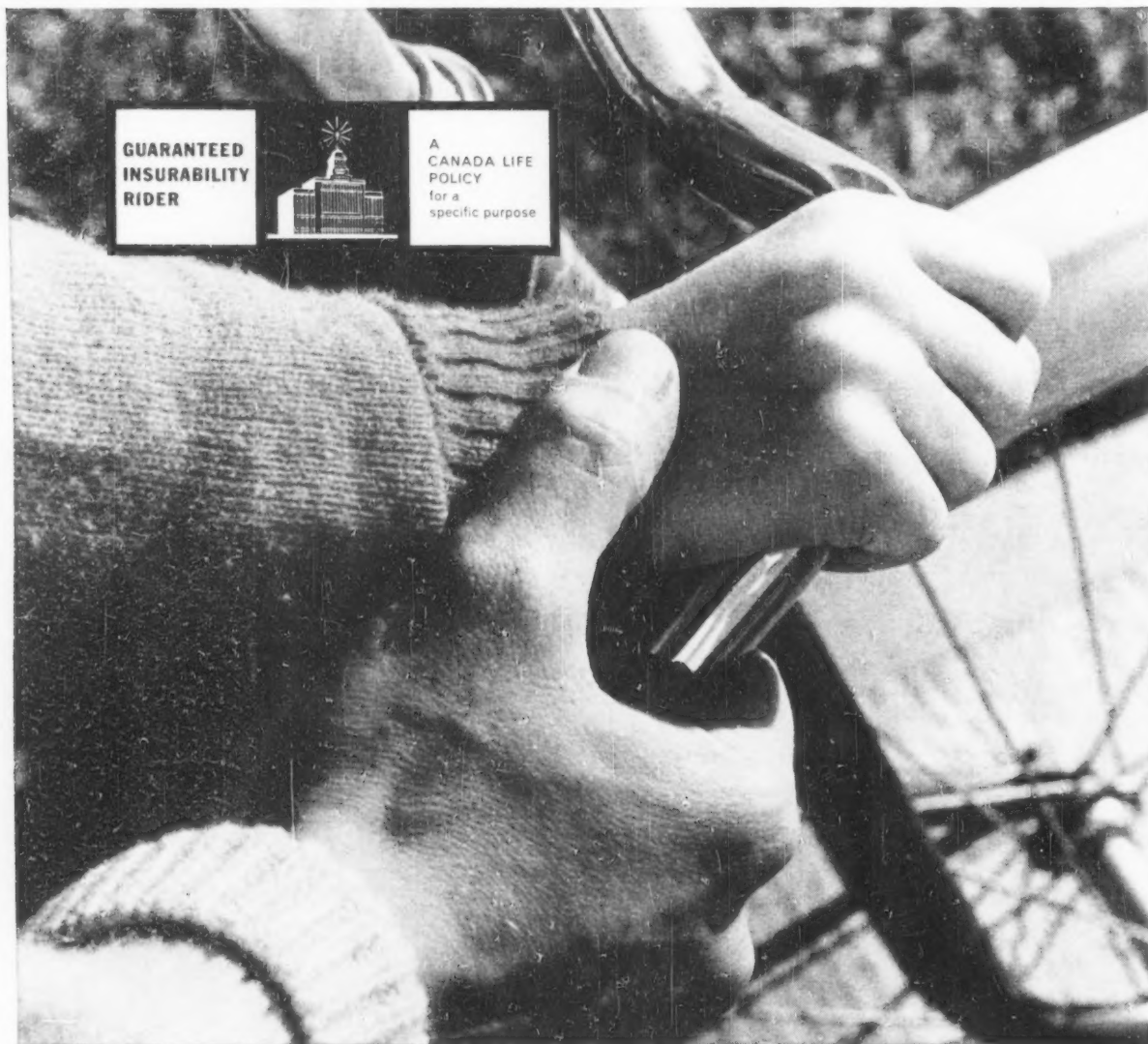
My first job was to type out endless lists of people who had to be or had been deported. There were about thirty typists in the same room doing the same job. We worked in seven-hour shifts beginning either at seven-thirty in the morning or at two in the afternoon. After a while it was just like any other typing job. I ceased being aware that the names belonged to human beings. They could have been rivets or aluminum plates.

I suppose that after four years of the horrors of German occupation I was too numb to realize fully all aspects of my work. There is only so much misery a person can perceive. As a typist I was at least in the fortunate position of not having to see the people whose names, addresses and transport numbers I typed day in and day out. Some of my colleagues had to handle worse duties: for instance, delivering the "Summons for Travel" forms and seeing the faces of the recipients, or bringing the aged and sick in moving vans to the gathering place for transports.

We did not know that most of these people were going to their death. We did not know about gas chambers and crematoriums, about monstrous medical experiments, or about the conditions in the labor and death camps, until the end of the war. The majority of the transports left for Theresienstadt. We knew that Theresienstadt was a large concentration camp in northern Bohemia, administered entirely by Jews, but we didn't know that for most of the deported this was only a transit station from which they were shipped to the Polish horror camps.

The orders for organizing transports came directly from Eichmann or one of his representatives and were delivered in person to the Eldest of the Jews. The Gestapo officials would never put their signatures on their orders to us; they were always anonymous.

After Eichmann's visits the "procedures" started. New forms for ordering the selected to appear at a given date and hour for emigration (that's what the Germans liked to call it) had to be made out. The forms were composed in



## GIVING HIM A GOOD START

By adding the Canada Life Guaranteed Insurability Rider to a new policy for your son, you give him the opportunity to increase his protection every 3 years up to age 40, regardless of his health or occupation. If you are not over 37, you too can get a policy including the Guaranteed Insurability Rider. Let your Canada Life man give you the details.

*The* **CANADA LIFE**  
*Assurance Company*

K 5993 C



such a way that the victims would not be too alarmed. They were going to be ghettoized, the forms said. They should leave behind all their remaining belongings (which they had to list beforehand) and take only a few suggested items since there wasn't much room on the train.

Some of my colleagues had to make out the labels that all deportees had to hang around their necks and sew on their baggage. Unless they were old or sick, in which case the office took care of their transportation (hospitals were able to provide stretchers for their Jewish patients), no one came to pick up these people. They walked obediently to the slaughterhouse without any German or Central Office supervision. You might think they could have escaped, but there was no place where they could hide. They couldn't just take off the star and move to another part of town or into the country. Wherever you went and whatever you did in those days you always had to present your identification card with a photograph, and all Jews had a huge red J stamped on theirs.

Many Czechs would have liked to help them but to aid a Jew in any

#### HOW DO I LOOK?

*Don't bother asking your husband.  
If you're looking lovely, it won't  
Filter through his awareness—  
He'll let you know if you don't.*

THOMAS USK

way meant a concentration camp or the death penalty. A few did, nevertheless, and some paid for it with their life. It wasn't an easy task to hide a family that had no food rations, in constant danger of Gestapo raids and even of being given away by spies. And thus some fifty thousand Jews in Prague alone—many of them singing the Czech national anthem — walked patiently to the gathering places where the employees of the Central Office were waiting for them.

The regular number of people transported was a thousand at a time, and it usually took the Central Office employees, several days and nights to register the summoned persons. (The preferred time for gathering was in the late afternoon.) In the morning the Gestapo jammed everyone into closed cattle wagons. Occasionally a few people were trampled to death during this operation. Meanwhile cleaning women and men from our office tidied up the gathering place and life went on as before.

It was Vera who told me about these procedures. She was a slight blonde girl from a very rich family who, until the Nuremberg laws, did not know she was a Jew. Both of her parents were baptized at an early age and Vera was born and educated a Roman Catholic. She had no Jewish friends and in the beginning felt quite lost in the Central Office. I met her in the cemetery. Since Jews were forbidden to visit parks, Jewish cemeteries became the meeting place of Jewish friends—and lovers as well.

At that time Vera was working in the museum. Perhaps the most macabre duty of the Central Office was to establish a Jewish museum for the time when Jews would be extinct, and only a memory of their existence remained—the mu-



#### KEN-L RATION

The world's most trusted dog food now contains more lean, red meat than ever before . . .

## YOUR DOG needs lean, red meat.

Many other canned dog foods are reducing the amount of this costly ingredient and are substituting protein of lesser value. Ken-L Ration is actually adding more lean, red meat to increase the quality protein content for your dog.

Last year in Eastern Canada, over 80% of all winners in International All-breed Championship Dog Shows were raised on Ken-L Dog Foods...the complete line of quality dog foods.



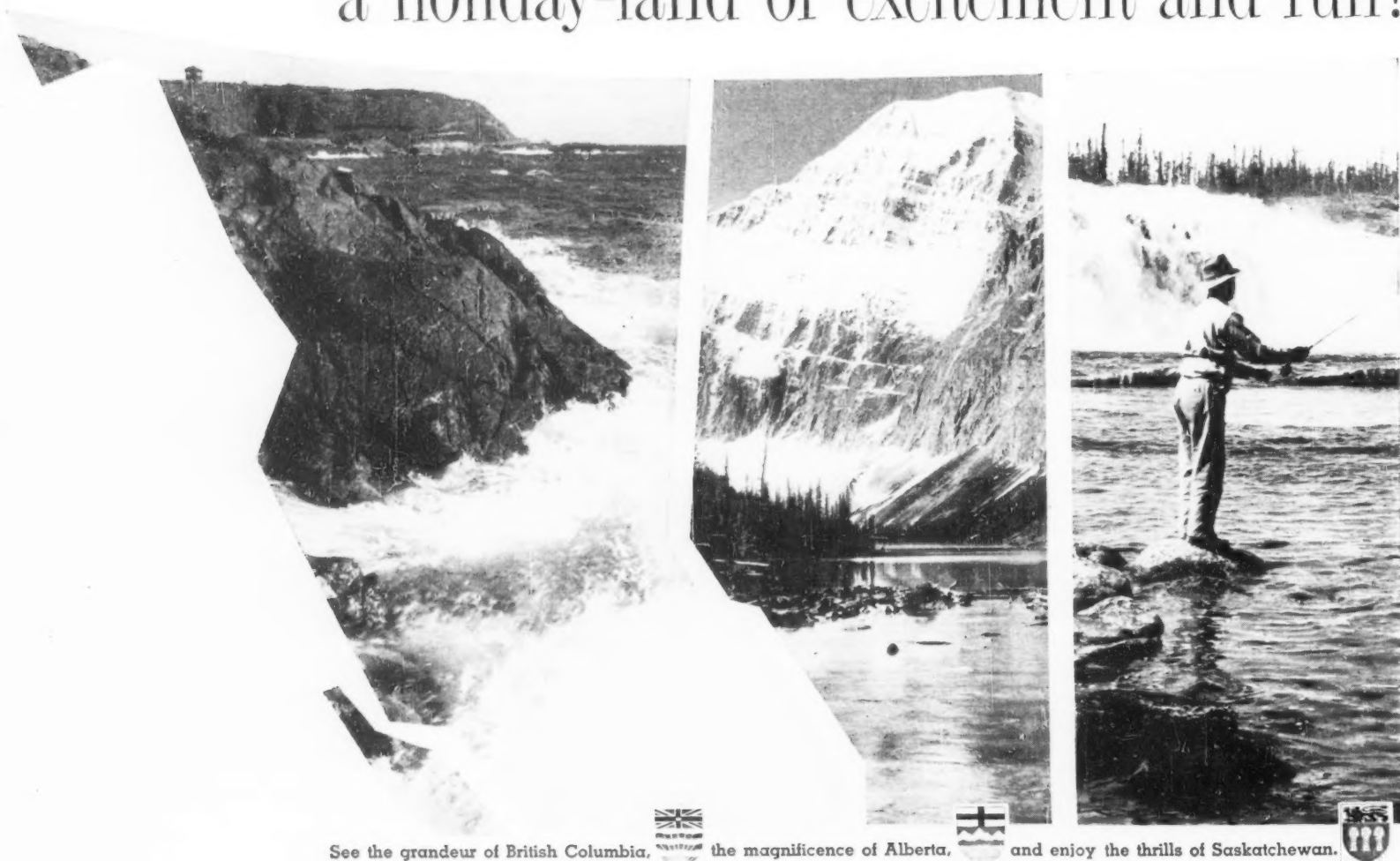
#### NEW! Ken-L STEW



Here's hearty nourishment you know is good! A real stew with big, juicy chunks of meat—firm potatoes—garden-bright carrots and peas—simmered in its own rich gravy. New Ken-L Stew is chock full of meat and vegetable proteins and vitamins in just the right balance for your dog's health. Treat your pet to this good stick-to-his-ribs dinner tonight!

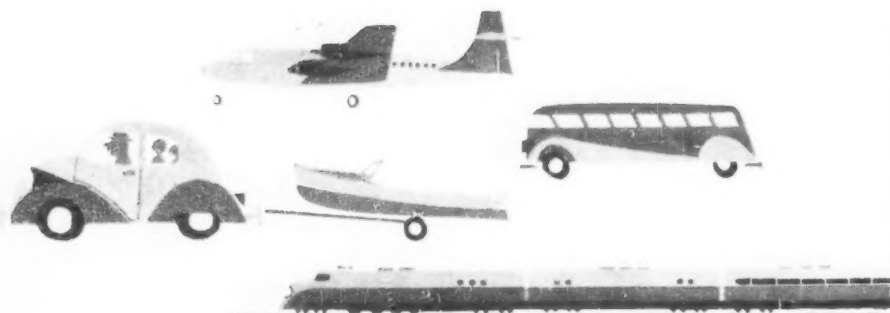
# Westward, Go!

Canada's three western-most provinces are a holiday-land of excitement and fun!



See the grandeur of British Columbia, the magnificence of Alberta, and enjoy the thrills of Saskatchewan.

How long since you've been 'way out West - where wheat fields roll beyond the horizon, where mountain ranges reach the sky, where cowboys roam and mighty rivers flow! How long since you've heard the wind sing through the tall trees, since you landed more fish than you can carry! Come West this year for your family holiday: trains and planes feature packaged tours or come by the new Trans-Canada Highway. But come you must - for fun, for excitement, for a look at Canada's future!



..... Address this coupon to the province of your choice: .....

B.C. Gov't Travel Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.  
 Alberta Travel Bureau, Legislation Building, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Saskatchewan Travel Bureau, Legislative Annex, Regina, Sask.

Please send full information about a family holiday in the West.

name .....

address .....

city ..... zone ..... prov.....

JOINTLY SPONSORED BY THE PROVINCES OF SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.



**"Who are you, anyway?" Eichmann asked, when I picked up the phone in the Gestapo man's office**

seum still exists in Prague, as a reminder of Nazi brutality. It contains religious objects, prayerbooks, candelabra, pictures of Jews, Hebrew reading material, and anything typical of the life of a Jewish family. I couldn't imagine why Vera, who didn't know a thing about Jewish relics, was assigned to work there. It must have been some mistake for she was soon transferred to another department and became a regular at registering deportees for transports.

We met quite frequently in the thirteenth-century cemetery, one of the oldest in the land. Our favorite spot was a bench close to the Renaissance tomb of Rabbi Yehuda Löw who, according to legend, created an artificial being, the famous Golem. The grave of the rabbi was covered with pebbles, for it was said that if someone made a wish while putting a stone on the grave the wish would come true. Vera and I brought our pebbles, too, but most of our wishes didn't come true. Vera died in Theresienstadt of typhoid three days after the end of the war.

Nobody knew by what rule the deportees were selected. Sometimes they were all intellectuals, or all old people, other times only young people with a trade. The lists came from the high executives of our office but I couldn't tell who made the actual choice. There was a certain amount of favoritism, of course. It was an open secret that some higher executives could arrange it so they could be left out and someone else take their places, but in the long run this didn't mean much. Eventually all non-privileged Jews had to go — even our highest executives.

#### **The Gestapo men always lied**

After some months of typing names and transport numbers I was transferred to a small office. I shared it only with my immediate boss, whom I shall call Berger. Berger didn't work for the Central Office—he worked for the Gestapo. He looked like one of their men, too, and was almost as frightening. I don't know why the Gestapo had chosen Berger for these duties; possibly it was because he had worked for the Czechoslovak police before. Most of my former colleagues felt sorry for me for having to work for him. He was a very unpleasant man with a very ugly job. His responsibility was to handle the cases of Jews whom the Gestapo had arrested individually for political reasons or some kind of disobedience. These people were sent to a prison outside Theresienstadt—which they shared with non-Jewish political prisoners — where most of them were tortured to death.

Berger visited the Gestapo every morning to obtain his list of those arrested the previous day. After this he had to notify the relatives of the prisoners. Day after day to our office there came weeping wives who demanded to know what had happened, why, and what was going to happen next to their husbands. The wives were all Gentiles, since by that time there were hardly any fully Jewish couples left in Prague. It was part of Berger's duties to interpret to them the Gestapo's advice to divorce their Jewish husbands. The bait was a promise (naturally false) that the arrested would be better off. Very few Czechs were willing to swallow this bait. Other times he had to tell the wives that their husbands were already dead when they weren't. It was typical

of the Gestapo to cheat and lie, to keep the Czech population from realizing the terrible conditions in the concentration camps.

Berger was most cynical about his work. The constant tears, sobs and pleadings in our office that drove me nearly out of my mind didn't make any impression on him. He seemed to be interested only in the pills he took every two hours to protect him from a sour stomach. He made it appear that he had some rights to modify the fate of the prisoners but what those rights were and whether he ever made use of them I couldn't tell. Similarly I don't know what other jobs he performed for the Gestapo. He had frequent conferences with them but he never talked and all his records were kept under lock.

One day when he was out of the

office the phone rang and Eichmann asked for him. I told him that Berger was out and I didn't know where he was.

"Who are you, anyway?" Eichmann demanded.

Now I had to give him, answer by answer, all my particulars, when I started to work in that office, what my working hours were, what kind of work I was doing, the name of my husband. I managed to keep calm, as I knew that the worst thing you could do was show some excitement in front of the Gestapo. The examination lasted at least half an hour. Finally Eichmann seemed satisfied and he finished the conversation by ordering me to have Berger call him on his arrival.

When Berger returned he just smiled. He had visited Eichmann in the meantime, and knew all about our conversa-

tion. That day many colleagues came to my office after they heard what had happened. We discussed the meaning of it and the opinions varied about what the effect would be on my person. After two days the answer came. I was hurriedly transferred to another department. Much later I heard the explanation from Berger: Eichmann did not like having clever employees handling Gestapo affairs.

A few weeks in the statistical department followed. There I had to make various charts showing how the number, age and profession of the Jews deported in, let's say July, compared to those in September. But I wasn't meticulous enough, and as no figure could be corrected or erased I had to retype everything dozens of times. They didn't like me very much there. The super-



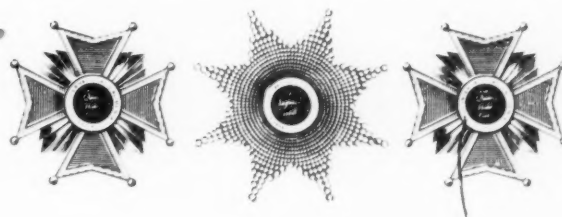
## *Canadian wine history is made as three medals for Chateau-Gai arrive from France*

Not many seasons have passed since Chateau-Gai won for Canada the two Medals of Leadership and the Star of Excellence... the coveted awards at the International Wine Competition in Paris. You can enjoy this same award-winning quality in every bottle of Chateau-Gai wine. Sold at all liquor stores. C'est bon!

*Chateau-Gai*

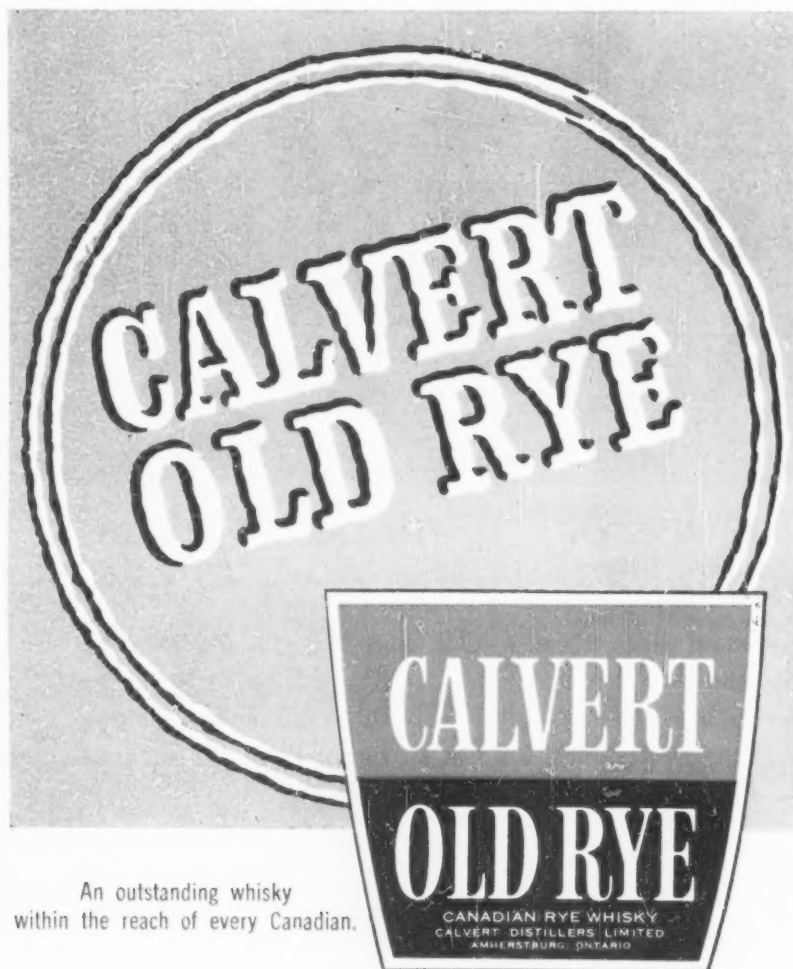
**WINES**

*honoured in France itself*



The older the barrel  
the finer the taste...

and Calvert Old Rye  
is blended from  
choice whiskies aged  
in 20-year-old casks  
for a smoother, more  
satisfying taste



An outstanding whisky  
within the reach of every Canadian.

visor soon managed to have me replaced. I was put in the registry to type lists of the deported for the City Hall. In Czechoslovakia the city keeps a file on every citizen with all his particulars: his name, the date and place of his birth, the name of his parents, his occupation, marital status, etc. If he dies the file is marked so and removed. After the war we found out that, according to the Central Office lists, all the deported were automatically marked dead. My registration job didn't last long either. Typists were shifted around a great deal according to the amount of work in certain departments.

My next assignment was completely different. This time the lists didn't concern people but valuable objects. Besides four buildings for offices, the Central Office occupied several warehouses where the more valuable belongings of the deported were stored. No one without a special permit could enter these warehouses, but a friend of mine who was employed in one smuggled me in one day. I shall never forget that sight. There were rooms and rooms filled with silver and gold objects, a museum of valuable paintings, halls packed with antique furniture; there were musical-instrument rooms and appliance rooms and so on. I didn't know where to look first. I've heard and read it a thousand times that it was for ideological reasons that the Nazis wanted to liquidate the Jews, but seeing all these treasures piled up I realized that robbery was a motive of even greater importance.

Operation Robbery meant countless jobs for the Central Office. All families who were deported had to hand over the keys of their houses to one of our employees when they were registered for transport. Someone then had to seal these homes. After a while other employees were sent out to take inventory. Then the moving department took over and delivered everything left in the houses to the warehouses, where all objects were sorted, even repaired if needed, and stored. There were girls who didn't do anything else but wash china, clean silver, or dust paintings for months.

The cream of the loot went to the

highest officials of the Reich. They either picked it personally, occasionally using the advice of a Jewish art expert, or they chose from the lists I and many other girls typed out for the attention of Eichmann. The rest (or I should say some of it, for there wasn't enough time to move all of it) was gradually sent to Germany. Less valuable objects were moved to some other part of Prague and sold to the Germans.

The Central Office was located in the so-called Old Town, an ancient district of Prague where the ghetto used to be in the Middle Ages. The Nazis revived the ghetto idea and forced all Jews to leave their former homes and move to certain streets. In the beginning there were many more Jews than flats available but the diminishing number of the inhabitants solved the problems of the overcrowded conditions. Most of the employees of the Central Office lived in the ghetto, since mixed couples in which the husband was Jewish also had to move.

**By some miracle, we were spared**

I almost paid with my life for the disastrous circumstances in which I lived. For some time I lived unregistered in the apartment of my husband, in a building where Jews were not allowed to live. It was just at the time of the assassination attempt upon the protector of Bohemia and Moravia, Reinhard Heydrich. A week later Heydrich died. An intense search for the assassins followed, and everyone found unregistered was ordered to be executed. The Gestapo men went through most of the buildings of Prague, beginning the following night; by some miracle, our apartment was spared.

Newspapers and radio gave long columns of death sentences. My husband took advantage of the chaos, when long queues of people registered, to go to a police station, where a kind clerk took mercy on him and entered my name with the ominous J.

My husband and I could stay in our former apartment but this had its disadvantages, too. It was a most uncomfortable feeling to wear a yellow star



"Over here, stupid."



in a district where no one else had to wear it. The Jews in the ghetto at least had company, but I wasn't allowed to talk to anyone around me. I felt cut off from everything. One night I had a nervous heart attack. I had to do without a doctor, for Gentile physicians and hospitals were forbidden to treat Jews, and to reach a Jewish doctor in the faraway ghetto when hardly anyone had a phone was out of the question; my husband suggested that he would go down to the ghetto, but it would have taken him ages and I was frightened to stay alone. Thus I had to wait until the morning to get medical help.

And then there were the daily trips to and from work. No one with a star was allowed to take a streetcar. We in the office who lived far off got a special permit, but this usually wasn't respected by any Gestapo men who happened to be aboard. I never knew what to do. If I hid my star and was caught doing so I was liable to be sent to prison; if I didn't hide it I could be beaten up and thrown off the car. Actually it happened to me only once; two Gestapo men pushed me off. Luckily the car wasn't moving very fast, but I knew of friends who had less luck.

Because of the trip I was afraid to go to work in the mornings yet at the same time I looked forward to it. The employees of the Central Office didn't have a bad life. Except for the days just before a transport was to leave, when we often had to work overtime until late at night, we weren't kept very busy. There was plenty of time for chatting and we had the most interesting and elevating conversations, almost exclusively about spiritual topics. For most of us the hours we spent in the office were the best part of the day. The outside world didn't offer anything nice. There were endless line-ups for food, and then trying to make a meal out of nothing, for the Jewish rations were incredibly small and those for the Czechs weren't much better. Besides, we all had our personal problems.

The Gentiles involved in mixed marriages had to share a great part of the burden imposed upon their Jewish spouses. Their social life was affected. Their family life suffered too. The Nuremberg laws established a barrier between Gentile and Jewish spouses and not everybody had the qualities to withstand the daily obstacles.

#### My existence was kept secret

My husband did everything in his power to help my family, my relatives and my friends before their departure. Later we were allowed to send parcels to Theresienstadt. That meant another aggravation of daily life. Every night we made preparations for the next 45-pound parcel, which had to be carried to the post office by my husband, since Jews could use only a post office in the Old Town.

After the occupation of the Sudetenland by Germany in 1938, we fled to Prague. It took my husband two years to find employment. He was hired as secretary to a count, the head of an old German aristocratic family. He had to keep secret the existence of a Jewish wife. That was another obstacle imposed on our relationship.

As I was excluded from all entertainment, I was very often left alone at home, with my deep anxiety about the fate of my family and friends. I couldn't even concentrate on a book. My piano stood abandoned for years; I couldn't bear to touch the keyboard. The radio, with its news from abroad, was my

only enjoyment. In these circumstances the occupation in the Central Office was a happy break in my sad life.

Toward the end of the war my husband was even sent to a labor camp in Germany because he had a Jewish wife. The thought of the hardships he was undergoing because of me made my life unbearable.

It wasn't easy for a mixed marriage to survive in those days, no matter how well the Gentile spouses behaved. My husband tried to be considerate, yet the gap between us grew from day to day.

The only connecting links between us were our old Gentile friends, whom we visited in spite of restrictions.

My husband was managing the estate of the count at that time. The count often invited my husband to his house but he couldn't take me with him.

And of course I couldn't go with him to a theatre, movie, café, restaurant, concert, sports event, or even for a swim in the river. If he went alone, I felt lonely at home; if he didn't go, he was ill at ease. He was very nice to me and took upon himself all the hardships that being

married to a Jewish wife meant. I don't know whether he resented me after his stay in a labor camp. If he did, he never did say so, but I couldn't help suspecting it, and to see him suffer made me feel horrible.

We at least didn't have to face the problem of children, a problem most of the mixed couples had. If the children were not of Jewish faith none of the restrictions concerned them, in which case they often felt embarrassed because one of their parents had to wear a star. In a number of families some

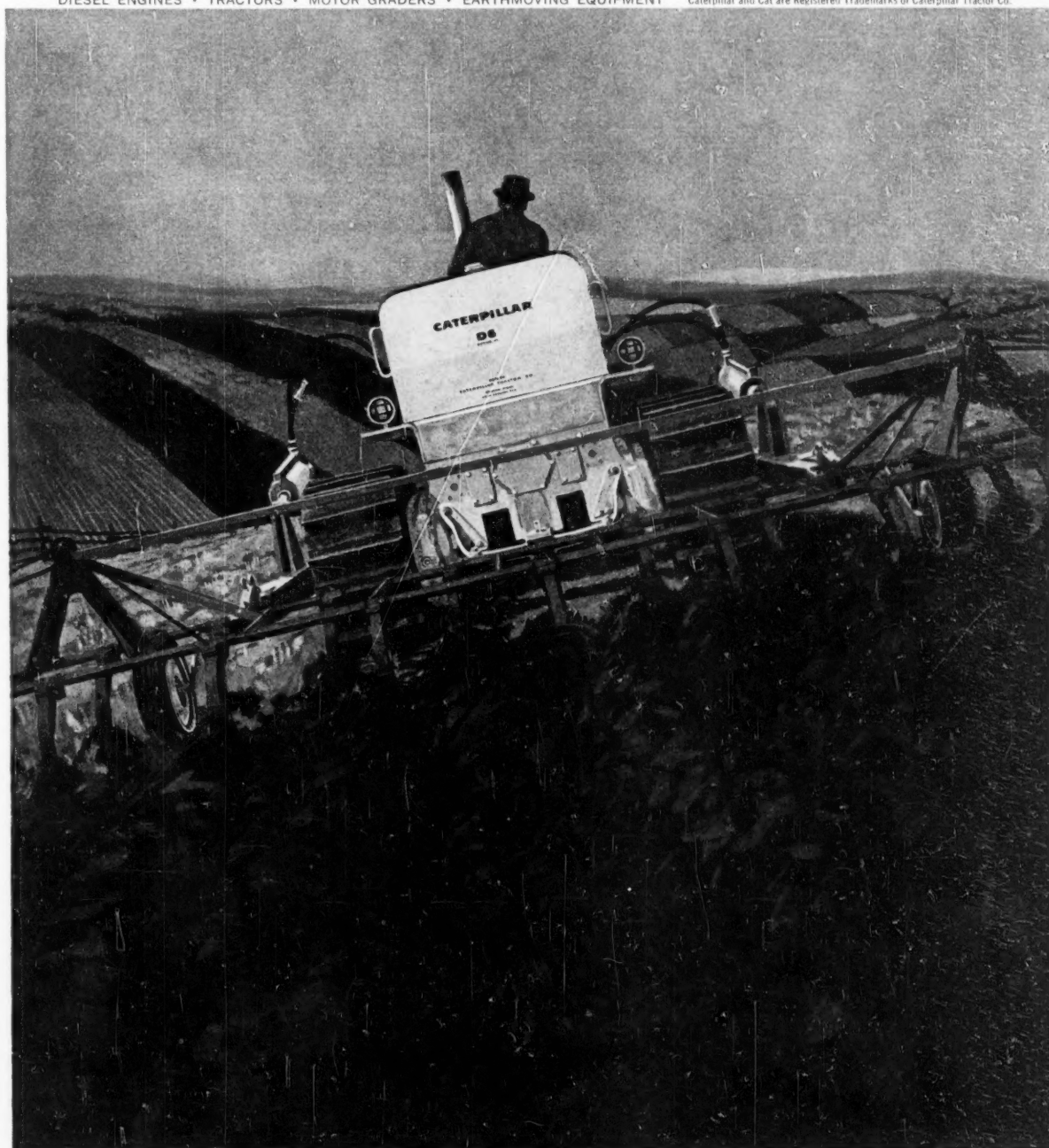
## The land

**...is the ultimate factor in human progress. And as everywhere our populations grow, so, too, does the need to make the land as fruitful as possible. Caterpillar track-type Tractors meet this need with their power to pull wide spans of implements, plow deep, reclaim pasture, clear jungle and reap the harvest. Today, they are the most widely-used track-type tractors in agriculture — one evidence of 57 years of earthmoving leadership.**

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

**CATERPILLAR**

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.



Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois • Caterpillar Americas Co., Peoria, Illinois • Caterpillar Overseas S.A., Geneva • Caterpillar of Australia Pty. Ltd., Melbourne • Caterpillar Brasil S.A., São Paulo • Caterpillar Tractor Co. Ltd., Glasgow • Caterpillar of Canada Ltd., Toronto

## Children of mixed marriages who were brought up as Jews fell into the "dangerous enemy" class

of the children followed their father's faith and others their mother's and so some of them didn't have to wear a star and could go to school while their brothers and sisters belonged to the "dangerous enemy" category and were thus marked and restricted accordingly.

To be a Jew in those days was to be a defenseless animal, one that anyone could assault, one that had no law to

protect it. This state naturally changed everything in us: the way we thought, the way we felt, the way we reacted to the hostile world. It was nearly impossible for a Gentile spouse to perceive what was happening to us. And so we felt lonesome and craved for the understanding, the friendship and affection of those who had to go through the same changes. And where else could

we find them but in the Central Office?

The office was our life, the only reality. We didn't know how long we could stay and what dangers awaited us, but we knew that there was no way out and we had all resigned ourselves to our fate. We never spoke about death but it was always in the air and it made us shed everything that was superfluous in us, and what remained,

our real self, or at least our real self at that time, we desperately longed to share with each other. People with completely different backgrounds suddenly became closer to us than anyone had ever been before. We confided in them our innermost thoughts, our problems and doubts, our memories and fears. Friendships for life were made, though this didn't necessarily mean a very long period in our case.

My last job in the Central Office was in the moving department. Work there was nearly the same as it was in any other big moving concern. The head of the department was the former owner and manager of one of the largest travel agencies in Moravia. He had been specially brought over to Prague to organize the transportation of Jewish belongings. We made out routes for the drivers from lists of Jewish homes that had been already inventoried. Every morning the movers came in to receive their orders; they checked in again before the end of the day to report that they had delivered all goods, according to their copy of the inventories, to the warehouses. It all went very smoothly. The movers, though some of them had been bank directors or university professors, had by then acquired enough experience and skill to do a good and fast job. Most of the time the work was finished long before the day was over. After the report of the movers, folding card tables were produced and those who could play enjoyed a pleasant game of bridge.

### Radios were barred to Jews

One of my special duties in the office was to bring news from the outside world. All Jews, including the mixed couples where the husband was Jewish, had had to hand in their radios years before. My husband could keep his, but at one time even the Gentiles' radios were collected. They were returned later with some parts missing so no one could listen to foreign broadcasts. But the Czechs soon invented a device: a little wire which, if inserted in the back of the radio in a proper way, made it possible for anyone to listen to short-wave stations. This device, by the way, was named *Churchillek*, meaning Little Churchill.

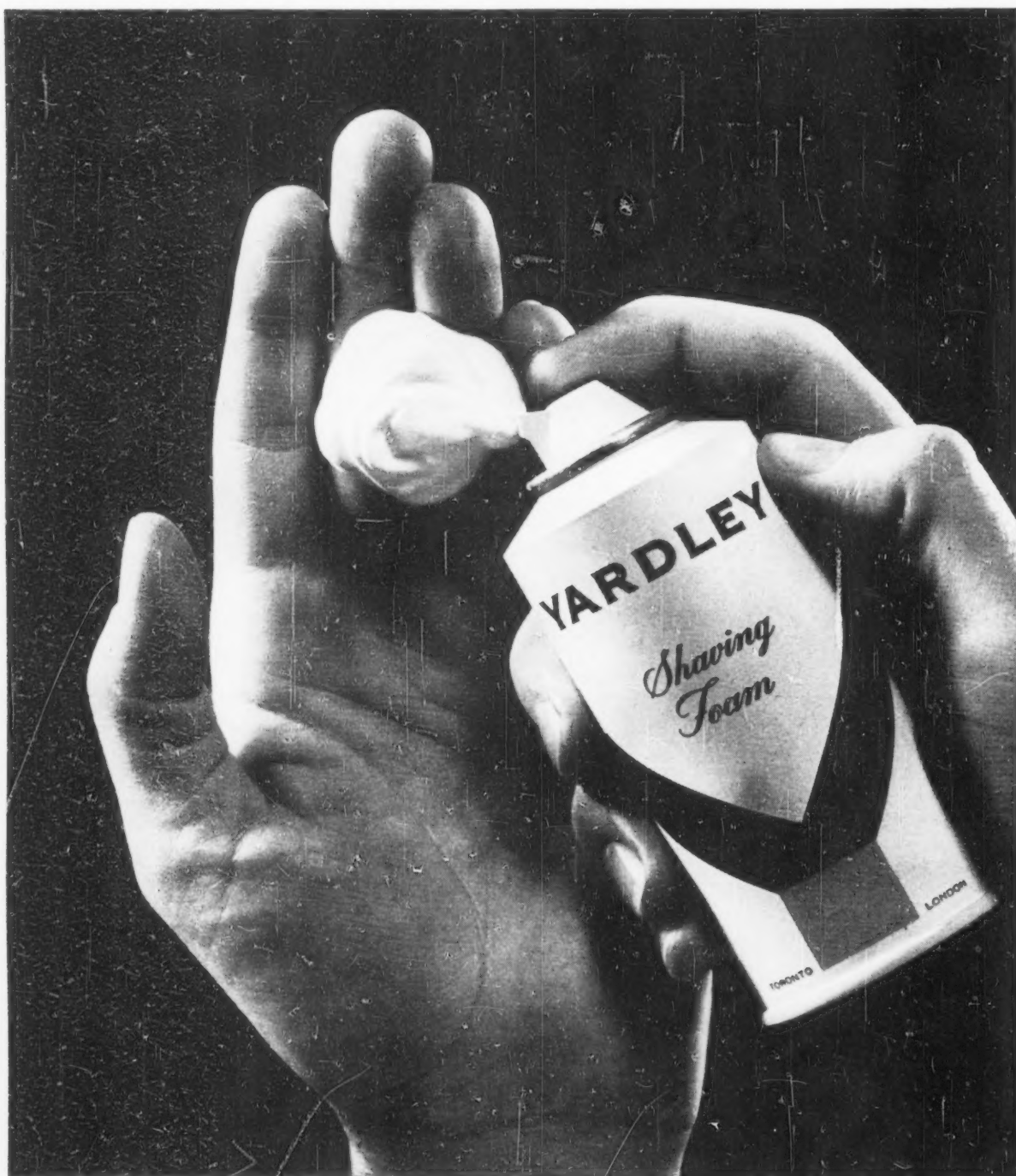
I spent most of my free time listening to the Czech news broadcast from London. Once in a while I could even listen to America. It was a very dangerous thing to do. One's neighbor could have turned out to be an informer who put a china plate between his ear and the wall to hear better what was going on next door—as some Nazi sympathizers did. There weren't many informers among the Czechs, but one could never be sure. Even so, the majority of the population did listen to London, sometimes under covers in bed or accompanied by a noisy gramophone record or the singing of a member of the family.

Every morning when I arrived at the office we had a news break. I had to report word for word what I'd heard the previous day. Many of the people around me hadn't heard news from the West for three or four years. They were fed only on the propaganda of the German and local papers and even in the beginning of 1945, no matter what I reported, they simply refused to believe that Germany could lose the war.

Gradually we had less and less to do. All the non-privileged Jews had been

## In the next 12 months you'll spend over 100 hours shaving

Yardley Shaving Foam is designed to be used sparingly. About a teaspoonful is all you need for the best shave. For a light, rich lather it compares with the famous Yardley Shaving Bowl. Whether you like the pushbutton convenience of a Shaving Foam or are among the many who insist on the Shaving Bowl for the best shave in the world, Yardley is for you. Considering the hours you spend shaving, it's more than worthwhile to allow yourself the luxury of Yardley. Shaving Foam \$1.25; Bowl \$1.75.



## Allow yourself the luxury of Yardley



deported, all their belongings stored or sold. Then one day Eichmann appeared again. As soon as he walked out of the building, rumors started to spread that the privileged would have to go, too. As a rule all the rumors at that time turned out to be true. A general shifting of jobs began. Someone found out from Berger that the former high executives of the Central Office had been sent, instead of to a concentration camp, directly to the Gestapo prison infamous for its tortures, so employees in high positions wanted to get less important jobs. On the other hand if you had an unimportant job it was more likely that they would send you away first. So the bosses played musical chairs until each of us got his summons, except for about fifty men who, as it turned out, remained in Prague until the end of the war.

I won't tell here about life in Theresienstadt, one of Eichmann's pet projects. It was the model concentration camp

aboard the trains or on the infamous death marches were piled on the ground where they lay infected with all kinds of sicknesses. They mumbled about gas chambers and crematoriums in a babel of languages. The biggest problem was to get them into the shower rooms. They fought against it with all their remaining strength and nobody could convince them that water and not gas would come out of the taps. The whole nightmarish story about the gas chambers was finally revealed to us.

I escaped from Theresienstadt a few

days before the end of the war, just in time to be in Prague for the three-day battle caused by the reluctance of a handful of Nazis to give up.

I stayed with a friend in the Old Town, the very place where I had worked under Eichmann's Gestapo men for so long.

The moment the bombardment stopped I went out into streets covered with broken glass and rubble. I walked through the square where the smoke was still rising from the City Hall. The first Red Army tanks rumbled into the

square. At first we thought they were Americans. Women and children swarmed over the tanks, hailing the liberators.

Down a familiar street a troop of soldiers marched toward me. They were captured Germans. I asked myself, "Can this be true? Isn't it all a dream?"

From a house nearby two Jews stepped out, still wearing their yellow stars. I yelled at them, "Are you out of your mind?" They ripped off their stars and laughed and laughed. I tried to laugh too. I just couldn't. I wouldn't be able to laugh for years to come. ★

## PARADE

### Northern pillwatcher

We've heard from a conscientious but frustrated Parade spy in North Bay, Ont., who reports seeing a woman customer in a supermarket there carefully count all the pills in a bottle taken from a drug shelf, then replace them



and then do it all over again with a second bottle. Because our spy's wife dragged him off home at this point, he never did figure out whether the subject of his surveillance was simply a frugal housewife out to get her money's worth or a comparison shopper from a rival drug firm.

where the occasional visitors from the Swiss or Swedish Red Cross were taken to see how humanely the Germans treated the Jews. Actually they weren't treated so humanely on days when there were no visitors around. The daily death rate in 1942, for instance, was 150 to 200 persons. But naturally the prisoners couldn't talk about this to the Red Cross officials, who were always accompanied by Germans. I was told by former inmates that Eichmann even had a film made of the camp, for which occasion he put sheets on the bunks, special food in the kitchens, and a few children in what he called the kindergarten. The film showed him distributing candies to the youngsters, who had to jump around him happily and cry in unison "Thank you, Uncle Eichmann." After the film was made he sent the children directly to the gas chambers.

But even if Theresienstadt had been the humane place Eichmann wanted the world to believe it was—and it certainly was much, much better than the other camps—it would have mattered little, because most of the 153,000 prisoners who were dragged through it spent only a short time there. Of the conditions in the other camps I found out only shortly before the end of the war, when the death trains started to arrive with the shorn-headed, half-dead skeletons, evacuated from concentration camps close to the Allied front. Those who didn't die



**Little helper, big help—  
new, first powered compact  
postage meter machine!**

This Model 5400 is no bigger than a typewriter. But it stamps envelopes, in denominations from 1¢ up to \$9.99 and then seals and stacks them. And gives you room to grow! If you start sending out lots of letters or occasional mailings, you can get a separate, fully automatic envelope feeder that attaches to the 5400—gives you speed when you need it!

The 5400 also provides postage for parcel post on special gummed tape. With every meter stamp, it can print your own postmark ad, if you want one. The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. It protects postage from loss or damage.

And accounts for postage on registers that show postage used and on hand.

The 5400 handles envelopes as large as 9 by 12 inches. It's easy to use. Postage denominations wanted are set by finger tip levers. The meter is light, easily removable. Change stamp dates by turning a dial. Liberal water supply for sealing a lot of envelopes or moistening tape.

Call any Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration in your own office. Or send coupon for free literature.

**FREE: Handy Postal Slide Guide with rates for all classes of mail.**

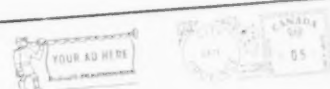


Here the Model 5400 postage meter machine is shown with the envelope feeder attached—stamps, seals and stacks up to 65 letters a minute.



**Pitney-Bowes**  
**POSTAGE METERS**

Offices in all principal cities coast-to-coast.



PITNEY-BOWES OF CANADA, LTD.  
Dept. 1302, 909 Yonge St.  
Toronto 5, Ontario

☐ Send free Postal Guide ☐ Send booklet

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



One cylinder or eight, every engine needs  
**Quaker State**  
 the best engine life preserver!

Whatever model or make of car you drive, it needs the finest motor oil your money can buy, for complete, long-lasting protection. That motor oil is years-ahead Quaker State! Super-refined from pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State keeps your car on the road, and saves you money. Remember the life preserver and insist on Quaker State. Available most everywhere.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO. OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO



## Too native for the Native Sons

Continued from page 22

**Glaum told reporters he'd been "nearly sick" when he heard the Queen was coming to Canada**

to the Privy Council, establishment of a trans-Canada radio network and a national film board, appointment of a Canadian-born governor-general — and, of course, the choice of a distinctively Canadian flag and an official anthem.

In spite of hearty opposition in Victoria ("the miners came in '49, the prostitutes in '50, The Native Sons in '21, ha-ha-ho, you get me!") the movement spread rapidly and influentially. In the early 1930s there were 30,000 members in Toronto alone. Two Toronto mayors were Native Sons, and on one city council three of four controllers and sixteen of eighteen aldermen were members. A county court judge was national president. More than five thousand Native Sons turned out for annual picnics in Toronto's High Park. Three members in the '30s were A. R. M. Lower, now professor emeritus of Canadian history at Queen's University, J. B. Coyne, who recently retired from the bench of the Manitoba court of appeal and whose son is now governor of the Bank of Canada, and R. O. MacFarlane, now director of the school of public administration at Carleton University; they jointly wrote a report for the Native Sons to present to the 1937 royal commission on dominion-provincial relations.

But with the outbreak of war, and with most of the battles for a Canadian national spirit won, the Sons faded from national attention. Their most enthusiastic supporters found other causes. Membership dwindled through the '40s and early '50s and by 1957, when Bernard Glaum noticed a letter from one of their officers in the Toronto press, the Sons' importance as a national force had all but disappeared.

Glaum was in an enviable position to work for the Sons. As a heating con-

sultant he was his own boss, with enough free time to pursue his own interests with more diligence than a nine-to-five worker could have afforded. (He has since become the resident stationary engineer—he looks after the heating system—of Massey Hall, a 2,765-seat auditorium in downtown Toronto, where he shares a six-room apartment with his wife, Ruth, and still has enough time for his own pursuits.) He devoted a great deal of time and enthusiasm those first months to writing letters to local editors on such Son-drenched topics as flags and anthems; they enjoyed some publication. Within four months the Sons, recognizing a talent when they saw one, let Glaum act as publicity chairman of their Toronto assembly. His name began to appear more regularly in the newspapers, and his statements, which were made in the same tone—best described as controlled anger—and were on the same subjects, now bore the imprimatur of his title.

In August 1958 Glaum struck a gusher. The government had announced that the Queen would visit Canada for a six-week tour the following summer, just a year after Princess Margaret had traveled from coast to coast. Glaum wrote to the Toronto Star, complaining that the tour was a "waste of money." A canny editor on the letters desk suggested a reporter call Glaum and ask him to expand his remarks. Glaum did. He said "royal tours are just a waste of public money." He said he'd been "nearly sick" when he'd heard the Queen and Prince Philip were coming. He said "they're just coming over here to cadge a few meals and get a free ride." The Star ran the story. So did some other papers. The wire services picked it up. The Toronto Telegram sent a photographer around to snap



MACLEAN'S



Glaum holding his fist up and his thumb down over a picture of Princess Margaret, and, to Glaum's delight, sent its inquiring reporters onto the street to see if public opinion was behind Glaum (it wasn't, the Telegram said).

The issue ricocheted on and on. In January of 1959, Glaum was quoted again—this time as saying that the British government should pay half the cost of the tour. This was too much for at least one member of the Toronto executive, who felt Glaum was insulting the Queen. He resigned his post and had his telephone delisted to cut off the pestering newspapers.

Still later, when the Queen was here, two widely differing British newspapers picked up the issue again without, apparently, bothering to pester anyone. The mass-circulation weekly, *The People* (which has been criticized in Canada for its charges about the labor situation), reported that there was a "campaign of insult" against Her Majesty in Canada. *The People* quoted Glaum, whom it identified as a "prominent Dominion personality," as saying "royal visits are getting like annual affairs—like relatives you don't mind having once in a while but not this often." In Toronto, Glaum huffily told the *Globe and Mail* that he'd never talked to *The People* and that the statement was out of context. At the same time, Lord Beaverbrook's staunchly Conservative *Sunday Express* was asking if the Queen's tour were not "the biggest blunder of her reign."

"Never in all the royal commonwealth tours of the past six years have the carpers and knockers cast such doubt," said the *Express*. It went on to identify the carpers and knockers as the Native Sons, and identified them as being "an intensely nationalistic organization with a raucous voice, though its number and influence are puny." Glaum, in turn, replied somewhat raucously that Beaverbrook was only a "watered-down version of a Canadian" anyway.

Arguments about royal tours, if grist for Glaum's publicity mill, are a little beyond the Native Sons' official platform. The Sons are, of course, best known for their campaigns for a Canadian flag and anthem. For the former, they settled some years ago on a design that is divided diagonally into a red triangle and a white one and has a green maple leaf in the centre. There is, however, still some confusion about the precise design. Some versions have the red triangle in the northeast half, so to speak, and some have it in the northwest. When the Sons' ladies' auxiliary made up a batch of these flags not long ago and put them on sale through a newspaper advertisement, the versions were about equally divided, and various Sons have been pictured in various newspapers at various times holding both versions. For an anthem, the Sons are in favor of *O Canada*, though most of them are prepared to listen to *God Save the Queen* as well, so long as there's equal billing.

At their national convention at Port Arthur last August, the Sons also set down as a fundamental goal the abolition of the word Dominion from the name of such bodies as the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and the Dominion Observatory. Further, they would like the government to limit the franchise in future federal and provincial elections to Canadian citizens and to hold a nationwide plebiscite (presumably of citizens only) on the flag issue.

But Glaum and a few other members with an eye for a newsworthy controversy have managed to whip up some



### DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE HERE?

*Start planning now!*  
Planning is half the fun!  
So mail the coupon for  
free maps and travel literature  
and start looking forward to  
your most refreshing summer ever  
—in Ontario!

**FREE!**

ONTARIO TRAVEL LITERATURE

Mail to: Ontario Travel,  
104 Parliament Bldgs., Toronto, Ontario.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.O.  PROV.

**KNOW ONTARIO BETTER**

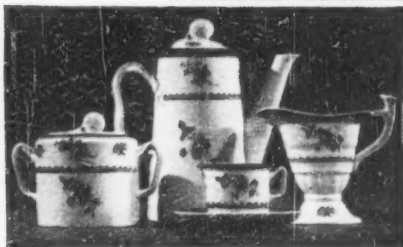
# Have the time of your life in ONTARIO

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL AND PUBLICITY Hon. Bryan L. Cathcart, Minister

"WE LIVE IN A  
MODERN APARTMENT...  
OUR SPODE  
BLENDS IN PERFECTLY!"



"Gloucester  
Lowestoft"



THE WONDERFUL thing about exquisite Spode dinnerware is that it adds beauty and distinction to every period, every background. Its delicate hand-painting produces a richness of colour that can be attained no other way. So, give your home the ageless elegance that has delighted generations, choose Spode! Write for folder.

**Spode**  
DINNERWARE

Distributors: Copeland & Duncan Limited, 222 Bay St., Toronto

NEVER sold - RARELY given

CANADA  
INSPECTED

Protected jealously by the Canadian Government, this emblem, "Canada Inspected" is granted only to fish packers able to meet the very rigid standards demanded by the Federal Authorities.

It ensures that you and your family are able to buy the finest fish procurable which has passed daily Government inspection during the handling, processing and packing of only TOP QUALITY fish.

Sea-Seal Seafoods bear this stamp - "Canada Inspected"



Seafoods

**Corby's**

SINCE 1859

Undoubtedly the  
LIGHTEST of  
all full strength  
whiskies...



Corby's

**VERY  
LIGHT**

CANADIAN WHISKY  
AGED 6 YEARS



BUY CORBY'S AND YOU BUY CANADIAN

very workmanlike controversies within that apparently simple framework. Perhaps the most famous occurred in 1958 at the Toronto assembly's banquet to celebrate the forthcoming twenty-seventh anniversary of the passing of the Statute of Westminster. Three city controllers, Joseph Cornish, William Allen, and Jean Newman, were among a hundred and fifty guests in the Oak Room of Toronto's Union Station. The three controllers had places at the head table, but refused to sit down until they were assured that God Save the Queen would be played when the toast to the Queen was proposed. Assembly president Alberni Picard said the Sons hadn't planned that. The controllers were adamant, and the principals repaired to an anteroom to negotiate. Picard said he had a letter from Prime Minister Diefenbaker that described God Save the Queen as a prayer for the sovereign's well-being. "We'll have thirty seconds for prayer," he said, "and anyone who wants to sing his prayer is perfectly free to do so."

"Let's get down to brass tacks," snapped Controller Cornish. "Are you going to play God Save the Queen or aren't you?"

"I don't sing my prayers," said Picard, while Glaum and other members of the executive stood by. "We'll play O Canada."

"I'm not getting a direct answer," said Cornish. "I'm a native son as much as anyone here. I want God Save the Queen to be played."

"We play both at the end," said one Sons officer. The controllers left.

#### They backed a non-native

The next day Glaum accused Cornish of playing politics and, in the municipal elections that followed, the Sons endorsed for mayor the only controller who hadn't been at the banquet, Ford Brand, who turned out—too late for the Sons to rescind their endorsement—to be a native of Buffalo and the only non-native Canadian in the race. (Brand lost to the incumbent mayor, Nathan Phillips, who had said after the banquet that he agreed with the controllers who walked out.)

Picard, who is no longer with the Native Sons, was the central figure in another controversy that flashed across the front pages for a day or two but didn't end in a victory for the Sons.

Picard told a service-club luncheon that the Sons were planning to poll all the members of parliament about a Canadian flag. "Anyone who votes for it," he said, "will be a patriot. Anyone who votes against it will be an enemy. Anyone who sits on the fence will be a coward."

This time, in the eyes of even most of the Sons (except Bernard Glaum), Picard had gone too far and after a hurried consultation with his executive, he apologized.

Meanwhile, Glaum's publicity mill ground exceeding hard. The scrapbook he kept during his years with the Sons is now crammed with his published letters, his quoted comments and his reported activities. They include:

an announcement that the Native Sons had started a fund to help the Six Nations Indians whose government allowances had been cut off when they tried to secede from Canada, and that the fund already had \$35;

a warning to Prime Minister Diefenbaker that if he didn't do something about the unemployment situation he

would find himself unemployed after the next election;

a letter published in the Toronto Telegram saying that Glaum was trying to get the Native Sons to boycott the Telegram because it hadn't published any of the letters he'd sent in;

a denial that it was the Native Sons who had torn the Red Ensign from a city of Toronto flagpole and hoisted the red, white and green design favored by the Native Sons;

a picture of Glaum and some of the twenty-one other Sons who had paid a total of \$55 to get into the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show so they could sit down when God Save the Queen was played;

an answer to the Native Son who had written to the Toronto Star saying Glaum didn't speak for all Native Sons, saying he did, too;

a suggestion for a committee of twelve (including a Native Son) to rule on whether the Ballets Africains could dance barebreasted in Toronto;

a declaration that contrary to charges made by the Toronto Star columnist Pierre Berton, the Sons held no racial prejudices and, in fact, had a Negro member, who lived in Oshawa;

praise for the Toronto Star's Pierre Berton for the "splendid work he is doing in exposing political graft and commercial swindles";

leadership of a picket line around Maple Leaf Gardens to protest the absence of O Canada from all Gardens functions;

cheers when, on separate occasions, radio station CJBC started opening its broadcasting day and the Toronto Argonauts their football games with O Canada;

criticism of the Ontario Motor League for removing the beaver and maple leaf from its crest;

support for TV star Joyce Davidson, who was in hot water for having made some remarks about Canadians and the Queen on a U.S. TV show, and the announcement that the Sons were awarding Miss Davidson their Certificate of Merit.

The scrapbook also records Glaum's ascent from publicity chairman of the Toronto assembly to chaplain to recording secretary to a vice-presidency. Late last year, he achieved a minor post on the national council.

Then, suddenly, there is disillusionment. The national council rejects some of his statements. He has gone too far too often, they feel. The Toronto assembly refuses to condone him. He is expelled.

Glaum's Canadian Citizens' Society, which he says will be open to naturalized Canadians as well as natives and will shortly replace the Sons, has not yet surged into the limelight. Its only publicity so far has been in the personal columns, where it has advertised for members.

But Glaum himself got into the papers shortly after his expulsion. The membership of the Toronto assembly, he told a reporter, was not eighteen hundred, as he had claimed *ex officio*—at others' urging. It is fifty-eight, excluding Bernard Glaum. ★





## The French Revolution, Quebec 1961

Continued from page 21

Conquest, men like Duplessis had managed to make the state into an instrument of fear. In sharp contrast, Lesage and his young men are busy creating a dynamic new kind of administration, one that intends to interfere powerfully on the side of the citizen. By the gradual but stubborn implementation of the 53-point platform on which he was elected, Lesage is establishing in Quebec a welfare state more radical than that of any government in North America, including Tommy Douglas's socialist administration in Saskatchewan.

Because French Canadians control only about ten percent of their province's material wealth, and there are no great locally owned pools of money with which to buy back these assets, the Lesage government plans to use nationalization as the tool for returning to Quebecers the benefits of their natural resources.

The major unknown in all these politically exciting events is the question: can Lesage get away with it?

He was elected to office by a margin so slim that he would have lost if only four extra voters at each poll had cast their ballots against him. Since he has come to power, his reforms have offended large sections of the population. Those affronted by Lesage's actions include a considerable number of influential men inside his own party, who resent his autocratic prohibitions against the return of any patronage. In Quebec City recently, Emilien Lafrance, a real-estate agent from Richmond County who is Lesage's minister of social welfare, appeared with an ugly black eye, given to him by one of his own organizers when he refused to grant the man patronage control in his riding.

As Lesage drastically transforms the political, social, cultural and economic face of Quebec, his own personality is also changing. He's a smooth politician who has become a presence. The lazy amiability he once projected has given way to the rigid dignity of a bishop. He won't stand being contradicted; even the presence of a third person in private conversation stiffens his mood. He addresses his remarks to the Quebec legislature, Kennedy-fashion, with hands slipping into his side pockets.

Once voted the handsomest man in the House of Commons by his fellow MPs, Lesage radiates the confident look of a matinee idol on the crest of a successful comeback. His whitening hair adds dignity to his open amiability. Lesage's working day is spent in furious and not too systematic concentration on the province's problems in Maurice Duplessis' former parliamentary office, which he has not yet had time to refurbish. His day usually ends at midnight in the study of his modest brick house beside the Plains of Abraham.

Lesage has installed a crucifix on the wall beside his desk. It's a symbol of the fact that, although his administration is being accused of violent anti-clericalism, the premier himself is an ardent, almost ostentatious, believer. No matter how



KARSH.

## PEOPLE WHO KNOW CHOOSE A QUALITY SWISS WATCH...

*because only a Swiss jewelled movement gives a long life of trouble-free accuracy!*

**Madame Jehane Benoit**, famous French-speaking Canadian Food Consultant and Author, says:

"To really appreciate the accuracy of a fine Swiss watch, you should live with me through one of my crowded days! If I'm not counting seconds while I talk to a radio or TV audience, or test a new recipe, I'm being pursued by a hungry printing press. Through all this daily activity, my quality Swiss watch has kept perfect time. Its remarkable accuracy is undiminished after many years."

Features such as shockproof, waterproof and dustproof are not enough... they can't make a poor watch keep ac-

curate time. The *big difference* between watches is on the inside. Look for a quality Swiss jewelled movement. Then you can be sure of true value, accurate time-keeping, and long, trouble-free performance. A fine Swiss watch is jewelled in the very heart of its movement to cushion wear—and thoroughly tested for precision time-keeping.

Before you buy, ask your jeweller to show you the *inside difference* in watches. Insist on a quality Swiss jewelled movement for lasting satisfaction. There is a quality Swiss watch to suit your personality... and your pocket-book.

Swiss on the dial\* assures quality in the fine jewelled movement

\*usually found under number 6



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Our Cottage Loves... New Improved Acme

## HIPPO OIL

Permanent Pliable



The modern hard drying varnish finish for cottages now made in a rich beautiful satin finish for use on all interior wood trim surfaces. Still the leader after 50 years.

- ★ Prevents cracking of wood siding.
- ★ Retains the fresh beauty of wood.
- ★ Use interior or exterior.
- ★ A long lasting finish.
- ★ Apply with brush or roller.

Use Hippo Oil for your floors, boat, wood trim, furniture... on sale at your favourite dealer.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ACME HOUSE PAINTS



paint & varnish



10, 100 & 500 LBS. TORONTO POSTAL STATION TORONTO 14, ONTARIO L1C 8B1  
MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, HALIFAX

**SUPER CAST REEL**  
NO. 3968 with line  
**NO. 4396**  
**SPIN CAST ROD**  
**\$ 9.95 complete**

**Alcock, Laight & Westwood Limited**  
TORONTO CALGARY MONTREAL

## Beautiful Lakes! that's MAINE

Summer visitors tell us it's the fragrant aroma of the pines—Maine's friendly people, the uncrowded coastal beaches, wonderful weather—sun bathing, water skiing, golf and delicious lobsters. But many said it's Maine's beautiful lakes—and the boating. Wonder what you'll like best about Maine? Plan now to find out. Write for **FREE** Vacation Guide—Maine Vacation Service, 1175 Gateway Circle, Portland, Maine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

Maine Department of Economic Development

busy he becomes, Lesage attends the 7:30 mass every morning at St. Mary's parish church and he talks to all visitors at length about God's influence on provincial affairs.

Lesage was born in Montreal but raised in Quebec, where he attended Laval University and, at twenty-seven, became one of the youngest crown attorneys in the city's history. His vigorous campaign against conscription during the World War II plebiscite helped to get him elected in 1945 to the House of Commons as the Liberal member for the rural riding of Montmagny-L'Islet, which he represented for the next thirteen years. In Ottawa, Lesage was at first regarded as a likeable lightweight. But he was chairman of the parliamentary committee that devised the plan for old-age pensions without a means test, and his work there so impressed Louis St. Laurent that he brought Lesage into the cabinet in 1953, as the first minister of northern affairs and national resources. Lesage tripled the government's spending on northern administration during his three and a half years in office, and gained the self-confidence necessary for his entry into Quebec politics. He once referred to his job at northern affairs as "the premiership of Canada's unorganized territories." But his hopes of becoming the Liberal party's chief Quebec spokesman were seriously weakened when a Montreal seat was found for Lionel Chevrier, the MP from Cornwall, Ontario.

After the second electoral defeat of the Liberals, Lesage's ambitions switched to the provincial field, and on May 31, 1958, at a virtually uncontested convention in Quebec City, he became the provincial Liberal leader. At the time, it wasn't much of a prize. The Liberals hadn't been in power since 1944; in the 1948 election they had won only eight seats.

Lesage spent the next two years stumping the province, trying to rally voters behind a 53-point election manifesto drafted by a group of Montreal intellectuals headed by Maurice Sauvé, a brilliant young lawyer who had been assistant secretary of the royal commission on Canada's economic prospects.

"It was only at this point that Lesage really became a reformer," recalls a Liberal politician who helped in the campaign. "He finally saw a chance of victory and more or less swept himself off his own feet by falling in love with the image of himself as the man chosen to lead the province out of the wilderness of political immorality."

Probably the most astonishing aspect of his narrow victory over the powerful Union Nationale was that Lesage managed to beat the ballot-stuffing tactics of his opponents. The official report of the voting shows that the UN won eleven of the twelve polls in which there were more valid ballots than eligible voters. The summary issued by Quebec's chief electoral officer calmly lists such oddities as polling station 114 in Chicoutimi, where 162 eligible electors are shown, but 224 "valid" ballots were counted. At poll 56 in Granby, 142 eligible voters somehow managed to cast 183 ballots.

An analysis of the results shows that the Liberal victory didn't substantially bite into the established Union Nationale vote, but Lesage did get a decisive share of the half million new voters who had come of age since the last election. This has placed Lesage in the traditional dilemma of the political reformer—the man brought into power to sweep out a corrupt regime, who, because he is a prisoner of the radically-minded ele-

ments that elected him, must now carry through radical measures, whether or not he personally believes in such extremes.

Lesage by nature is a conservative politician. His record shows that he believes in going along with, rather than leading, public opinion. "He has a great deal of ability and much energy, but he has no political ideology, or even roots in political thought," says Pierre Elliott Trudeau, echoing the opinion of many fellow intellectuals.

When I interviewed Lesage in Quebec City recently and asked him about his political ideology, he was brief but firm. "The main principle of my party," he said, "is the freedom of the individual within the modern complex of security and welfare measures. It's up to the politician to reconcile these two apparent contradictions." Lesage has not yet had to solve the serious ideological differences within his cabinet, because everyone has been too busy trying to reform the province's day-to-day administration.

The cabinet under Lesage is a very much more powerful institution than it

ever was under Duplessis, who constantly reminded his ministers that they held their jobs solely at his pleasure. Many of Lesage's ministers—particularly René Lévesque and Georges Lapalme—can sit back and think, with a great deal of justification, that Lesage would never have gained power without them.

Lévesque, who was Quebec's most popular television commentator before he took up politics, is the rallying point of most of the young idealists who voted for Lesage. He was so hated by the Union Nationale that they pledged, if re-elected, to set up a provincial broadcasting network in order to combat his influence. He's been spearheading the Liberals' anti-patronage drive in his job as minister of public works and now of natural resources. "The ideology of the Liberal party is historically non-existent," he snorted, when I saw him in his office. "We're starting from an ambiguous base, with a wide range of opinions in cabinet. I'm on the far left, of course. If this government doesn't reflect the views of the left, it won't be here long."



## How Frank Wharton ate a deer with the deer's own teeth

IN 1932, A BACKWOODSMAN named Francis Wharton visited an Edmonton surgeon and asked what it would cost to have a mole removed from his right eye. Fifty dollars, said the doctor. Wharton turned on his heel, went home to a log cabin at Dunn Lake, B.C., and performed the operation himself, using a razor in front of a cracked mirror.

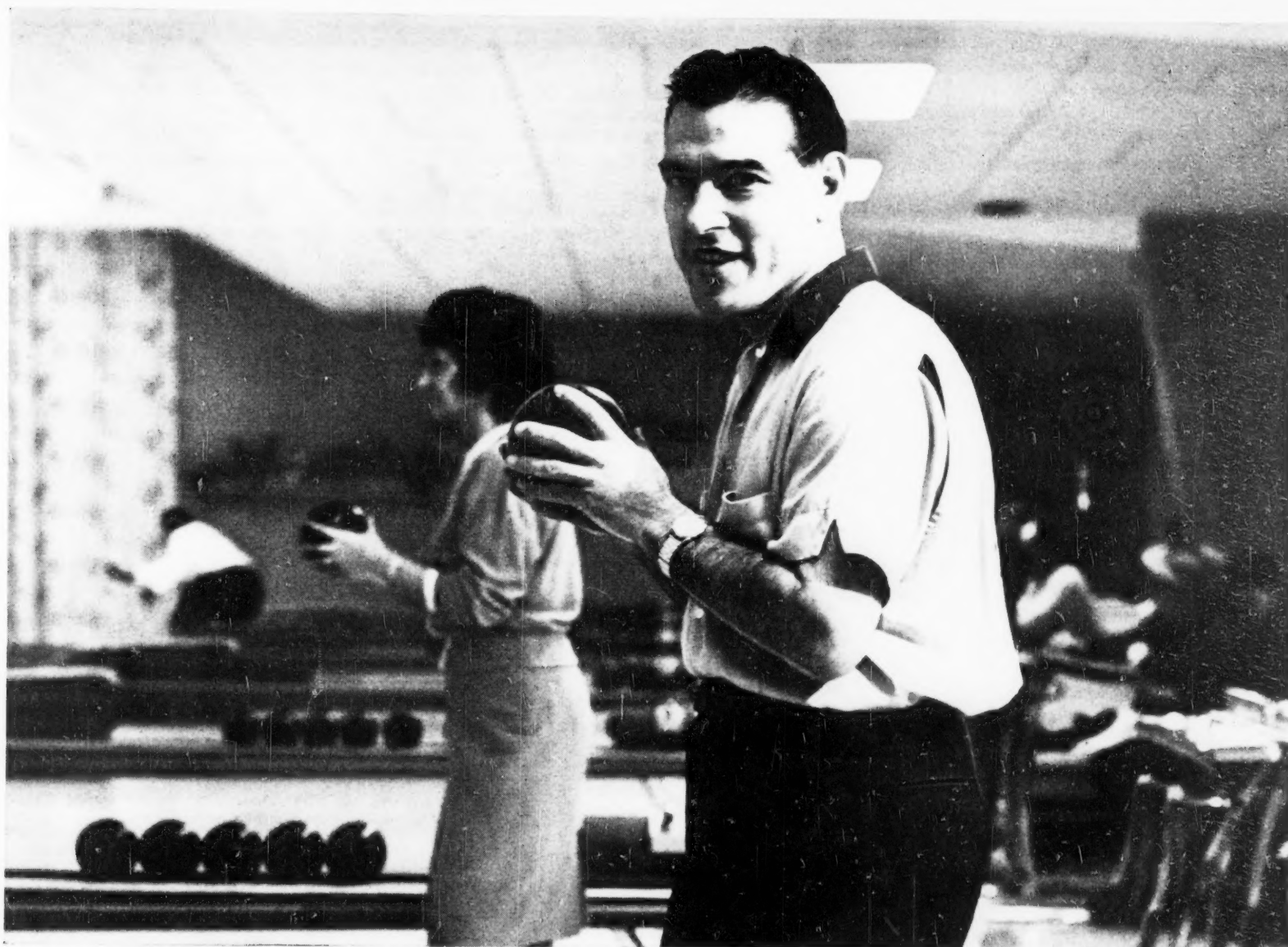
This was just one of several feats that made Wharton one of the most self-sufficient backwoodsmen of all time. Born in England, he lived most of his life in the wilds of B.C. and northern Alberta, tanning hides to make his own clothes, cutting his own hair and using whatever materials he had on hand to make anything he needed. Once, when a dog chewed off half his ear, Wharton,

who had taken a mail-order course in veterinary surgery, stitched the mangled ear together again with an ordinary needle and thread.

Wharton performed his most unusual feat of self-surgery one day in 1956, after bringing back a buck from a hunting trip. Realizing he couldn't eat much of the meat with his own teeth, which were decayed or missing, he decided it was time he had a set of false ones.

In three hours, he removed the teeth from the buck, filed and ground them down to size, and mounted them on plates molded from plastic wood. Then he sat down to dinner and ate some of the buck with its own teeth. Wharton was still using his homemade false teeth on the day he died in 1959. — PATRICIA YOUNG





George Smith electrotyper, Toronto

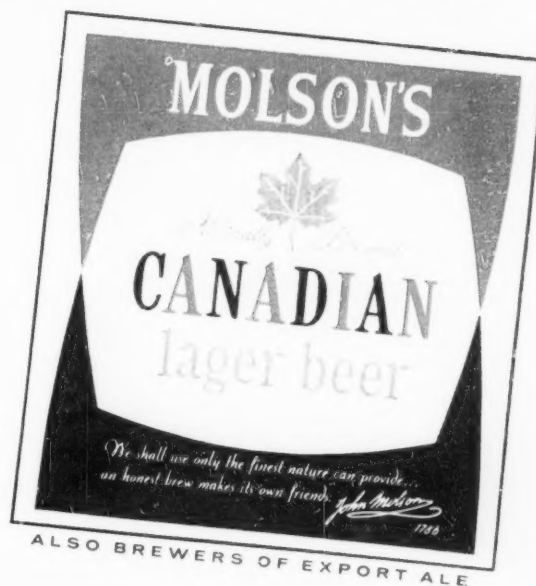
## "After bowling it's Molson's Canadian"

When it's time to relax after the game, George and his friends ask for Molson's Canadian lager beer. It's a custom more and more Canadians enjoy. Try Molson's Canadian soon—it's specially brewed for the Canadian taste!



*George's skill as a bowler has won him many appearances on CBC/TV's "Championship Bowling" show. With him, the champion of the lager beers is Molson's Canadian. He says it's tops.*

**YOU DRINK IT AND YOU SMILE!**



MOLSON'S BREWERY LIMITED—MONTREAL • TORONTO • REGINA • EDMONTON • VANCOUVER



Our Cottage Loves... New Improved Acme

## HIPPO OIL

Permanent Pliable

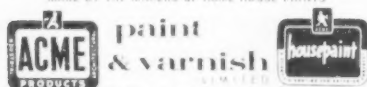


The modern hard drying varnish finish for cottages now made in a rich beautiful satin finish for use on all interior wood trim surfaces. Still the leader after 50 years.

- ★ Prevents cracking of wood siding
- ★ Retains the fresh beauty of wood
- ★ Use interior or exterior
- ★ A long lasting finish
- ★ Apply with brush or roller

Use Hippo Oil for your floors, boat, wood trim, furniture... on sale at your favourite dealer.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ACME HOUSE PAINTS



7-8100 NEW HAVEN ROAD, SUITE 100, TORONTO, ONTARIO M1S 1S1  
MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, HALIFAX

**SUPER CAST REEL**  
NO. 3968 with line

**NO. 4396**  
SPIN CAST ROD

**\$ 9.95 complete**

**Alw**

**Alcock, Knight & Washwood Limited**  
TORONTO CALGARY MONTREAL

## Beautiful Lakes! that's MAINE

Summer visitors tell us it's the fragrant aroma of the pines — Maine's friendly people, the uncrowded coastal beaches, wonderful weather — sun basking, water skiing, golf and delicious lobsters. But many said it's Maine's beautiful lakes—and the boating. Wonder what you'll like best about Maine? Plan now to find out. Write for **FREE** Vacation Guide — Maine Vacation Service, 1175 Gateway Circle, Portland, Maine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov \_\_\_\_\_

Maine Department of Economic Development

busy he becomes, Lesage attends the 7:30 mass every morning at St. Mary's parish church and he talks to all visitors at length about God's influence on provincial affairs.

Lesage was born in Montreal but raised in Quebec, where he attended Laval University and, at twenty-seven, became one of the youngest crown attorneys in the city's history. His vigorous campaign against conscription during the World War II plebiscite helped to get him elected in 1945 to the House of Commons as the Liberal member for the rural riding of Montmagny-L'Islet, which he represented for the next thirteen years. In Ottawa, Lesage was at first regarded as a likeable lightweight. But he was chairman of the parliamentary committee that devised the plan for old-age pensions without a means test, and his work there so impressed Louis St. Laurent that he brought Lesage into the cabinet in 1953, as the first minister of northern affairs and national resources. Lesage tripled the government's spending on northern administration during his three and a half years in office, and gained the self-confidence necessary for his entry into Quebec politics. He once referred to his job at northern affairs as "the premiership of Canada's unorganized territories." But his hopes of becoming the Liberal party's chief Quebec spokesman were seriously weakened when a Montreal seat was found for Lionel Chevrier, the MP from Cornwall, Ontario.

After the second electoral defeat of the Liberals, Lesage's ambitions switched to the provincial field, and on May 31, 1958, at a virtually uncontested convention in Quebec City, he became the provincial Liberal leader. At the time, it wasn't much of a prize. The Liberals hadn't been in power since 1944; in the 1948 election they had won only eight seats.

Lesage spent the next two years stumping the province, trying to rally voters behind a 53-point election manifesto drafted by a group of Montreal intellectuals headed by Maurice Sauvé, a brilliant young lawyer who had been assistant secretary of the royal commission on Canada's economic prospects.

"It was only at this point that Lesage really became a reformer," recalls a Liberal politician who helped in the campaign. "He finally saw a chance of victory and more or less swept himself off his own feet by falling in love with the image of himself as the man chosen to lead the province out of the wilderness of political immorality."

Probably the most astonishing aspect of his narrow victory over the powerful Union Nationale was that Lesage managed to beat the ballot-stuffing tactics of his opponents. The official report of the voting shows that the UN won eleven of the twelve polls in which there were more valid ballots than eligible voters. The summary issued by Quebec's chief electoral officer calmly lists such oddities as polling station 114 in Chicoutimi, where 162 eligible electors are shown, but 224 "valid" ballots were counted. At poll 56 in Granby, 142 eligible voters somehow managed to cast 183 ballots.

An analysis of the results shows that the Liberal victory didn't substantially bite into the established Union Nationale vote, but Lesage did get a decisive share of the half million new voters who had come of age since the last election. This has placed Lesage in the traditional dilemma of the political reformer—the man brought into power to sweep out a corrupt regime, who, because he is a prisoner of the radically-minded ele-

ments that elected him, must now carry through radical measures, whether or not he personally believes in such extremes.

Lesage by nature is a conservative politician. His record shows that he believes in going along with, rather than leading, public opinion. "He has a great deal of ability and much energy, but he has no political ideology, or even roots in political thought," says Pierre Elliott Trudeau, echoing the opinion of many fellow intellectuals.

When I interviewed Lesage in Quebec City recently and asked him about his political ideology, he was brief but firm. "The main principle of my party," he said, "is the freedom of the individual within the modern complex of security and welfare measures. It's up to the politician to reconcile these two apparent contradictions." Lesage has not yet had to solve the serious ideological differences within his cabinet, because everyone has been too busy trying to reform the province's day-to-day administration.

The cabinet under Lesage is a very much more powerful institution than it

ever was under Duplessis, who constantly reminded his ministers that they held their jobs solely at his pleasure. Many of Lesage's ministers—particularly René Lévesque and Georges Lapalme—can sit back and think, with a great deal of justification, that Lesage would never have gained power without them.

Lévesque, who was Quebec's most popular television commentator before he took up politics, is the rallying point of most of the young idealists who voted for Lesage. He was so hated by the Union Nationale that they pledged, if re-elected, to set up a provincial broadcasting network in order to combat his influence. He's been spearheading the Liberals' anti-patronage drive in his job as minister of public works and now of natural resources. "The ideology of the Liberal party is historically non-existent," he snorted, when I saw him in his office. "We're starting from an ambiguous base, with a wide range of opinions in cabinet. I'm on the far left, of course. If this government doesn't reflect the views of the left, it won't be here long."



## How Frank Wharton ate a deer with the deer's own teeth

IN 1932, A BACKWOODSMAN named Francis Wharton visited an Edmonton surgeon and asked what it would cost to have a mole removed from his right eye. Fifty dollars, said the doctor. Wharton turned on his heel, went home to a log cabin at Dunn Lake, B.C., and performed the operation himself, using a razor in front of a cracked mirror.

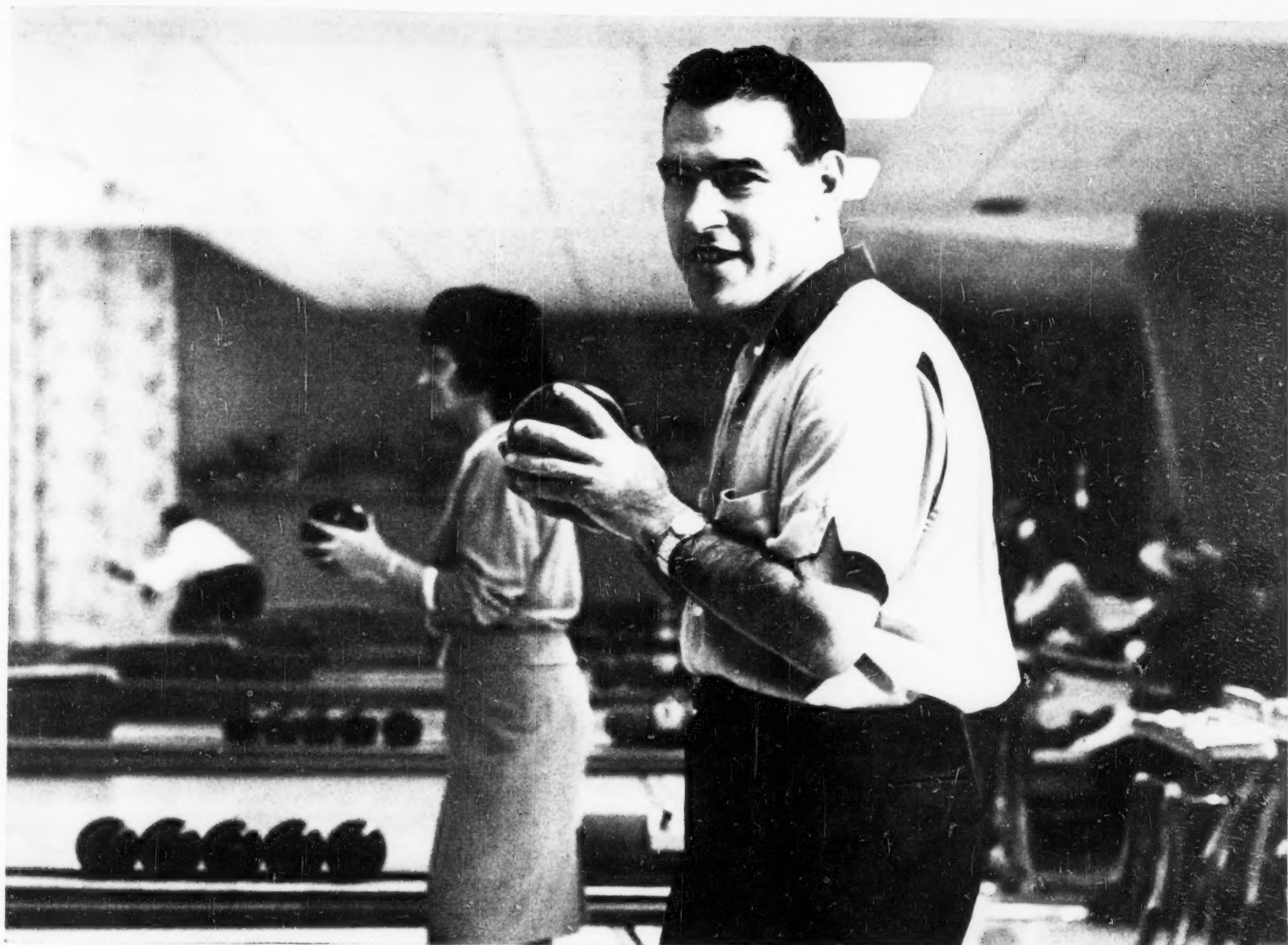
This was just one of several feats that made Wharton one of the most self-sufficient backwoodsmen of all time. Born in England, he lived most of his life in the wilds of B.C. and northern Alberta, tanning hides to make his own clothes, cutting his own hair and using whatever materials he had on hand to make anything he needed. Once, when a dog chewed off half his ear, Wharton,

who had taken a mail-order in veterinary surgery, stitc mangled ear together again ordinary needle and thread.

Wharton performed his usual feat of self-surgery on 1956, after bringing back from a hunting trip. Real couldn't eat much of the m his own teeth, which were or missing, he decided it was had a set of false ones.

In three hours, he remc teeth from the buck, filed an them down to size, and moun on plates molded from plast Then he sat down to dinner some of the buck with its ov Wharton was still using hi made false teeth on the day in 1959. — PATRICIA YOUNG





George Smith, electrotyper, Toronto

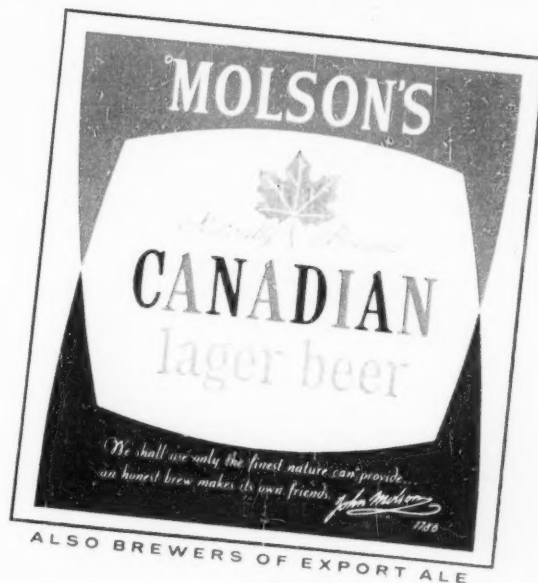
# "After bowling it's Molson's Canadian"

When it's time to relax after the game, George and his friends ask for Molson's Canadian lager beer. It's a custom more and more Canadians enjoy. Try Molson's Canadian soon—it's specially brewed for the Canadian taste!



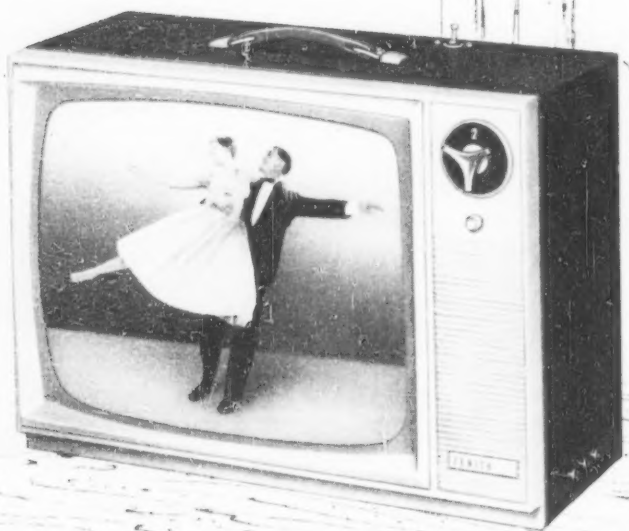
*George's skill as a bowler has won him many appearances on CBC/TV's "Championship Bowling" show. With him, the champion of the lager beers is Molson's Canadian. He says it's tops.*

**YOU DRINK IT AND YOU SMILE!**



MOLSON'S BREWERY LIMITED—MONTREAL • TORONTO • REGINA • EDMONTON • VANCOUVER

Buy quality—  
Buy Zenith



Zenith's new Service-Saver Chassis means money-saving dependability in these slim new portables!

**It's handcrafted for greater reliability!** No printed circuits—Zenith's new Service-Saver Chassis is completely wired and soldered by hand. This costlier construction means better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches. That's why Canada's best buy is the Zenith Villa (19" overall diagonal picture tube, 172 sq. in. picture area). Features front speaker for better sound; full power transformer, premium quality components. Top handle, telescoping antenna, metallic brown mist or West Point gray colors. Model G 2105, \$269.95\*.

**TV's purest picture—in any signal area!** Zenith's new Gold Video Guard Tuner brings in a better picture—even in far-out fringe areas—without constant retuning! Handcrafted horizontal chassis; exclusive Space Command remote control that tunes TV from across the room. The Bahama model G 2214 in metallic sepia brown, \$359.95\*. Zenith quality TV starts as low as \$239.95\*.



**ZENITH**

The quality goes in before the name goes on

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., 1370 THE QUEENSWAY, TORONTO 18, ONTARIO.  
The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids.  
\*Suggested retail price in Ontario and Quebec. Prices may vary elsewhere.  
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Georges Lapalme, the attorney-general who is pushing through the reforms of the Quebec Provincial Police and the province's liquor legislation, is Lévesque's ideological confrère. A moody and tense Montreal lawyer, he led the Liberal party during its most frustrating days of opposition under Duplessis. The other strong personalities in cabinet are Youth Minister Paul Gérin-Lajoie, a leading constitutional expert; Minister of State George Marler, the former federal transport minister who now provides Lesage's link with the Montreal financial community, and Trade and Commerce Minister André Rousseau, a L'Islet industrialist who is regarded as Lesage's most likely successor. Seven of the seventeen cabinet ministers are former federal MPs.

Some political observers in Quebec City believe that Lesage is handicapped in his dealings with the cabinet's radical elements by the federal ambitions that are attributed to him. Fifteen years younger than Lester Pearson, he's in a favored position to lead the federal Liberal party, which has a habit of alternating English- and French-speaking chiefs. When I asked him about his federal plans, Lesage just shrugged and said: "I don't know. If you had asked me whether I was interested in the provincial leadership in February 1958, I would have said no. Three months later, I was the leader. One must leave these things to God."

#### The opposition is demoralized

Any effective opposition that develops to challenge Lesage's ambitions will probably have to come from outside the legislative assembly. Although the Union Nationale fields forty-one members as the official opposition, it is a completely demoralized, leaderless crew. Its defeat revealed the UN as a personal political machine rather than a political party. It didn't even have a written platform during the last election; no cohesive political philosophy has survived. The party is now busy setting up constituency organizations, so that delegates can be sent to its first leadership convention this fall. There are rumors that Jean Drapeau, the mayor of Montreal, may run for the leadership of a reformed Union Nationale, but the most likely candidate is Daniel Johnson, a French-Canadian lawyer and brilliant political campaigner who was Duplessis' minister of hydraulic resources.

Meanwhile, a royal commission set up by the Liberals has methodically been uncovering the many corrupt practices of the former regime. One major puzzle for the new government is what to do with the million dollars' worth of slightly used typewriters they've discovered in a Quebec City warehouse. A connection of Duplessis' operated an office machine agency, and every two years all the typewriters owned by the province were automatically replaced, while the older machines were tucked away.

When René Lévesque took over as minister of public works, he found out that no one in his department actually knew how to draw up papers for open tendering on contracts. Although Quebec laws clearly state that all major public works are to be awarded by tender, not a single public tender was issued during the last sixteen years of the Duplessis regime; all work was awarded privately to contractors who had to kick back part of the value of their bids into the Union Nationale treasury.

Just before the last provincial elec-



**"EXPORT"**  
PLAIN OR FILTER TIP  
CIGARETTES

#### How To Hold FALSE TEETH

More Firmly in Place

Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, goopy, pasty taste or feeling. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today, at drug counters everywhere.

**Famous Seacoast!**  
that's  
**MAINE**

See page 84

#### Woman Relieved of Agonizing ITCH

"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I discovered a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles. Here's blessed relief from the torture of itch in women, chafing, hemorrhoids, rash & eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!



**CAT-TEX HALF & FULL SOLES**  
At all fine shoe repairers



tion, the Union Nationale awarded thirty-six bridge-building contracts through "letters of intent." But Lévesque refused to recognize these, and re-opened the contracts to free bidding. The bridges, originally let at a cost of \$4,351,000, are now being built for \$2,912,000—mostly by the contractors who made the original bids.

The builders of seventeen other bridges who had already signed formal contracts with the government were called into Lévesque's office shortly after the election. He asked them whether they'd be willing to reconsider the amount of their bids, now that no political kickbacks were necessary. Every contractor slashed his price by at least a quarter. A bridge in Bagot County, for instance, had been under construction for \$49,924; it's now being completed by the same builder for \$29,978.

Lesage has introduced Ottawa's system whereby every large government expenditure is submitted to a treasury board for approval. On top of that, he has also appointed a treasury comptroller who countersigns every major purchase proposed by any minister. Ostensibly, this man's function is to make certain that there's enough money in the treasury; actually, he's a super-watchdog, responsible alone to the premier, for the financial dealings of the ministers.

#### Most deputies are still UN men

Even some of Lesage's most loyal supporters are beginning to complain about his rugged reform measures. They accuse him of being afraid to clean out the provincial civil service properly, because if he replaced existing officials with his own appointments he might be charged with the type of patronage he has pledged to eliminate. The result is that only the four deputy ministers who have retired since the Liberal victory have been replaced. Most departments continue to be ruled by appointees of the Union Nationale—and the mentality imparted to them by sixteen years of the Duplessis regime. Less than a dozen permanent civil servants have been fired for political activity.

Businessmen who supported the Liberal party during the Duplessis era, often at considerable personal expense, are furious that they're now being prevented from benefiting from their party's victory. Quebec insurance firms, for instance, were bypassed recently for a large contract to insure Hydro-Québec's trucks and cars, because an Ontario company submitted a slightly lower tender.

When Lesage told Liberal members of the legislative assembly that they would not be patronage-wielding gods in their own ridings, as government-side backbenchers had been under Duplessis, one member of the caucus accused the premier of attempting to shatter the traditionally intimate contact between assemblymen and their constituents, by confining MLAs to the role of lawmakers.

"What stupidity!" Lesage burst out. "The system that edified the new class of millionaires of the Union Nationale has been abolished. We will never return to it. Let that be clearly understood. NEVER!"

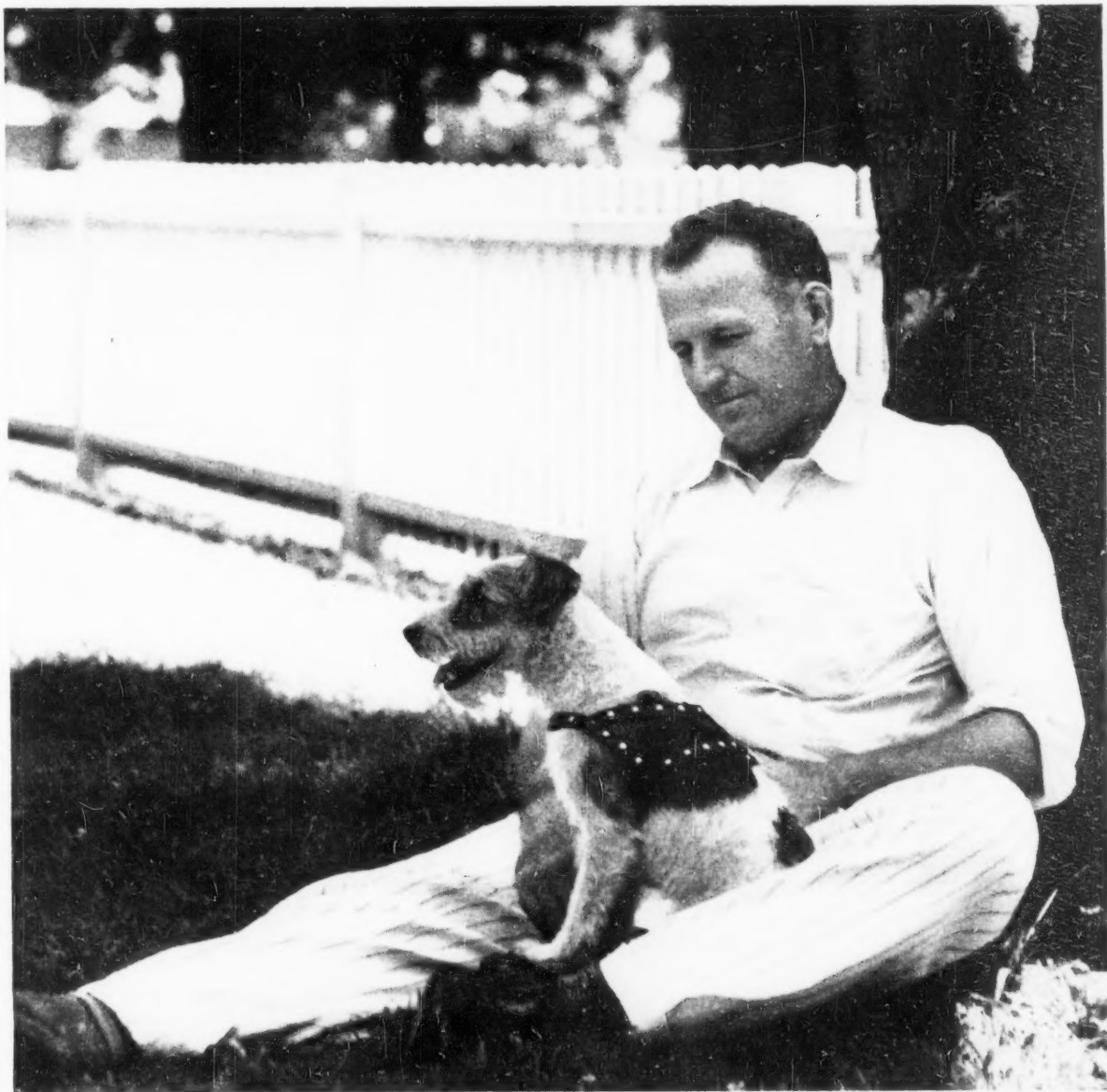
An even more difficult challenge to Lesage than trying to reorient his party's thinking on patronage is his attempt to change the role of government within the Quebec economy. Under Duplessis, the state limited its function to that of an arbiter between conflicting representatives of free enterprise, with



#### PETER STOLLERY: World traveler on foot, by wheel, or under sail

Peter Stollery left Toronto on March 19, 1958, traveled 75,000 miles through sixty-five countries, and came back on February 13, 1961. When he'd been back only a few days he decided that Canada "will die of relaxation" and made up his mind to take off again for the tropics some time in the future. Stollery, who is twenty-five, quit high school to work in the mines. Later he drove a taxi in Toronto. Then,

bored with the prospect of a life in his family's haberdashery, he left for Europe, Africa and Asia. For a year, to pay his way across Africa, he taught conversational English at Sidi-bel-Abbès, a town in Algeria noted for its long association with the French Foreign Legion. From there he set out for Algiers and the summertime journey across the Sahara that he describes in this issue, starting on page 17.



## WE CAN TELL YOU HOW TO RETIRE A LITTLE RICHER

It is being done every day, using INVESTORS retirement services. There are three basic plans, each of which can be registered for tax exemption. The first is an absolutely guaranteed fixed-interest plan, solid as bedrock. The second plan is a managed selection of high-grade securities — promising as the future of Canada. The third is a combination of the first and second — of bedrock and long-term growth. May we tell you more about these INVESTORS retirement services?

The Man from Investors can be your best friend financially. Just look up Investors Syndicate of Canada in the white pages of your phone book. Call our nearest office and ask for information on "Registered Retirement Plans". No obligation.



**Investors**  
**syndicate**

OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office: Winnipeg

Offices in principal cities

"We're going to be moving left," said Lesage, "but that doesn't mean we're a leftist government"

the winner usually being the businessman most willing to meet the conditions set by *Le Chef*. But under Lesage, and more especially the radical forces in his cabinet, the Quebec state is rapidly moving into something the new premier calls "democratic planning."

"I regard the state as our main tool for social progress," Lesage told me. "Of course that means we're going to be

moving left as a government, but it doesn't mean that this will be a leftist government." The first step in this direction has been the formation of the fifteen-man Economic Advisory Council, responsible directly to the premier, charged with preparing "a plan for the economic organization of the province with a view to the most complete utilization of its material and human re-

sources." Its secretary is René Tremblay, a former professor of economics at Laval University who is the new administration's most brilliant recruit to the civil service. In his other job as deputy minister of trade and commerce, Tremblay has, since the change of government, brought into his department a hundred and seventy-five new economists, statisticians and sociologists, giving Quebec the

largest industrial-promotion staff of any province. He has also permanently posted Quebec's own trade-promotion officers to Paris, London, New York and Chicago.

Montreal's financial community is increasingly apprehensive that the Quebec government will nationalize the province's many private hydro producers, including the giant Shawinigan Water and Power Company. "We're tired of watching the exploitation of the province's resources as spectators," René Lévesque said recently in his capacity as minister of hydraulic resources. "The government wants to change things gently. But if that doesn't work, the only alternative will be the use of Teddy Roosevelt's big stick." Lévesque has conceded to the provincially owned Hydro-Québec all the unharnessed water-power along the 300-mile Manicouagan River, a potential block of six million horsepower that had been sought by private developers.

Lévesque also has pointed to medical costs in his battle to keep the Quebec government moving left. "Some time or other there will have to be a ceiling on doctors' fees and salaries," he told a startled audience at a Laval medical faculty banquet. "I ardently hope the initiative will come from the medical profession itself. If not, [the profession] will be confronted with an accomplished fact."

Probably the move that has attracted most attention outside Quebec has been the establishment by Lesage of a new department of government, roughly equivalent to the federal ministry of external affairs. For one thing, the new office will seek to influence the two million or more French-speaking North Americans who do not live in the province. "No one seriously imagines that French Canada ends at the territorial limits of Quebec," says Lesage. "We must lend our support to those of our compatriots who, because of their location, are in great danger of being assimilated and losing contact with the French culture."

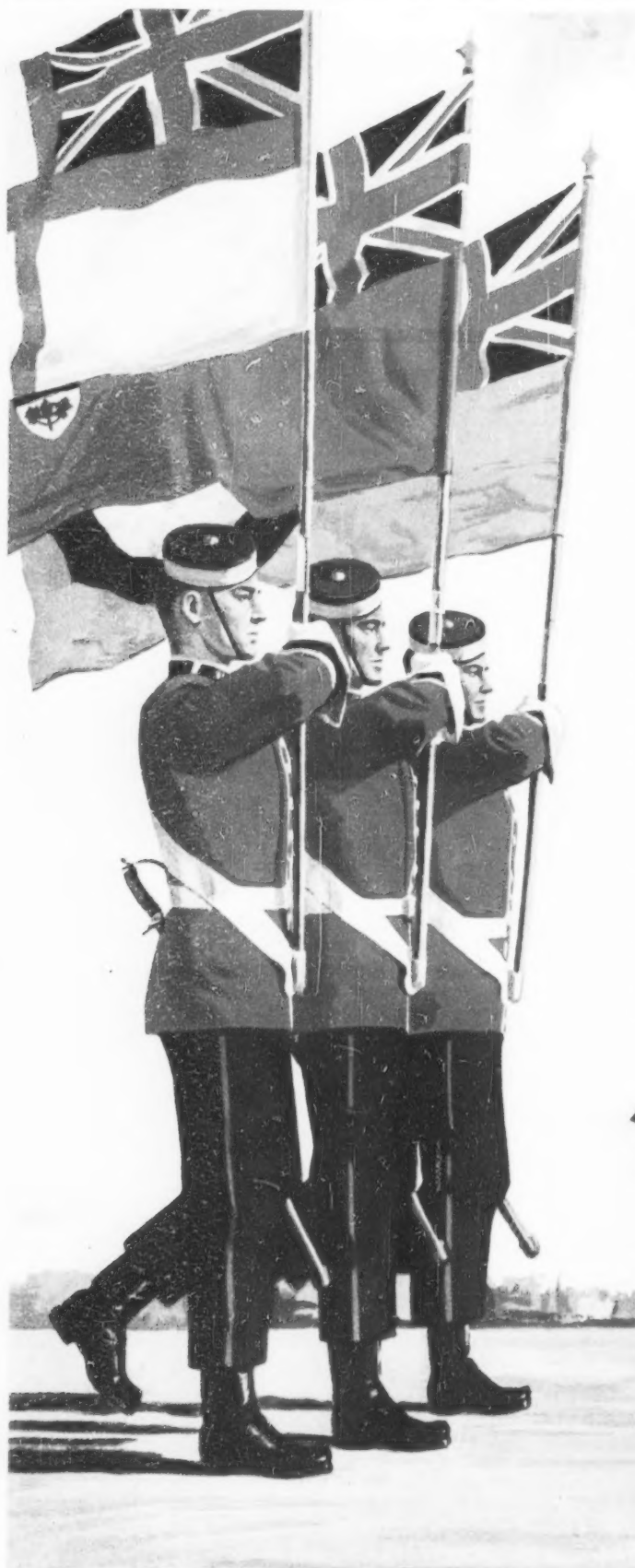
The most important change in Quebec's relations with the rest of Canada is Lesage's new attitude toward the federal government.

At the dominion-provincial conference in Ottawa last fall, Lesage became the first Quebec premier to lay down positive assertions about what *should* be done in Canada, instead of just reiterating what *shouldn't* be done to Quebec. Since he came to power, the new Quebec premier has signed agreements with Ottawa that give the province an additional hundred million dollars in revenue for such things as hospital care and highway construction.

Lesage's new approach to dominion-provincial relations is his most significant accomplishment to date. Quebec nationalism has in the past been based on two maintaining forces: the paternalistic, conservative objection to change of any kind, and the fight for the survival of French-Canadian culture. Lesage and his young men have succeeded, for the first time, in dissociating these two elements.

That separation in thinking represents a philosophic revolution of major proportions, currently expressing itself in a strong wave of anti-clerical emotion.

Such feelings show up most vividly in the popular revulsion against the clergy's traditional role of running most



## Education for Leadership

These are young men of the Canadian Services Colleges. They are preparing themselves for the day when they attain the Queen's Commission and hold officer rank in the Navy, Army or Air Force.

Through the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) the Department of National Defence will sponsor a limited number of qualified High School graduates to obtain a university education through the Canadian Services Colleges or through a Canadian university leading to a degree.

Full details of this financial assistance can be obtained without obligation from your nearest Armed Services recruiting station, or by writing to the Director ROTP, Selection Board, Department of National Defence, Ottawa, Ontario.

The next course commences in the fall of 1961.  
Applications are being accepted now.



T5-59-5M



of Quebec's health, welfare and educational facilities. This was necessary after the 1759 conquest, when the beaten colony was abandoned by France, and the parish priest was in many cases the only literate member of Quebec settlements. But it is an obsolete system in an age when welfare and educational institutions must depend on state funds to survive.

"Most of the people who are leading the movement against the clergy's continued intrusion into non-religious activities are good Catholics," a Montreal university professor told me. "But they feel it's high time for the church to trust her laymen, and hand over to them control of the institutions whose bills they're paying."

There have already been serious skirmishes between the Catholic hierarchy and the Lesage government about the acceptance of the federal hospital insurance plan. The cabinet had to pass an order-in-council setting a scale of prices for medical services, because some Catholic hospitals had been trying to get extra grants by padding their payrolls. One hospital in the Eastern Townships, for instance, tried to charge the government for the services of three elderly nuns needed "to cheer up patients." Church and state have clashed most directly in the Gaspé, where the archbishop, Msgr. Paul Bernier, tried for a time to stop three church-operated hospitals from joining the hospital insurance plan, because it would work toward the elimination of religious orders from Quebec hospitals.

A battle of even more serious proportions is shaping up in the field of education, where the government plans some drastic revisions of a system that has not been basically altered since 1875. The church has maintained that education and religion are inseparable, since education is meant to prepare the individual not only for the earthly life but also for the life to come. Quebec has no department of education, in the ordinary sense. Schools are administered by a semi-autonomous council of education, divided into a Protestant committee and a Roman Catholic committee; the latter has in its membership all of the province's Roman Catholic bishops. The two committees rarely confer with each other.

Lesage's electoral platform included a pledge to provide free education at all

levels. This means that about half a billion dollars will have to be invested in expanding the province's educational facilities during the next three years. Two days after he took office, Lesage centralized all the government's educational responsibilities under Youth Minister Paul Gérin-Lajoie, who plans to change the system completely. A royal commission has been appointed to make the necessary recommendations, but the direction of the changes is already clear: the state will take over the control of education from the church.

When four church-operated colleges recently applied for charters to become degree-granting universities—a procedure that would have been little more than a formality under Duplessis—they were turned down and told to wait until the royal commission report.

Lesage's attempt to take Quebec into the twentieth century has forced him into so many radical positions that strong opposition is developing from the extreme right. Because the Union Nationale has now been discredited, much of the anti-government sentiment has joined a movement called Le Ralliement des Crétistes du Québec, an offshoot of the Union of Electors, which was the Quebec branch of Social Credit. Its president is Réal Caouette, a Rouyn garage operator who sat briefly for Social Credit in the House of Commons after he won a 1946 by-election for the Pontiac seat. His Sunday afternoon television program is getting high ratings and thousands of Quebecers jam every rally he addresses. His platform is simple and effective: it's mainly the promise, if he becomes premier, to pay a hundred dollars to everybody who votes for him.

The fact that such marginal movements are able to gain a large following indicates the province's political ferment. At the end of my tour of Quebec, I sat in the study of a high-ranking Catholic ecclesiastic, an enlightened man who suffered because of his opposition to Duplessis.

"Many things are possible in Quebec during the next few years," he said. "If we weren't surrounded by the calming influence of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, there would be a full-scale revolution here. As it is, there will be riots and local uprisings unlike anything Canada has seen before." ★



*You can take  
it with you!*

TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT HOW...





Pontiac Laurentian Safari

*Yes,  
you can take  
it with you!*

family, sports gear, birdcage, bag and baggage—in a new Pontiac Safari. It's full-sized inside—yet trimmer outside—bumper-to-bumper full of load packing space and passenger convenience... that's the

*Safari by*

**PONTIAC**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Whitewall tires optional at extra cost



# BACKGROUND

## How some fat women shame pounds off each other

They stay on diets  
the way AAs  
stay on the wagon

**Overweight women** in Canada are busy organizing new branches of a 12-year-old U.S. club called TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly), which is to overeating what Alcoholics Anonymous is to overimbibing.

A woman who wants to lose weight with TOPS gets a diet from her doctor (the organization does not recommend any diets or foods) and then enrolls in a TOPS branch (in Vancouver, Brandon, Winnipeg and several southern Ontario cities including Toronto). Then she participates in:

- ✓ weekly weigh-ins at which members wear badges (toy tops for losers, pigs for gainers). Gainers recite aloud a poem that begins, "Oink, oink, Mary Jones, a pig am I."

- ✓ morale-building songs like this: "The more we get together, the slimmer we'll be. For your loss is my loss and my loss is your loss . . ."

- ✓ morale-strengthening telephone calls: when overcome by an urge for food, a member phones her "pal," who talks her out of eating.

- ✓ annual graduation ceremonies where slimmed members don mortarboards and academic gowns to receive KOP (Keep Off Pounds) diplomas.

- ✓ competitions for the year's best loser, who is crowned TOPS Queen. This year's southern Ontario winner, Mrs. Evelyn Binning of Toronto, will be crowned this month and become eligible for an international Best Loser contest. Mrs. Binning's winning loss: 94 pounds in 12 months.—DAVID LEWIS STEIN

### Is honesty the best advertising?

**Today no industry** seems complete without its own publicized code of ethics. The 1,200 undertakers in the Funeral Directors Association of Canada have been solemnly pledged since 1955 to "show all respect due to the dead" and remain "honest in all offerings of services" (translation: no phony ads). Soft-drink bottlers have been sworn since 1945 not to pour pop into dirty bottles. Radio and TV stations belonging to the Canadian Association of Broadcasters (164 radio stations, 49 TV stations, all privately owned) put a code of ethics into effect March 1. Among its ideals: children's programs that show "respect for adult authority" and a ban on commercials offending "what is generally accepted as the prevailing standard of good taste." Offenders will be stripped of their membership emblems by a CAB committee, and news of their misdeeds will be released to the newspapers.

Conspicuous ethics are, in fact, such good business that used-car dealers in Toronto might promise to quit turning back mileage indicators and selling taxis as one-owner cars. Dealer Ernie Barnhardt has been urging other dealers to help him form a used car dealers' association as a watchdog group with a fund for reimbursing unhappy victims of fast-talking car salesmen. Barnhardt would admit dealers who have been convicted of fraudulent practices, but only if they promised to behave.

### FOOTNOTES

**About football coaching:** It's probably Canada's most insecure occupation. Three of the nine professional



OWEN

DOBBS

football coaches are fired each year, on the average. Since 1935, Big Four

clubs have gone through 36 coaches, while western teams (some of them less than 10 years old) have seen 43 coaches come and go. This season's new appointees: Steve Owen, fired by the Calgary Stampeders and since hired by the Saskatchewan Roughriders; and Owen's successor at Calgary, Bobby Dobbs.

**About rugged farm life:** Ford Motor Company figures on making it tolerable with a tractor featuring: weatherproof cab, heater, air conditioner, weather-forecasting instruments, radio, telephone, coffee maker, sink, refrigerator—and a closed-circuit TV system enabling the driver to watch the implement he's towing.

**About contact lenses:** There's some evidence that they slow the growth of myopia (nearsightedness). Prescriptions for conventional glasses

often need changing every two or three years because of deteriorating vision; but, according to Dr. E. G. Fisher, dean of the College of Optometry in Toronto, nearsighted and farsighted people can wear the same pair of contact lenses for up to 10 years.

**About ray guns:** Dick Tracy may not have heard of it yet, but one type just developed can shoot "silent" sound. Called a Maxsecom (for maximum security communications) it converts spoken words into infrared light, flashing them silently through the air on a narrow beam that makes the message difficult to intercept and impossible to jam. A receiver unit is needed to convert the light message back into words. A portable unit, the size of a loud-hailer, shoots messages three miles; a larger unit has a 20-mile range.

## Coming: a little first aid for everybody's psyche?

**Emotional problems** play some part in about half of any general practitioner's cases, in the estimate of Dr. William A. Tillman, chief of psychiatry at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont. And yet few GPs know much more than the average well-read layman about treating even minor mental disturbances.

Three enthusiastic exceptions are Stewart J. Burns, G. E. Faulds and Keith A. Johnston, all GPs, who have been paying Tillman for an hour of his time each week for the last year. They have spent the sessions—originally Burns's idea—learning all they can about psychotherapy, the technique that consists mostly of listening to patients discuss their problems and helping them talk out solutions.

What the GPs learned from Tillman they've been using in practice—not with patients on the verge of cracking up, but with people suffering from insomnia, irritability, fits of temper, chronic indigestion or other comparatively minor symptoms of emotional upset. They have helped:

- ✓ **A young executive** who wanted "something to settle my nerves." Astute questioning revealed that his problem was his boss, whom he identified strongly with his own father, a cold austere man he had always disliked. Talks with the GP helped the man clear up his anxiety.
- ✓ **A 45-year-old foreman** suffering from weeping spells. Only after visiting the doctor did he realize the connection between his crying jags and the massive layoff taking place at his plant. When he realized the cause of his fears, the crying stopped.

- ✓ **A woman** in her 50s who learned through talks with one of the GPs why she was suffering symptoms of a condition supposedly cured by an operation several months before: this was her way of expressing her resentment toward her new son-in-law, who had got her daughter pregnant before marriage. The insight she got into her own condition cleared up the symptoms.

"A lot of doctors avoid psychiatry lest they throw patients into a psychosis by stirring up the wrong thing," Burns says. "But I feel we've gained insight into their problems."

But the GPs are wary of going too

far. One of them got a woman patient to confess some of her most private thoughts. But when she complained helplessly, "You've uncovered my weakness!" the doctor decided that the woman, at 55, was so set in her ways that further disclosures would only harm her.

Dr. Tillman estimates that 40 to 50% of all people who go to a GP are suffering from a non-organic (i.e. a nervous or emotional) illness; 20% from an emotional condition superimposed over a physical ailment, and only 30% from an out-and-out physical disease. He believes a GP who is well versed in psychotherapy can successfully treat 85% of all patients suffering from mild mental disorders.—JOHN C. ATKIN

### Rush begins for three offbeat varieties of art

**Three kinds of art** are attracting an unusual amount of attention across Canada:

- ✓ **Stained glass**, once rare anywhere but in churches, is moving into private homes. One thriving exponent of the art of staining glass is Gerald Tooke, an Englishman living in Toronto. He has recently been mounting abstract designs and sad-faced biblical figures in windows of homes in Toronto, Winnipeg and New York.

- ✓ **Indian art** produced years ago in B.C. is drawing so many Canadian and American collectors that museums are having trouble competing for the pieces they want. Totem poles that stood neglected in coastal villages until recently are now fetching \$1,000 or more. Ceremonial masks are going for prices of up to \$350. And even simple wooden baskets—provided they seem old and authentic—are bringing up to \$100. At least two important collections won't disappear into private homes: items the late Rev. William Collison collected during 40 years as a coastal missionary went last year to the University of B.C. for \$10,000; and more recently the B.C. government paid \$70,000 for the collection of the late W. A. Newcombe, whose

treasures included 100 paintings by his friend Emily Carr.

- ✓ **Sculpture** has a new specialty: "seasonal" works intended to be shown outside in summer and under cover in winter. A few wealthy collectors are building courtyards especially to show off their outdoor sculpture the year round. Some sculptors who are enjoying the boom: Sarah Jackson, an Englishwoman living in Toronto, who had few bidders for her huge plaster works until last November; since then, she has sold nine, including an eight-foot gold-bronze figure commissioned by a shopping centre. Louis Archambault, a Montrealer whose "wall" in the Canadian Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair in '58 has brought him so many commissions that he's planning to turn down all offers next year. Josef Drenters, a Belgian immigrant whose materials are often stones, scrap metal and bits of charred wood found on his father's farm near Kitchener, Ont. His one-man show in Toronto last fall was a sellout. Gerald Gladstone, who puts most of his work together with a welding torch. His most recent big job weighed 100 tons.

### One photographer's seven-book schedule

**When Roloff Beny** was featured in a 1959 Maclean's article in a visit to his boyhood home at Lethbridge, Alta., he had made a reputation in Europe as a painter who also took pictures of ancient ruins. Now he has all but abandoned serious painting to work—at one time—on seven new books of photographs. In the next two years he will publish: After Ulysses, a "private Odyssey" to sites mentioned in Homer; In Flesh and Stone, portraits of people and statues (because "I don't like to restrict myself to living faces"); and two travel books: a portfolio, Italy in Color, and A Snob's Guide to the Greek Islands, which Beny says is for "the kind of people who go to France and deliberately avoid seeing Paris."

Beny is also taking pictures for a world-wide travel book, a book about pets and a book of Canadian scenes for the centenary in 1967.



# BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

## THE 1961 BUDGET: the tax laws will change, but there's almost no hope of tax cuts



*Coyne is against easier credit. Fleming agrees.*

Nowhere is the predicament of the Conservative government brought into sharper focus than in the present cabinet deliberations over the 1961 budget.

The majority of ministers have been urging the adoption of vote-catching schemes that would make next year's budgetary deficit still bigger. Even without such additions, it's already expected to reach a peacetime record. Finance Minister Donald Fleming, on the other hand, has stood firmly for policies that would propel this country's federal finances in the direction of balance.

The formulation of the budget goes on in great secrecy, of course, and guesses about what new measures Fleming plans to introduce can be based only on the economic climate in which the budget resolutions are being calculated. Basing their predictions on this kind of empirical evidence, most Ottawa economists expect that the minister of finance will make some significant but specialized changes in Canadian tax laws that will help this country's manufacturing industries and encourage Canadians to switch their money from bank saving accounts into common stocks. But the majority of experts do not expect any revolutionary alterations in either personal or corporate tax rates.

Budget-making under Fleming has, to some extent at least, been returned to the old-fashioned idea that the government taxes to raise money. Because of the increasingly heavy commitments being made by the Diefenbaker cabinet, Fleming has not had much opportunity to use taxation in its more imaginative application, as an instrument for modifying the country's economic trends.

This has meant that the durable theories of Lord Keynes, which inspired most of Fleming's Liberal predecessors, have been jettisoned—or at least ignored. The Keynesian philosophy is based on the belief that since business thrives on consumer expenditures, a tax reduction at a time of impending recession will stimulate business, while increased taxes will keep a business upswing from getting out of hand. Fleming seems instead to have accepted the ideas of James Coyne, the Bank of Canada governor, who maintains that blunderbuss blasts of extra consumer spending are no longer effective in reviving the economy. At the time of Fleming's baby budget last December, for example, the unemployment situation was the darkest for any December since the Depression, but retail sales—the index that most readily expresses consumer spending power—were running at a record high.

Another major factor undermining the power of Ottawa's fiscal policies in controlling the direction of the Canadian economy is the Conservative government's determination to hand back direct taxing powers to the provinces. When the new dominion-provincial agreement comes into effect, a tax increase by Ottawa won't carry much anti-inflationary force—if, at the same time, two or three of the larger provinces decide to lower their personal income tax rates. After the conference of provincial premiers in Ottawa earlier this year, Saskatchewan's Tommy Douglas remarked rather sadly to an Ottawa official: "All your fiscal control is gone. The Keynesian idea—it's all gone."

Nevertheless, most Ottawa economists are convinced that a substantial tax boost at this time would hinder the current business pickup, which probably means that the 1961 budget won't feature any major tax increases. This budget is being written at a time when a great deal of convincing economic evidence is becoming available to show that the country is climbing out of its recession cycle, back into a period of mild prosperity. No government that has to face the people in the near future would want to interfere with the prospect of better times.

The arguments against cutting taxes are even stronger.

Tax reductions in the 1961-62 fiscal year would multiply a budgetary deficit that will already be the largest in Canada's peacetime history. To cover such an extra debt would require an even more massive entry by Ottawa into a money market kept drum-tight by Coyne's monetary policies. This extra strain could drive interest rates even higher and bond prices even lower. There is, too, the very practical political consideration of saving tax cuts for the pre-election budget.

### One idea: job incentives

The guessing in Ottawa is that, rather than significantly raising or lowering tax rates, Fleming's forthcoming budget will feature some imaginative but highly selective measures designed to stimulate mainly two sectors of the economy: secondary manufacturing and equity investment by Canadians.

One suggestion being considered is a method of granting tax incentives to secondary industries that take on extra manpower. It sounds like an anti-automation measure, but in practice it's hoped that productivity and the size of payrolls can be made to go up simultaneously, by encouraging factories to use their full productive capacities.

This would be an extension of the government's already effective plan of giving double depreciation

writeoffs to new industries that move into areas that have a labor surplus. Another refinement in this field might be the adoption of a technique used by many European countries, in the place of tariff increases. It involves tax rebates to industries severely affected by imports.

Also being considered by the cabinet is a proposal for significantly widening the lending power of the Industrial Development Bank, as an effective financing aid to small and middle-sized businesses. The IDB would be separated from the Bank of Canada, its funds and board of directors greatly strengthened.

The government is searching as well for methods of mobilizing the savings of Canadians into more productive channels, particularly equity investments. The existing dividend tax credit may be increased, on payments that come from Canadian-controlled companies.

### Hospital plans are costly

One suggestion for channeling more savings into the economy is the establishment of a Central Mortgage Bank, which would buy National Housing Act mortgages from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and sell them to the public. (This would also enable CMHC to finance its own lending instead of having to borrow mortgage money from the government.)

Other measures will extend Fleming's continuing economic "Canadianization" program. One idea is to change the laws affecting estates that have common stock as a large part of their assets. Rather than forcing executors to sell off these shares in a rush to pay the succession tax, the government may make provision for a gradual disposition, if the shares are sold to Canadian interests. This doesn't sound particularly important, but its implementation could maintain control in this country of some major corporations. In the past, large individual stockholdings have often had to be sold to U.S. investors, because the Americans were the only ones with enough quick cash.

These and other provisions are not likely to drain too much extra money out of Ottawa's treasury which, according to the annual estimate made by the Canadian Tax Foundation, may end the 1962 fiscal year with an added deficit of at least \$700 million.

Thirty-eight government departments are budgeting for an increase of expenditures during the next twelve months; only ten expect lower bills.

The biggest jump is accounted for by Quebec's entry into the national hospital insurance scheme, raising the cost of the plan by \$103 million to \$270 million. Other major expenses include the CNR's record deficit: \$14 million to pay for this year's census; an extra-large (\$82 million) CBC deficit, and, for the first time in recent years, the need to cover an operating deficit for TCA.

The total 1961-62 deficit could reach a billion dollars. Not mentioned in the spending estimates brought down to date are the possibility of re-equipping the RCAF's CF-100 squadrons, another wheat acreage payment, the continuation of a winter works program, the bolstering of the unemployment insurance fund, and further butter subsidy payments.

When all the bills are in for the cost of operating the Diefenbaker government during the next twelve months, they will probably total just over seven billion dollars. This amounts to the expenditure of nearly twenty million dollars a day—which just about equals the cost of running this country for a whole year at the time of Confederation. ★





# U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

## Why Anti-Canadian feelings are growing in the U.S.

Because we "bolster  
Castro, confiscate  
profits, break pacts"

WASHINGTON—It's a Canadian habit to take it for granted that the Americans like us. Until lately we've had no reason for not taking this for granted. In the U.S. we could always count on being greeted as old and trusted friends simply because we were from Canada.

The Americans are still cordial, outwardly at least, but while the smile that accompanies the handshake shows the teeth, it isn't necessarily reflected in the eyes these days. You don't have to be psychic to sense that a little of the warmth has gone, that our neighbors are less fond of us than they were.

Many of them are a shade too eager to ask questions that are loaded and reproachful and reveal that Canada's policies and actions have been widely misrepresented, or misunderstood, or both, south of the international boundary. Here are three examples of questions I've been asked:

- ✓ Why is Canada shipping weapons to Castro?
- ✓ Why has Canada withdrawn from NORAD and do you expect Uncle Sam to shoulder the whole responsibility for the defense of this continent?
- ✓ Why did your government impose a confiscatory tax on American investors?

### A ripple, but menacing

Canada, of course, isn't shipping weapons to Castro, hasn't withdrawn from North American Air Defense, and is not imposing a confiscatory tax on American investors. I suspect that a lot of Americans who should really know better believe these things because they are happy, right now, to believe anything that is derogatory to Canada.

We might as well face the fact that anti-Canadianism is far more prevalent in the United States at the moment than it has been in a long, long while. It would be an exaggeration to say that there's a wave of anti-Canadianism. The right word is ripple.

But the ripple is big enough to worry about and, indeed, is worrying our diplomats in Washington, officials of Canada's Department of Trade and Commerce, and Canadian businessmen who do business with the U.S. It could easily grow, play havoc with our tourist trade, grease the way for higher tariffs against Canadian products, deprive our factories of U.S. orders, and lead to all sorts of undesirable complications.

This menacing ripple has been visible only in recent months but it began years before it could be seen. What started it? Nobody can say for sure but millions of Americans, traveling in Canada for business or pleasure, were antagonized when the Canadian dollar stood at a fairly stiff premium over the U.S. dollar. It was an article of faith with them that their dollar was the best and soundest in the world, so it shook them and stung their pride to learn that the Canadian dollar was worth more.

Then there was Canadian anti-Americanism. Most Canadians were shocked

and disgusted by Senator Joseph McCarthy, were alarmed by John Foster Dulles's dangerous game of brinkmanship, and felt that the warlike utterances of U.S. military men jeopardized peace. So Americans, visiting Canada, were confronted with the same kind of loaded and reproachful questions that Canadians are being asked today in the United States. They can't have liked it very much and they must have been annoyed, to put it mildly, at the attitude of moral superiority that Canadians assumed—an attitude that colored much that was printed about the U.S. in Canada's press.

The odd part of it was that Americans, until last September or October, acted as though they were unaware of anti-Americanism in Canada. It wasn't publicized in the U.S. newspapers and was barely mentioned by U.S. politicians. What first brought it into the open was the erroneous report that Canada intended to profit richly from the U.S. embargo on the shipment of most goods to Cuba, and to supply Cuba with items on the banned list. The report has been denied repeatedly and there is an abundance of evidence to prove that Canada isn't cashing in on the embargo, yet a substantial segment of the American population refuses to be convinced.

After the Cuban mixup, which seriously harmed Canada's prestige among the uninformed, came Finance Minister Donald Fleming's baby budget, which increased the withholding tax on the returns from foreign investments—chiefly U.S. investments—in Canada. As Fleming explained, the former low withholding tax had been in the nature of a bonus, to attract foreign capital. Now it had been decided to treat foreign capital the same as domestic capital. No discrimination was involved. Yet in this, as

in the Cuban issue, Canada was and is accused of being unfair to Americans.

Meanwhile the Liberal party, at a national convention, adopted a resolution which, if implemented, would restrict but would not terminate Canada's participation in NORAD. The anti-Canadian elements in the U.S. seemed unable to comprehend that the Liberal party was not the government but the opposition, or that the resolution didn't propose complete withdrawal from NORAD. So millions of Americans seem to believe Canada has scrapped its air force, left NORAD, and piled the whole burden of North American defense on Uncle Sam.

The ordinary American attributes his version of Canada's Cuban policy, fiscal policy and defense policy to anti-Americanism and has somehow sold himself the notion that this anti-Americanism in Canada is a brand-new phenomenon. He professes to be perplexed, bewildered and hurt by it. Why, he asks, is solid, faithful Canada behaving this way?

Several U.S. reporters have been sent to Canada to find out what's gone wrong. The answers they've produced have not been entirely accurate.

They're inclined to stress Canada's unemployment and its economic difficulties, and to infer that anti-Americanism stems from Canada's desire to make the U.S. a scapegoat for its troubles. For instance, one article in a Cleveland Plain Dealer series on "Why don't Canadians like us?" was headed, "Criticisms of U.S. aggravated by slump."

The Cincinnati Enquirer said, in an editorial, that it was aware that Canada was having heavy weather economically. This helped account for the rise of Canadian nationalism. But, the Enquirer added, "extreme nationalism such as we

find in Nehru's India or the African bush seems out of character when we find it in Canadians..."

A Chicago Tribune editorial also ascribed "pro-Canadianism, which is a pleasant way of saying anti-Americanism," to "unemployment and a national budget deficit."

What the Plain Dealer, the Enquirer and the Tribune all overlooked was that anti-Americanism in Canada cropped up before the recession and while we were in the midst of a boom. So did an anti-war sentiment. Recession has not been a major factor in anti-Americanism.

Since last fall there have been dozens of editorials like those of the Enquirer and the Tribune. There have been anti-Canadian letters to the editor, too. Here's a sample in the Plain Dealer:

"Sir: With regard to the articles on why Canadians do not like us, so far as I am concerned the feeling is mutual. They take us for every dime they can, and by every act and deed they show their contempt for us."

### It's not all unfavorable

I don't want to give the impression that all or even most of the items printed about Canada in U.S. papers are unfavorable.

The truth is just the reverse. Most of the editorials and letters are favorable. There have been many editorials like one in the Milwaukee Journal, which declared in clear terms that "the Canadian government has been meticulous in its control of sales to Cuba for civilian uses only," that there could be no valid complaints against the increase in the withholding tax on foreign investments in Canada since it was not discriminatory, and that Americans have no right to expect Canada to be a "submissive satellite" of the U.S. and arouse a natural resentment when they do. There have been many editorials like the one in the New York Times that spoke of "the supreme importance of Canada to us and us to Canada," and said: "Geography has fixed it so that we sink or swim together . . . We have every reason on both sides of the border for friendly co-operation."

Unfortunately, the editorials and letters that condemn Canada are more likely to be remembered by readers than those that explain or defend our position—especially since there is, undoubtedly, more anti-Canadianism in the U.S. today than there has been in decades.

Part of this anti-Canadianism is linked with Canada's determination to be independent and set its own course. Not much can be done about that, because this determination will almost certainly grow stronger, not weaker. But another part of the anti-Canadianism is a reaction to Canada's anti-Americanism. The early indications are that the Kennedy administration appeals far more to Canadians than the Eisenhower administration, and that President Kennedy will exert himself to improve relations between the two countries. If this is so, anti-Americanism will subside, and there should be a corresponding decrease in anti-Canadianism, although it's unlikely that we will once more be able to take it for granted, as we used to, that all Americans like us. ★



THE BRINK

WHY WE  
GOT MAD  
AT THEM



THE BIGOT



TAXATION

WHY THEY'RE  
GETTING  
MAD AT US



DISARMAMENT

# ENTERTAINMENT

## Small-time club dates: a \$2 million-a-year business

Even junk dealers  
are well-heeled patrons  
of the variety arts

**Nightclubs**, facing their biggest slump in business since the end of World War II, are booking few variety acts. The only regular stage jobs for variety performers are in a few strip-tease theatres in Montreal and Toronto. And television, at best, offers only occasional work for variety artists.

Yet hundreds of famous and obscure variety performers—comedians, singers, dancers, magicians, acrobats and baton-twirlers—keep making good money at another, little-publicized branch of the business: club dates.

These are the bookings the performers get in social club rooms, parish and legion halls, arenas and hotel banquet rooms, from Halifax to Victoria. It's a \$2,000,000-a-year business now and it's growing every year, according to Slim Burgess, Ontario representative for the American Guild of Variety Artists.

Who are the club-date artists? Almost everybody in the variety branch of showbusiness plays club dates at least occasionally. Big-name artists from the U.S. sometimes agree to make TV appearances in Canada only after they're assured of one or more club dates during the visit. Other performers scarcely known outside their own cities—people such as music-hall singer Violet Murray of Toronto or tenor Fred Hill of Montreal—gross \$300 a week without working at anything but club dates. The most obscure performers work for as little as \$25 a date, but some manage to double that in one night by working two spots at different hours.

Who hires these performers? The biggest names are booked mostly for national organizations—service clubs, charitable bodies, organizations of high-income professional people or businessmen—usually for one night at an annual convention. The richest groups budget \$5,000 to \$7,500 each year for talent. For this price, they usually get a U.S. headliner—a Jack Carter, a Buddy Hackett, or an Alan King—supported by two or three American acts that happen to be in town anyhow, plus one or two Canadian performers. Lesser-known acts are hired by smaller professional and trade organizations, employee clubs (one big Canadian company has 60 clubs for employees) and regional charitable and service groups. Even some obscure groups, such as the Canadian Secondary Materials Association (i.e. junk dealers) budget four-figure sums for each annual show.

In all, 100 licensed booking offices from coast to coast handle club-date business. "Without it," says Dave Bossin, head of a leading booking office, "we'd have to close down."

How long can a performer last on the club-date circuit? Joe Murphy, Doug Romaine and Frank Palmer, all in Toronto, are typical of club-daters who keep going year after year, suffering no noticeable decline in popularity. On the other hand, Mimi Hines, now famous as half of the comedy team of Ford and Hines, played the club-date circuit in Vancouver for several years as a pop singer, then moved on because audiences were beginning to tire of her.

Though club dates don't offer the

mass-audience exposure of TV, there is always that one chance in 10,000 that a big break will come. Late last year Canadian TV singer Joan Fairfax accepted a two-day club date in Calgary. There, the headliner, a U.S. comic billed as Professor Backwards, was so impressed that he got a booking agent to fly out from New York to hear her sing. The resulting contract led to her now-celebrated bookings on the Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan shows.—STAN HELLER

### THE CASE AGAINST

#### Music festivals: they're too hard on adjudicators

**Adjudicators**—those people who are paid to stand up at music festivals and say what they think of the contestants' performances—seldom say what they think of festivals in general or the people who run them. But now, as the festival season is at its peak and thousands of children are clambering onto stages in hundreds of schools, one adjudicator thinks it's time he spoke out on behalf of himself and his colleagues. Dr. Leslie Bell, well-known musical

conductor, critic and commentator, has also been an adjudicator for almost a quarter of a century. He contends that, at \$50 a day, adjudicators are anything but well paid for the long hours, bad working conditions, tedious programs, bad manners and—sometimes—downright abuse to which they are subjected.

His specific grievances:

**Too many contestants:** "It's impossible for an adjudicator to do a good job when there are too many entries. I once listened to 156 little girls each sing a solo called Every Little Wavelet Had Its Nightcap On. Some could barely make a noise the first time, and I had to ask 20 to sing it over again. That makes 176 nightcaps—too many for any man."

**Obnoxious parents:** "I know one adjudicator who was bopped on the head by a mother. Parents should not be allowed to talk to adjudicators. There's always one woman who runs all over the place getting you coffee and cigarettes. Then she sits down beside you and says, 'My daughter's very nervous. She has to sing in front of you this afternoon. She's the one in the blue dress.'"

**Impossible schedules:** "Committees forget to allow time for applause and for each child to walk up to and down from the stage." Result? A morning session scheduled to end at 11:45 goes on until 1 p.m., leaving the adjudicator half an

hour to bolt his lunch before the afternoon session begins.

**Niggling over expenses:** "I know adjudicators who have received bills for laundry they charged at their hotels—the festival committee wouldn't allow laundry as an expense. I once ordered lobster for lunch, and the woman in charge said, 'Not at our expense, you don't.' I settled for something cheaper."

**Competition from English adjudicators of doubtful qualifications:** "I don't see why English adjudicators should be in such great demand over here. It sometimes seems that one of them merely has to leave home, and right away he's famous. I remember one—he'd been well publicized in Canada—who told me that all he did in England was play the church organ in a tiny village. Festival committees defend such choices on the grounds that they can't find enough Canadian adjudicators who can take time away from their regular jobs. But how good can an English adjudicator be if he can take six months at a time off his regular job?"

With all these complaints, why does Dr. Bell bother adjudicating? "I like music festivals. They're a last bulwark of live performance in an age of canned music."

His solution? A union of adjudicators—"really more of an association"—that would improve not only the lot of the adjudicator but the whole standard of music festivals as well.

### Next comedian: Fulton's secretary

**Chris Dobson**, a McGill graduate with a master's degree in civil law, this summer will chuck his job as associate private secretary to Justice Minister Davie Fulton to become half of a professional comedy team. Dobson, 24, who appears on stage as Chris Bryant, will team with Allan Scott, 21. They've been working together, off and on, for a couple of years, and they'll be back on the boards as soon as Scott writes his graduation exams at McGill.

### Next attraction: feature commercials

**Movie fans**, already resigned to seeing two-minute ads in neighborhood theatres and drive-ins, are in for longer—but subtler—commercials. United States Steel has had a 21-minute animated cartoon, *Rhapsody in Steel*, circulating for the past year and now the Bell Telephone Company is getting into the act with a 17-minute promotional film called *Tom, Dick and Harriet*. The telephone company's movie doesn't try hard to sell telephones but it opens and closes with a leggy chorus line of long distance operators, and tells a story about Dick, who sends Harriet love letters, and Tom, who calls her long distance. By the end of the movie, Tom, of course, wins Harriet's hand with a long-distance call. "Dick may have loved me when he mailed this letter," she says. "But I know Tom loves me right now."

Both U.S. Steel and Bell pay film distributors for distributing their commercials to movie theatres. Cost-conscious theatre-owners, who pay \$2.50 to \$120 a week for a short of similar length, get these movies free.

### MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

#### Raisin in the Sun: mature exposure of race problem

**A RAISIN IN THE SUN:** Adapted for the screen by Negro playwright Lorraine Hansberry from her own Broadway hit, this is clearly the best yet in Hollywood's occasional exposures of race prejudice in America.



POITIER

Without preaching or ranting, and without trying to depict "colored folks" as unblemished superhumans, it traces the efforts of a Negro family to win acceptance as decent citizens in a predominantly white community.

The excellent cast includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee. **RING OF FIRE:** Astounding realism is the saving grace of this frankly corny melodrama, starring TV private-eye David Janssen as a dauntless state trooper in the Washington woods. Three young hoodlums—including Joyce Taylor as a sexy teenager—capture him while he is trying to bring them in for questioning. The real excitement, however, stems from a spectacular forest fire and a train ride across a burning trestle, all staged and filmed with you-are-there urgency and impact.

**ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK:** Much too familiar of late is the basic weakness of this romantic farce from Hollywood: an air of hectic over-

emphasis that relentlessly dulls the point of the joke. There are a few snappy wisecracks, but the talents of Shirley MacLaine get little chance to sparkle. Dean Martin is a gallivanting publisher, and Shirley is falsely suspected of blackmail.

**PORTRAIT OF A MOBSTER:** Actor Vic Morrow effectively emulates the mannerisms of Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger in a blood-stained biography of Dutch Schultz, one of New York's most vicious racketeers during the prohibition era.

**THE SECRET PARTNER:** A tricky and devious detective yarn from Britain, hardly worthy of the producer-director team that made the tense and witty *League of Gentlemen*. Stewart Granger appears as a shipping executive accused of stealing a fortune from his firm's vault, and Haya Harareet is his frozen-faced spouse.

**SONS AND LOVERS:** The famous novel by D. H. Lawrence has been turned into a faltering but poignant photoplay. Trevor Howard's penetrating performance as a crude, tragicomic Nottinghamshire coal miner overshadows the central character of his free-loving artist son (Dean Stockwell). Wendy Hiller is the miner's self-pitying wife, who almost smothers her boy with jealous affection. Heather Sears and Mary Ure are the other women in the young man's tormented life.

And these are worth seeing:

- ✓ **The Angry Silence**
- ✓ **The Entertainer**
- ✓ **Exodus**
- ✓ **The Facts of Life**
- ✓ **101 Dalmatians**
- ✓ **One-Eyed Jacks**
- ✓ **Tunes of Glory**



*Finer taste is a Seagram tradition*

# WATER

tells  
the  
truth  
about  
whisky

Make this simple, inexpensive test at home: Pour an ounce or two of Seagram's "83" into a glass. Add ice if you like. Then pour in clear, cold water\* (plain or sparkling) until the mixture is just the right shade of pale amber. Now lift the glass and breathe in that clean, fresh fragrance... like fields of golden rye in the sun. That is Seagram's "83" as Seagram's and Nature made it — with nothing added but honest, all-revealing water. If it tastes better than any other whisky with water, then you'll be sure to like it as well with any other favourite mixer.



*Now in a  
distinguished new decanter.*



This young fellow's father works for the British American Oil Co. Ltd. where they have a Great-West Life Employee Benefit Plan. This is an important part of dad's programme of financial protection for his family. It supplements his own personal insurance which he has planned with the help of a Great-West representative. His family is growing up in an atmosphere of security...arranged by his dad, his employer, and **Great-West Life**

ASSURANCE COMPANY • HEAD OFFICE • WINNIPEG

